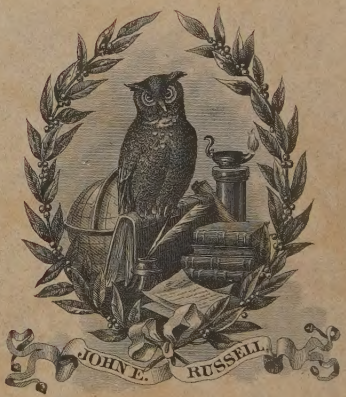
JOHN E. RUSSELL

MACDONALD & SONS.

# GEORGE SELWYN

AND

# HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

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THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

# GEORGE SELWYN

AND

# HIS CONTEMPORARIES;

WITH MEMOIRS AND NOTES.

BY JOHN HENEAGE JESSE,

AUTHOR OF

"MEMOIRS OF THE COURT OF ENGLAND DURING THE REIGN OF THE STUARTS," AND "THE COURT OF ENGLAND UNDER THE HOUSES OF NASSAU AND HANOVER."

New Edition.

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# GEORGE SELWYN

# AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

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### THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Wednesday evening, January 20, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR poor spy at Paris has just crawled out of bed to have it made, and to tell you, (having no quilted jacket to write with in bed, nor any nurses but the porter of the hotel, and the Savoyard at the gate,) that the foolish little fever, consequent upon a most severe cold, is subdued, and that he intends to get up to-morrow like a man. But are you not, sir, monstrously pleased (I hope you are, sir, because I am,) with the *mot* of old Patris, that Madame de Sevigné tells us of, who, still in his bed, upon being congratulated by his friends upon his recovery from an illness, answered coolly, "*Est-ce la peine de se r'habiller!*" I crawled out of bed, I say, to tell

you that I have nothing to tell you but what might have waited till next post; and you would have forgiven me, I know, if I had been silent.

West and Lowe, the prisoners at Aix, are come upon me. I have vowed and swore that I am sure you are hard at work for them, but that nothing can be done till a cartel is settled. Windsor, the gallant captain, who fought his ship so well, is gone home, they tell me, upon his parole, and they think they ought to do the same. Pray tell me what I shall say next.

[Captain Windsor, "the gallant captain" alluded to in this letter, was the Hon. Thomas Windsor, second son of Other Lewis, second Earl of Plymouth. The spirited action, referred to by Dr. Warner, deserves a passing notice. Captain Windsor, being in command of the Fox frigate, of twenty-eight guns, had been despatched to reconnoitre the movements of the French fleet. Whilst thus employed he fell in, on the 10th of September, 1778, with a French ship and a sloop, to which he gave chase, and during which he was borne down upon by a large French frigate mounting thirty-four guns, and in every respect vastly superior to his own vessel. Captain Windsor, however, gallantly engaged his adversary; and though eventually compelled to strike his colours, it was not till he had fought a hot and spirited action, which lasted three hours

and a-half; till he had received a severe wound in his right arm; and till all his masts and guns had been disabled, and eleven of his crew killed and forty-nine wounded. Captain Windsor died on the 20th of February, 1793.]

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## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Sunday evening, January 24, 1779.

I THINK, sir, your affairs are in as fine train as they can be. As to the thing, which is really, nay, serious in its nature, your *opus magnum*, happily there is no room for the shadow of a doubt. You have hit me off exactly,—*in angulo cum libello*,—and as it is not very likely that I shall ever "set my foot on a wide place," as the Psalmist saith, and with the number of pensioners I am crowded with, it is pretty lucky that I *can* while away time, not discontentedly, with a book in a corner. I'll assure you I will never want money to keep it warm,—at least with tobacco.

But, sir, I have just had a piece of good luck here. This poor girl of a sister that I have here was not in a way either to her mind or mine, and I was afraid of having her again entirely upon my hands, from which, indeed, she has never been entirely off. The best thing in the world

were to marry her to some little *marchand*,—the honestest I could find,—and I was determined to give her a portion of *deux mille écus*:—a young lady, you see, of great beauty and fortune, for whom we wanted a man, and the Abbé Raynal had promised to look out for one for me. But, behold, she has found a *parti* for herself; a *parti* with whom she says she shall be very happy; and as she is sure I wish her happy she should not have made so heavy a fuss as she did about making me acquainted with it, and fearing my anger, and I do not know what; especially as she is going to be married to heaven. All the portion she asks is only my picture on a snuff-box. I suppose I must make a little addition, and put something *in* the box, as I do not know whether they have agreed to find her in snuff and pin-money.

You will suppose that the dialogue between the Protestant Divine and his newly-converted sister was curious. When one knows so many good people of her religion, how could one be angry? She was lately at confession, it seems, at St. Eustache,* when I passed through the church,

* The church of St. Eustache is situated at the eastern end of the Rue Coquillière in Paris, and is the parish church of the third *arrondissement*. It is the largest place of worship in Paris, except Notre Dame, and is considered as the finest specimen in the French capital of the style known in France as *la Renaissance des Arts*, and in England as the Elizabethan Italic.

and was in terrors lest I should discover her. *Pauvre fille!* My grief upon the occasion was sooner got the better of than my bad cold; and her sisters and nephews will not, I apprehend, be quite inconsolable when they learn that she can inherit nothing of the *petit paquet* that is to be divided amongst them when I tip off the perch. I wish the thing were done, for fear of accidents, though perhaps it were better done at any time than when I am in Paris, lest it should ever come to be known where it ought not; but to slight such an opportunity, would it not be irreligious?

The good man I am so much obliged to, who has taken the pains to convert her, and find her this place, where she is to be made a nun for nothing, is gone to Amiens to be made a *chanoine;* I wish he were made a bishop. He is to return at the Purification, on the 2nd of February, soon after which the holy knot is to be tied. I may one of these days, perhaps, have the pleasure of bringing her to dine with you in her habit. You see, sir, she is provided for for life; and, faith, according to her account, not uncomfortably. At this place they are not prevented from going out; there are no austerities; and, above all, none of those infernal midnight watchings, usually attached to the celestial life.

If you take this in your pocket to the House of Lords, you will be pleased to drop it, having first

subscribed it with my name, upon the Bishop's bench. But if you do not do that, I wish you not to drop it anywhere, either by deed or word, as I believe it will be best to keep it as snug as we can, and enjoy the luck in silence.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Sunday evening, January 31, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

How I wish that my letters and your answers could fly *ociores euro*, instead of being confined to the wretched pace of the tardy ungrateful post!

Sir! your humble servant! I wish you a good night;—for, as the Nabob of Arcot said, what can I say more? Well! if I must go on, you will let me *badiner* for a page or two first, and play my mad gambols, however awkward they are. But I see you are angry, and I shall incur the mortal sin of being witty. Pray then, sir, begin, if you please, with being in a rage with me because I could not alter the days of the post, because I cannot change the course of the Seine, draw down the moon, and do things impossible. As well may I be in a rage because your letter, for which I am outrageous, is not come to-day.

Now, sir, what say you to the Doctor?* Shall I

* Dr. Gem.

observe? Shall I dilate? Shall I amplify? Shall I launch forth in the flowing periods of Cicero? Or shall I dress my thoughts in the short-skirted sentences of Sallust? "Neither one nor the other; but damn you, sir, go on!" I thought as much. You are very hasty, sir!

The Doctor is fighting off Mademoiselle Julie,* —"*ma reine*," as she is called by the Abbess,— who still flatters her with the idea of being *gouvernante*. But the Doctor says, "No!" He believes that Julie, like her namesake of old, may be a very good thing to make love to, but not fit for the post proposed. He had Julie with him an hour the other day,—and *laissez faire au Docteur*,—he manages to keep every thing in admirable tune, with his skill and *douceur;* and you will not have Julie, and you will not offend either by not having her.

Oh! sir, is it not monstrous that your letters do not come? I am to the last degree impatient for them, that the Doctor may see the handsome things you say of him; for I would not for the world that a shadow of suspicion should flit across his mind, even though it should pass as lightning, that I am such a villain as not to do him justice. If there were not a great many other good points about the Doctor, I should love him for loving you so much. I believe no great

* Apparently a young lady, who had been recommended to George Selwyn as a governess for "Mie Mie."

man can boast of having a duet of doctors in his suite, who more wish to please him and one another. And two curious doctors they are; each despising his own profession and that of the other, and both thanking God that they are not so great rogues as the lawyers.

I am coming home, sir, by the first of April. "Cursed impudent!" you will say; and so it would be, if it were not followed up quick by what is coming on the other side. The doctor will go with you,—*Voilà!* Yes! I touched the chord, and found it vibrated sweet music; for he would go with the greatest pleasure, and should like to go; and if you say, "yes," he will take care to have no engagement, like that which, to his severe mortification, hindered him from going with us to Milan. I am ashamed and vexed that *my* affairs call me just at that period; but these shall not interfere, as I said before, in case, by an accident, you should not be able to go yourself. In such a case, *I* step in with my consequence, as the only fit person in the world to go with Mrs. Webb for your Mie Mie; for the poor little soul does not like to have her people changed upon her; and I can talk a language which my learned brother does not understand,—cry "hoop" to her till her eyes twinkle with joy, and make her send like a lapwing when she found me. Is not it true? Poor little Pelle Pellastro, Pelle Pellin! I reckon you would have

liked to have kept her in an ermine muff this winter; is it not true?

This being all the needful, sir,—and a great deal more, you will say, by all the impertinence, —and as it is pretty far advanced into Monday morning, I humbly crave leave to ease nature, by going to bed.

---

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

January, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I KNOW not how or with what to begin; I am so filled with indignation! I thought the impudent scoundrel's letter had not gone; although, indeed, I now recollect, which I did not before, that when I came with Madame from Lady L.'s, which is the last time I saw her, she dropped some hint as if the letter was gone notwithstanding all that had passed, though in such a way that I could not suppose it to be serious, not supposing, to say the least, that she was so utterly lost to propriety and common sense. But I told you that she seemed more inclined to instigate him than not.

Your answer! Gracious heavens! I should have no doubt in the world about it, were the man in any kind of degree your equal, in which case it

would do you honour; but it appears to me, at first sight, a civility not due to a miscreant. But nothing can be said or done to-night. To-morrow everything shall be said and done which better advice and more prudence than mine can dictate. I have before me your letters of the 5th and 8th, and your letter to Sir John Lambert of the 5th. They all arrived together to-day.

I have just parted with Sir John, and he desired I would say something for him, as he cannot write to-night. But nothing can be said yet. Yes! I observed the "imaginary disappointment," when she read me the letter, but I did not understand what she meant by it, nor she herself, I believe; for I do not see how it is in the compass of possibility that you can have any disappointment in the grand object of your wishes,* real or imaginary. Thank heaven! it is not in her power to hurt you there; though she would consequently endeavour, if she could, to bring every evil upon him whose throat she wishes to be cut. From this moment how I hate her! Cordially hate her! Theologically hate her! But do not be afraid that in the rage of my resentment I shall be rash. Spy! I will be *anything* for you; for I am interested now, and warmly interested. What is to be done then?—The plainest thing in the world. Does any man suffer in his honour by abandoning an abandoned child?

* The regaining possession of "Mie Mie."

Lady Berkeley * says she has no taste, to take such an ugly broken-nosed fellow: had it been the tall footman, she could forgive her. Lady Rivers † says she does well to stay abroad, for no mortal would go near her if she were at home. The same *bureau d'intelligence* informed me of a respectable man's being afraid to let his wife and daughters be seen with her in public. Her boar of a baron is the son of a *petit procureur* in Alsace. I called this morning, and left my name; she was out, really out, as I learnt afterwards from Lady L— where I dined, and to whom she was in the same story as her man of quality. I promised in my last the history of the 1,200*l.* The name which you spell "Pattell," was not a guess, I suppose. Somebody had mentioned such a name to you. *Pattle* is the name of the Newgate bird who chirps in the Place Royale. But there is a man here of the name of P——, a man who was formerly in the Guards; who had formerly some property; who is brother to Lady ——, the banker's wife in Lombard-street; who is here because he cannot be at home; who lives in the Rue Ventadour; who is distressed, who is ill; who fancies prints, and cannot buy them; who keeps a dirty

* Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Drax, Esq., of Charborough, in Dorsetshire, married, in 1744, to Augustus fourth Earl of Berkeley. In 1757, she remarried Robert, afterwards Earl Nugent, and died in 1792.

† Penelope, daughter of Sir Henry Atkins, Bart., of Clapham, and wife of George first Baron Rivers.

milliner, whom he sends about to sell an old pair of ruffles for him; and this man, who has long been a crony of Madame, was to lend her 1,200*l.*, or at least be the means of her getting it. This man was the Englishman we heard of, and you shall hear how well he has effected his purpose, by what passed between me and Mrs. Ordinary this morning. I sent thither yesterday to dine. Engaged. But I was not to be put off so. I went this morning to her, and hatched up a story of something I wanted to consult her about to buy for a lady, in which she only could direct me, and got her to myself, and made her immensely happy by my confidence.

I wish, sir, you had now and then something to do with my under-strappers, to see what a tweague and a taking you would be in, when you wanted to come at a fact, at the roundabout way the b——'s will take to give it you,—just as I am doing now, you will say. She told me then,—after many Ahs! and Ohs! upon other people's vice, as guarantees for her own virtue,—that, a good while ago, there was a question of her master's lending money upon the diamonds before they were gone, from which she dissuaded him, as it would not tell to his credit, and he would be called a pawnbroker. Then he would lend no money at all, for he has the ratsbane of "Security" ever ready to stop the mouth of every no-property would-be borrower with; and without it, it is as

easy to get the teeth out of his mouth as the pounds out of his pocket. This was all she knew of money-matters. They (the Baron and P——) did dine together last Sunday, but it was at a third place, and of course no private concerns were talked of. But last night, they came together to Pattle. She was not present. She went into him, however, when they were gone, and found him in a fury, swearing like an Emperor at all the world, and their "unreasonable expectations." Some other person coming in at that instant prevented her knowing more; and he had not resumed the topic this morning; but she will know it all, as he keeps nothing from her, and she will keep nothing from me.

I have a rendezvous with her on Saturday morning, and at my own lodgings, where I do not think it quite impossible, if I pleased, but that I might give her a secret of her own to keep. Good night, sir; it is very late. I could not sit down to write for a long while after I had read the letters.

---

THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

January 27, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

No conversation yet with the Maréchal! for, if there had been, I must infallibly have seen, or

heard from the Doctor in time for this night's post. Your letter of Tuesday the 19th, was brought to me on Monday by Sir John's man, by way of answering my call of the Sunday, and he told me there was at present no such thing as getting the copy of your letter from S—, as he was confined to his bed. All nonsensical enough; but it does not signify, for I do not know that we shall want it.

To-day I had the great pleasure of your very full note of Friday night last, to tell me I had done right. You must then have had my letter of Sunday the 17th in due course; and, I take for granted, the preceding ones. I wish they would all go faster. You may be sure every Monday and Friday noon that there are three letters for you on the road from me, and at all other times, two. It seems now as natural to me that I should write to you every post, as that the day should come, and when I have anything pleasant to tell you, it never comes soon enough. Indeed, I cannot help wondering at myself and my impudence for doing it with such facility.

As soon as I saw, in your letter of the 19th, "Pray be connected with her, if you can, a little longer,"—I was determined, (notwithstanding the Doctor's being clearly of opinion that I ought not to go again till I heard from them,) to do my best to effect it, lest you should think I let the thing slip out of my hands, or rather tossed it out, because it was disagreeable to hold. I do not know whe-

ther it will do; but I will tell you all I know, and all that I have been able to do. After so long an absence, a common call would have signified nothing, and I should never have seen her. Besides, it was my plan, if possible, to bring things round upon the old footing; and to this end I could think of nothing but availing myself of my late illness, in a note of great respect and *reconnoissance*, and yesterday morning wrote as follows:—

"MADAM,

"I endeavoured to wait upon your ladyship on Friday se'night, to make my acknowledgments for the honour you had done me in sending for me the preceding day, and to acquaint your ladyship, had I been so fortunate as to find you at home, that I did not receive your message in time to obey your ladyship's commands. On the Sunday I was taken very ill with a most violent cold, and some fever in consequence, with which I have been confined ever since, and the greatest part of my time to my bed. I went out, indeed," [this for fear I should have been seen,] "for an hour, on particular business, on Sunday last, though it was rather too early for me to go abroad. But as I flatter myself I may now venture out without any risk, I shall be happy to make my first visit to your ladyship, if I could know the day and hour when it might be agreeable; and I shall be always happy to testify my gratitude for the notice with which you have deigned

to honour me. I am, with the greatest respect, Madam, your ladyship's most obliged, &c. &c."

This morning I was alone, when in came the Baron. "Ah! mon cher Docteur," &c. &c. As I saw the rascal was in the act to embrace me, and as I would not be outdone in rascality, I embraced *him.* He was very sorry I had been so ill, and, if he had known it, he would have come to me. Oh! I forgot the postscript to my note. "I beg your ladyship's permission for desiring that my compliments may be presented to the Baron." When the topic of illness was discussed, he asked me when I had heard from you. I said, by the last post, and made a full stop; waiting for what I expected in consequence, and for what I had prepared my answer beforehand; but it was not called for, for he went no further. Perhaps, however, he may another time, and therefore, I shall tell you what I mean to say, which I hope you will approve, as it may be wanted before I can have your answer. "Has he received my letter?"—"Yes."—"They why does he not send me an answer?"—"Why, Monsieur le Baron, I should apprehend, from what I can collect,"—(making it *my own opinion* only, and most carefully avoiding to commit you in any respect whatever, by quoting you for a single word,)—"Why, Monsieur le Baron, I should apprehend, from what I can collect, that Mr. Selwyn rather expects to

hear from you again first, and that he looks upon your letter as the emotion of anger ill-founded, for which you will make him an apology, for that he has not given cause, &c."

This would produce *sacres* and *mon-Dieus!*—"that you had given cause, and that you ought to answer it." I should then tell him, that I knew of my private knowledge that all your friends here, who knew of it, (and that I had reason to believe the same of those at home,) were of a contrary opinion, and advised you to give no answer; and that as, by no answer coming, you seemed to follow their advice on this point, I should think it very likely that you might do so in *another*, in which I knew they strongly concurred, which is, that, if he persisted in this *colère mal fondée*, which I should hope he would not, when you came into this country you should lay the whole transaction before the ministry here, and take *their* opinion of it. This, I believe, would be sufficient to close the conversation; at least it would on *my* part; for I could have nothing more to say. Besides, as I should be prepared, he would not push me off my guard, and I should be very mild, calm, and dispassionate. I hope this is the manner you would have me reply in; but as he said nothing to-day when we were alone, perhaps he does not mean it at any other time.

Finding he added nothing to his question, of when I heard from you? I talked of the court-

martial,* and from thence we went to the weather, and I do not know what other idle topic, for the first quarter of an hour. He then told me that their affairs were in a charming way, for that an Englishman was gone a fortnight ago to England, who was sure of raising money, and that they should find enough to defray everything. "This was fortunate enough; but how, my dear sir, and upon what security?"—"Why upon P——, and my bond, and Madame has nothing at all to do with it." Can this be possible, do you think, sir? Can they have met with such a pigeon? This was all his information. He would have the coach sent for me in the afternoon, which I would have evaded, but he insisted. The coach came. Madame was a good deal upon the reserve; she had got a bad cold. I had some letters to read her about Garrick's death, &c., and of a friend of mine who has lately travelled with Governor Johnstone to Bath, who was lavish in encomiums upon her: indeed, I said and did everything I could to please her. Nobody but the Baron and she and I for three quarters of an hour. Not a word of affairs, and your name not mentioned. Madame Bocage came in. I sat her out, and half an hour afterwards; but still not a word of affairs. I then took my leave; but not a word of when they

* The celebrated court-martial on Admiral Keppel, which had commenced at Portsmouth on the 7th of this month. See *post*, 18 May, 1779.

should see me again, or my coming to dinner; but insisted the coach should take me home.

I do not know rightly how to construe it all; whether it was meant to laugh at me or not. I wanted to come and make her a visit. Well! and I did make her a visit, and that was a good ridicule, and the Baron might have got scolded for having spoken to me of affairs in the morning. On the other hand, it might only be maintaining proper dignity. I rather think the latter, as she mentioned the Comte de Sarsfield's having been there twice some time ago, and her unfortunately being out. I had managed this, upon her dropping a hint that she should like to be acquainted with him; and I had before borrowed books of him for her, and, indeed, I have all along shewn her every little attention in my power, till we broke off. But when I went to consult the Comte about your affair, he said he would never go to her again. I must go to him, and beat him off that, if I can, and make him go again. We may then dine together there and please her, for that was what she wanted, after he had first made her a visit of form. However, I will get into the house as often as I can.

I have seen no mortal yet but those I have mentioned, but may be able to tell you more next post, if there is anything more to tell.

## DAVID GARRICK.

This great actor, whose death is referred to by Dr. Warner in the next letter, in terms of deep and affectionate regret, expired at his house in the Adelphi Terrace, London, on the 20th of January, 1779. Dr. Johnson writes a few days afterwards to Mr. Boswell:—"Garrick's death is a striking event; not that we should be surprised with the death of any man who has lived sixty-two years; but because there was a *vivacity* in our late celebrated friend, which drove away the thoughts of *death* from any association with *him*. I am sure you will be tenderly affected with his departure; and I would wish to hear from you upon the subject. I was obliged to him in my days of effervescence in London, when poor Derrick was my governor; and since that time I received many civilities from him. Do you remember how pleasing it was, when I received a letter from him at Inverary, upon our first return to civilized living after our Hebridean journey? I shall always remember him with affection as well as admiration." And Johnson elsewhere observes of Garrick, "His death eclipsed the gaiety of nations."

In the correspondence of Hannah More, (who, immediately after the death of the great actor, had been summoned to London at the express desire of Mrs. Garrick, to administer comfort to her in

her affliction,) some very interesting particulars will be found connected with that melancholy event. "From Dr. Cadogan's," she writes to one of her sisters, "I intended to have gone to the Adelphi, but found that Mrs Garrick * was that moment quitting her house, while preparations were making for the last sad ceremony; she very wisely fixed on a private friend's house for this purpose, where she could be at her ease. I got there just before her; she was prepared for meeting me; she ran into my arms, and we both remained silent for some minutes: at last she whispered,—

* Eva Maria, the wife of David Garrick, and the celebrated Violette of the last century, was born at Vienna, February 29, 1725. The grace and elegance which she displayed as a dancer, and probably her other personal accomplishments, obtained for her the favour of the Empress-Queen Maria Theresa, by whose command she changed her name to that of Violette, being a translation of the German word *vielge*, the anagram of her name. She arrived in England in 1744, and shortly afterwards obtained an engagement at the Opera. In consequence of a recommendation which she brought from the Countess of Stahremberg to the Countess of Burlington, she was not only received by the latter with great kindness, but shortly afterwards became an inmate of Burlington House, and was ever regarded by Lady Burlington with maternal fondness and partiality. In June 1749, she gave her hand to David Garrick, on which occasion Lord Burlington presented her with a marriage portion of 6000*l*. After the death of her husband, she is said to have received several offers from persons of rank and fortune to re-enter the marriage state. However, she continued a widow, and died suddenly, in her chair, in her house on the Adelphi Terrace, on the 16th of October, 1822. She was buried in the same vault with her husband, near the cenotaph of Shakspeare, in Westminster Abbey.

'I have this moment embraced his coffin, and you come next.' She soon recovered herself, and said with great composure: 'The goodness of God to me is inexpressible; I desired to die, but it is his will that I should live, and he has convinced me he will not let my life be quite miserable, for he gives astonishing strength to my body, and *grace* to my heart; neither do I deserve, but I am thankful for both.' She thanked me a thousand times for such a real act of friendship, and bade me be comforted, for it was God's will. She told me they had just returned from Althorp, Lord Spencer's, where he had been reluctantly dragged, for he had felt unwell for some time; but during his visit he was often in such fine spirits that they could not believe he was ill. On his return home he appointed Cadogan to meet him, who ordered him an emetic, the warm bath, and the usual remedies, but with very little effect. On the Sunday he was in good spirits and free from pain; but as the suppression still continued, Dr. Cadogan became extremely alarmed, and sent for Pott, Heberden, and Schomberg, who gave him up the moment they saw him. Poor Garrick stared to see his room full of doctors, not being conscious of his real state. No change happened till the Tuesday evening, when the surgeon, who was sent for to blister and bleed him, made light of his illness, assuring Mrs. Garrick that he would be well in a day or two, and insisted on her going to lie down. Towards morning she de-

sired to be called if there was the least change. Every time that she administered the draughts to him in the night, he always squeezed her hand in a particular manner, and spoke to her with the greatest tenderness and affection. Immediately after he had taken his last medicine, he softly said, 'Oh! dear,' and yielded up his spirit without a groan, and in his perfect senses.

"On opening him, a stone was found that measured five inches and a half round one way, and four and a half the other, yet this was not the immediate cause of his death; his kidneys were quite gone. I paid a melancholy visit to the coffin yesterday, where I found room for meditation, till the mind 'burst with thinking.' His new house is not so pleasant as Hampton, nor so splendid as the Adelphi, but it is commodious enough for all the wants of its inhabitant; and besides, it is so quiet, that he will never be disturbed till the eternal morning, and never till then will a sweeter voice than his own be heard. May he then find mercy! They are preparing to hang the house with black, for he is to lie in state till Monday. I dislike this pageantry, and cannot help thinking that the disembodied spirit must look with contempt upon the farce that is played over its miserable relics. But a splendid funeral could not be avoided, as he is to be laid in the Abbey with such illustrious dust, and so many are desirous of testifying their respect by attending."

The account which Miss More subsequently gives of the ceremony of the interment in Westminster Abbey is scarcely less interesting than the preceding letter. To her sister she writes, on the 2nd of February,—"We (Miss Cadogan and myself) went to Charing Cross to see the melancholy procession. Just as we got there we received a ticket from the Bishop of Rochester to admit us into the Abbey. No admittance could be obtained but under his hand. We hurried away in a hackney-coach, dreading to be too late. The bell of St. Martin's and the Abbey gave a sound that smote upon my very soul. When we got to the cloisters, we found multitudes striving for admittance. We gave our ticket, and were let in; but, unluckily, we ought to have kept it. We followed the man, who unlocked a door of iron, and directly closed it upon us and two or three others, and we found ourselves in a tower, with a dark winding staircase, consisting of half a hundred stone steps. When we got to the top there was no way out; we ran down again, called, and beat the door till the whole pile resounded with our cries. Here we stayed half an hour in perfect agony; we were sure it would be all over; nay, we might never be let out; we might starve, we might perish. At length our clamours brought an honest man,—a guardian angel I then thought him. We implored him to take care of us, and get us into a part of the Abbey where we might see the grave. He asked for the Bishop's

ticket; we had given it away to the wrong person, and he was not obliged to believe we ever had one; yet he saw so much truth in our grief, that though we were most shabby, and a hundred fine people were soliciting the same favour, he took us under each arm, carried us safely through the crowd, and put us in a little gallery directly over the grave, where we could see and hear everything as distinctly as if the Abbey had been a parlour. Little things sometimes affect the mind strongly! We were no sooner recovered from the fresh burst of grief, than I cast my eyes, the first thing, on Handel's monument, and read the scroll in his hand,—'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Just at three the great doors burst open with a noise that shook the roof; the solemn organ struck up, and the whole choir, in strains only less solemn than the 'archangel's trump,' began Handel's fine anthem. The whole choir advanced to the grave, in hoods and surplices, singing all the way; then Sheridan, as chief-mourner; then the body, (alas! whose body?) with ten noblemen and gentlemen, pall-bearers; then the rest of the friends and mourners; hardly a dry eye,—the very players, bred to the trade of counterfeiting, shed genuine tears.

"As soon as the body was let down, the Bishop began the service, which he read in a low but solemn and devout manner. Such an awful stillness reigned, that every word was audible. How

I felt it! Judge if my heart did not assent to the wish, that the soul of our dear brother now departed was in peace. And this is all of Garrick! Yet a little while, and he shall say to the worm, 'Thou art my brother, and to corruption, thou art my mother and my sister.' So passes away the fashion of this world! And the very night he was buried the playhouses were as full, and the Pantheon was as crowded, as if no such thing had happened; nay, the very mourners of the day partook of the revelries of the night,—the same night too!

"As soon as the crowd was dispersed, our friend came to us with an invitation from the Bishop's lady, to whom he had related our disaster, to come into the deanery. We were carried into her dressing-room, but being incapable of speech, she very kindly said she would not interrupt such sorrow, and left us, but sent up wine, cakes, and all manner of good things, which was really well-timed. I caught no cold, notwithstanding all I went through.

"On Wednesday night we came to the Adelphi,—to this house! She bore it with great tranquillity; but what was my surprise, to see her go alone into the chamber and bed in which he had died that day fortnight. She had a delight in it beyond expression. I asked her the next day how she went through it? She told me very well; that she first prayed with great composure, then went

and kissed the dear bed, and got into it with a sad pleasure." *

The funeral obsequies of Garrick were performed with great pomp. His body was followed from the Adelphi by a crowd of carriages, belonging to persons of the highest rank; and the following noblemen and gentlemen supported the pall; Lord Camden, the Earl of Ossory, the Right Hon. Richard Rigby, the Hon. Mr. Stanley, J. Patterson, Esq., the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer, Viscount Palmerston, Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, and Albany Wallis, Esq.

"Garrick," says Dr. Johnson, "was a very good man, the cheerfullest man of his age; a decent liver, in a profession which is supposed to give indulgence to licentiousness; and a man who gave away freely money acquired by himself. He began the world with a great hunger for money; the son of a half-pay officer, bred in a family whose study was to make fourpence do as much as others made fourpence-halfpenny do. But when he had got money he was very liberal."

"I can never cease," says Hannah More, "to think with affection and gratitude of so warm, steady, and disinterested a friend; and I can most truly bear this testimony to his memory, that I never witnessed in any family more decorum, propriety, and regularity than in his; where I never saw a

* Life and Correspondence of Hannah More, vol. i. pp. 147–456.

card, or ever met, except in one instance, a person of his own profession at his table, of which Mrs. Garrick, by her elegance of taste, her correctness of manners, and very original turn of humour, was the brightest ornament. All his pursuits and tastes were so decidedly intellectual, that it made the society, and the conversation which was always to be found in his circle, interesting and delightful."

Neither the portrait drawn by Dr. Johnson of Garrick, nor that by Hannah More, can be regarded as overcharged; but both have omitted all mention of that overweening vanity, which was the great drawback to his many amiable and excellent qualities. Goldsmith, in his "Retaliation," (in the form of an imaginary epitaph on Garrick,) thus happily, though somewhat severely, satirizes the ruling passion of his friend:—

Here lies David Garrick, describe him who can,
An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man:
As an actor confest without rival to shine;
As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:
Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings—a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turn'd and he varied full ten times a day:
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick,
If they were not his own by finessing and trick:
He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallow'd what came,
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who pepper'd the highest, was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind,
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys, and Woodfalls so grave !
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you gave !
How did Grub Street re-echo the shouts that you raised,
While he was be-Roscius'd, and you were be-praised !
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies :
Those poets, who owe their best fame to his skill,
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will :
Old Shakspeare receive him with praise and with love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

It may be remarked, that at the period when this trifle was written, Goldsmith was smarting under the effect of a gay lampoon of Garrick's, which may account for much of the severity of Goldsmith's retaliatory poem.

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## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

[Paris] February 3rd, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

THE chapter of Garrick is a very melancholy one for poor Harry Hoare * and me. I had a letter

* Henry Hoare, son of Sir Richard Hoare, Lord Mayor of London, and brother of Richard Hoare, Esq., created a baronet 10th June, 1786.

of passionate grief from him about it, and just afterwards had liked to have killed a fiddler for coming to interrupt my sorrow with a merry tune. In a letter to-day he tells me, that the little stars, who hid their diminished rays in his presence, begin to abuse him. Are people worse than when it was said that he, "qui urit fulgore suo, extinctus amabitur?"

We are to have a great raree-show to-day. The Queen goes to St. Genevieve or Notre-Dame to be churched, or both, and has, pleasantly enough, a mind to promote the sport she has been at herself. They (the King and Queen) are to come in wonderful parade, preceded by more than the usual ragamuffins of royalty; their falconers and their falcons, &c., and all the ornaments of that state so happily imagined for the good of mankind.

Wednesday evening.

We had a monstrous fine raree-show on Monday, but we have not heard yet how many people were *écrasés*. The falcons came, sure enough, though I thought the people were joking with me. I am sure the King jokes most cursedly with his people. One of the prettiest things, and what struck me most of the whole ceremony, was the beautiful contrast exhibited by such a number of high-fed, broad-bottomed, pompous, pampered, prancing steeds, and such a number of pinch-bellied, woebegone, skin-and-grief, lanthorn-jawed, soup-maigre subjects, who do not—above once a year, and then it is like

a horse-bean. How they must have made him laugh!

The Maréchal and everybody here, since the arrival of La Fayette * and some other officers from America, look upon our affairs there as in a promising way, and that the Americans will never be able to establish their independency. The French and they cannot agree at all.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

February 14, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your letter of Friday the 5th on Thursday last, and though you tell me I must wait for a satisfactory answer till the letters of Tuesday shall arrive, I think I have this answer already in the letter of the 5th.

The lady is really in a deplorable condition, as you will see under the Baron's hand in the enclosed note; a note which I dare say she would not have approved of his sending to *me*. I have not been able to see her since I told you last. I have courted her more, and received more rebuffs from her than I ever did from a cruel beauty. As she would not

* The celebrated La Fayette had recently returned from America, to inoculate France with those principles of rebellion and republicanism, which subsequently led to the subversion of the French monarchy, and to the detestable horrors of the French Revolution.

let me dine with her on Friday, though the Baron had engaged me, I look upon it as all over. However, I shall persevere. To force myself upon her can surely answer no purpose but to counteract my wishes of being received by her with complacency, and the high confidence with which she once honoured me. But no, it will not do. She looks upon me either as too much attached to him who has offended her by daring to administer unpalatable though salutary advice, or as not of consequence enough, or ever likely to be of sufficient service, to compensate for the humiliating step of acknowledging, by taking me into favour again, that she had unjustly thrown me out of it. She may also be displeased with me for having been a witness to very strong expressions of her emotions. I intended to have called to-day before dinner, and was dressed in time, but it rained hard, and I could get no *voiture* till I was forced to go to my engagement with Lady Lambert.

S— is the purest booby that I ever beheld, but I believe no more rogue than in the way of trade, and than all such boobies, who think to be cunning, are. No, hang him! Fat Chuff? he is rather one of the "soft, easy cushions, on which knaves repose themselves and batten." I don't wonder now that the Baron should say he is going to break, for he finds him so very *facile*, that he doubtless imagines that other *escrocs* besides himself work upon him by intimidation and *cajolerie*, and rightly concludes that

Crœsus could not stand it. Oh! the lies which the Baron makes him gulp still! He now talks of *terres* which he has in Alsace, and which he would go to *hypothéquer*, if it were not so tedious an operation. I dare say, sir, he can keep the booby from proceeding to extremities for this twelvemonth; ay, for ever. I wonder you have never called him, in any of your letters, the "Squire of Alsatia." If I recollect right, he is just the character drawn in the old comedy with that title. But I beg pardon; I am deviating from the line I meant to prescribe myself.

Yes, sir, you might have very fully relied upon the Maréchal for the safety of your person and honour, if the Baron had not seen his error. The Doctor has consulted with some old officers on the subject, who are not at all surprised that the Baron should be very much alarmed at the idea of the interference of the Maréchals of France, for it seems a prohibition from them is a very terrible thing. That prohibition you may have, if you please, notwithstanding the letter, though he is much more likely to hang himself than to think of offering you any insult. The Doctor is as clear as the Comte de Sarsfield that you ought not to write him any answer, and I am ashamed to have hesitated about it. Sir Harry Bridgeman dined with the Maréchal on Friday. This challenge was mentioned, and the Maréchal spoke with great contempt of the Baron before the company.

I was very much vexed to have adopted so free a manner of writing to you, and to have made, now and then, those idle attempts at pleasantry upon a subject which cannot but be a very painful one, and which prevents your showing my letters. Were I inclined to exhibit a very common, and of course not very delicate instance of gratitude, I should say that my free manner of writing to you was your own fault for having made me too familiar. But I have now endeavoured to keep myself within what I hope you will think tolerable bounds of soberness and chastity, and will continue to do so. Though I may escape being so roughly treated by you, for the unwelcome tidings you have received from me, as the "Athenian barber" was treated by his fellow-citizens for his; yet I shall hardly escape that with which the relater of the story ends it, and which you shall have as I read it this morning in the old French of Amyot.

"Tout ainsi que ceux qui prennent d'amère sauveur ou bien de mauvaise senteur haissent puis après les gobelets où ils les ont beues, aussi ceux qui donnent mauvaises nouvelles sont coustumiêrement malvoulus de ceux à qui ils les donnent." To which he adds from Sophocles,—

> Pour ce qu'ainsi du faict la pensée,
> Ainsi du dire est l'aureille ofensée.

And does not *our* Sophocles say ?—

> This news hath made thee a most ugly man !

I am perfectly convinced, and so is the Doctor, that it is as much out of this woman's power to hurt you in your vulnerable part, as it is for her to fly. She is certainly wicked enough to attempt it, if she knew how; but at the same time she is so weak that she cannot harbour a thought of attempting it without letting it be known, and whatever she makes known can be hidden but a very little while from you. I know there can be nothing of any sort of consequence in the wind, or it would have been brought to me. My subordinates are very much attached and very faithful.

Mrs. Newgate is suing out her habeas, because she finds it very uncomfortable being with a choleric, vain, miserly, stupid old fellow.

THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Sunday evening, February 28th, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I WILL take care of the commissions. No lace for Lady Middleton has been sent yet to Sir John's. What am I to do with the box of lace for Lady Pelham? I hope I am not to bring it, and have it taken away from me.

You know, sir, that as I am to set out on Thursday fortnight, the 10th, I must have your last commands at this place by the post of Tuesday, the 8th. I give you joy of the good accounts from America.

The Abbé Raynal told me the other day, speaking of Hotham's affair,* "Nous avons été battus comme des coquins." M. D'Alembert has been very civil to me, and given me a ticket, at a time when it was *désesperé*, for the public reception of a member of the Academie Françoise, in the room of Voltaire.†

I give you joy, sir, very heartily, that you are prevented your tedious journey to Lyons, by Mie Mie's being brought by her father to Paris. This news you will have seen by Minifie's letter of the 14th; but in case it should be lying at Ostend, like the others, he tells me he had a commission from the Marquis Fagniani to give you this information, and that this step is taken with the cordial approbation of every branch of the family. They will set out the first week in April, and the Marquis means to stay here about three weeks. On the 14th Minifie dined with Mie Mie and her father at Millerio's, and she was then perfectly well. The father would write to you, but was much hurried.

Madame Fagniani is now the first who speaks in public of this new arrangement. Joy, joy to you, dear sir! How good all this is! *Vous aurez l'enfant, et pour la vie!* Joy to you!

I am glad, sir, that you do me the honour to admit me of your council about your arrangements here, as I have much to say to you upon them.

* The capture of the Island of St. Lucia from the French, by Commodore, afterwards Admiral Lord Hotham.

† Voltaire had died on the 30th of May preceding, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

## THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

When I have nothing to say, I will make no apology for saying nothing. There was one part of your letter which a little alarmed me this morning; you were silent upon your journey. It is your own fault if I am unreasonable; but I shall indeed be disappointed if we don't see you here. However, I don't believe that you have changed your intention.

George has been a little out of order, but is much better. As for the rest of us, we are pretty well; fat, regular, and stupid, the common effects of the country. Come, and I promise that you shall partake at least of some of the blessings of retirement. The frost has put an end to all disorder; and if the Thames is frozen over, perhaps you may be *cabbaged*.

I am, my dear George,

Yours most affectionately.

P.S. I had written to Mr. Wallace, and will take care about the venison. To whom shall I send it? Not to you, for I hope you will be here.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

March, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I AM exceedingly distressed, confused, and ashamed. I fear I have given you false information, and abused an innocent lady, to whom I do not know how I shall ever make a reparation. I fear, I say, I have given false information, *but it is for the first time.* Pray let me defend myself a little. I write from events, and from the best information I can get, and by every post. These things considered, I hope you will have the goodness and candour to think that it is rather extraordinary I should never hitherto have had cause for the shame I now feel. Indeed I have spared no pains to come at the truth, and have never contented myself with a single information when it has been in my power to get a second to corroborate it. I have given you many of the Baron's "lies," but always with the restriction that they might be considered as such. But amidst such an infinite deal of lying, on all sides, and *tripotage* and *esprit de fauxbourg* as I have been plunged up to the eyes in, I cannot but think myself singularly fortunate to find, upon looking back, that I have never, in any one single instance, before misled you. I undertook the thing with

zeal, and it grieves me very seriously, I must own, that it should end with shame.

It was Sir John who gave me the *belle histoire* of last post, to which I added not, as to *the matter*, an iota,—whether the manner was precisely the same I will not take upon me to say. But it was *he* who gave me the idea of the improper house, and he enjoyed the thing infinitely; and I wish he had given it you *in his own manner*, which was still higher than mine; and he gave it me but on the morning of the day I wrote. It was impossible that I could see her ladyship before Friday, when I was engaged to dine with her, and then *audivi alteram partem*, which they say one should never do, as it spoils the first. Sir John had charged me not to quote him, and, in consequence, you saw that I made no mention of my author, nor, had his intelligence been true, should I have ever mentioned him. But I must now give him up. I must vindicate myself.

On Friday, then, I went to dine with her ladyship, and was received and treated throughout the visit with all the politeness and seeming cordiality which I was prepared to expect by this flattering note of the Baron, which I had received whilst I was dressing. I was frightened, knowing that great people are more than ordinarily gracious to those whom they mean to destroy, and could not conceive what was to be done to me. But I soon found that the cause, or rather causes (for they are two), of

their *cajolerie* were of harmless purport. They wanted to give me *their* story, for they think I can be of use to them in England. You shall hear. The time *before* dinner was all taken up in examining the map, which gave infinite satisfaction, &c., and in talking of Byron and D'Estaing. *At* dinner there were servants, but immediately *after* dinner her ladyship began with asking me if I had heard of the extraordinary behaviour of S—. Yes, I had heard something which shocked me very much—which her ladyship kindly supposed to proceed from my indignation at the treatment she had received, and then very roundly gave me the story as I have represented it—*supposing no frame in the case*, viz.: that S— intruded upon her when she was alone, and had ordered herself to be denied; that she had been very *brusque* with him, and he insolent in return. She acknowledged the whole of the *fit*, and the drops, and the convulsions, in which she believed that she was *miraculously* supported, *as she never shed a tear*, though they stood in her eyes at the relation, and in short represented what they call in comedy, a *situation*, of the very choicest and richest kind, and at which it was with the greatest difficulty I was able to keep my countenance. For I hope, sir, you do not think I am such a ninny as to believe there was anything really serious in the *fit*. No! But this is *snow-white innocence*, in comparison of *the having laid a frame* for it, of which I *must* and

do acquit her, and am very sorry and much ashamed to have charged her with it. The Baron was really out at a ball.

How my *belle histoire* is reduced to nothing! And it is yet to be reduced, for there is no *two years* in the case; it is but *two months.* The thing had been before the Commissaire. They told me that S— had been very vehement in his defence, and had a lenity shown him he did not deserve, for *missus abiit.* The Commissaire heard his story and sent him about his business; therefore there is no reason to suppose him in the plot, as Sir John supposed. Yesterday I went to Sir John and acquainted him with my fears that I had sent a false information, insisting upon the circumstance of *two years,* instead of *two months.* Sir John was almost angry, and said there was such a d—d deal of lying everywhere (in which, indeed, he was right enough), that there was no knowing what to believe, and that I must tell you so. Of everything else he was sure.

I then went to S—, who gave me *his* story, which tallied with her ladyship's as to facts, but differed in attention, and which was still more ridiculous, from his awkward distress at the fit, as he did not know what in the world to do, though he did not believe it real, yet, as a gallant man to be the cause of but an *apparent* fit in a lady distressed him, and he thought he ought to endeavour to remove it, and followed her, she having

withdrawn into the bed-room, and took hold of her arm, which made her scream ten times more. 'Twas the touch of the accursed thing. So far from meaning to insult her, he went, he said, with all the innocence in the world; that he believed she had ordered herself to be denied, and that the servants had neglected her orders; that she *brusqued* him exceedingly, which he could not help resenting, and repeated almost the words I told you, and which Sir John seems to have related faithfully enough, only, instead of "If you were a still greater lady," he said, "Si vous étiez le Roy et si je pouvois m'approcher de vous, je croirois avoir droit," &c.

He said that the Baron had deposed to his innocence before the Commissaire, that the lady had given orders to be denied, and was subject to be *emportée, &c.* If so, what a pretty rascal must the Baron be to sit and assent to her ladyship's assertions of the *malice prepense* with which he came to insult her! But it is all of a piece, such a cursed *tripotage!* With what joy do I behold the end of it! As the Baron talked of my calling earlier, I went this morning before ten o'clock. They were at breakfast. Very gracious. No talk of affairs, but of the news of the day, which is, that Necker is going out, and that two men-of-war, a sixty and an eighty-gun, have been burnt at Brest. That Necker is going out was thought very pleasing, and to be good news for

England, as he was an able Minister ; but I could see another reason why it was pleasing, which you will not be at a loss to guess. After breakfast her ladyship retired, and I went with the Baron into his room, where there was a man waiting for him, who has a house to let at Chaillot, for which the Baron is bargaining for Mrs. St. Leger. While we were here her ladyship sent to me to desire I would come to dinner, as she had roast beef. See, sir, how gracious we are again. Soon after, the Baron proposed my walking with him and this man to Chaillot, to look at the house, to which I assented, in hopes I might be able to get him to myself some part of the morning, but which I could not do but for a few minutes.

So, sir, there is an end of my affair and my spyship, for I do not think I can have anything else to say to you about it ; and if there has been anything disagreeable in it, it is forgotten and lost in the joy I feel at the very happy state of my affairs at Milan,—for I take such an interest in them, that I am sure I may very fairly call them mine as well as yours.

Extract of a letter from Minifie, dated February the 26th, and received to-day :—" The Fagniani family talk daily and loudly of Mr. Selwyn's goodness to Mie Mie, and of the father's conducting her to Paris. Everything is fixed upon ;

and I will endeavour to see him in a day or two, to know if he has wrote to Mr. Selwyn to acquaint him of the day of his departure from hence. I shall write to Mr. Selwyn next post, if I can see Fagniani in the meantime,—at all events I shall see Madame Millerio, *who is now entirely reconciled to her daughter.* The coffee pot is received, and much liked; it is just the thing we wished to have."

There, sir! *Entirely reconciled! Talk loudly of Mr. Selwyn's goodness to Mie Mie!* what in the world can go better than your affairs at Milan? I will write a line as soon as I know anything about the watch. I have called at Verneaux, but could not see him. I will also take care of what you say about the Comtes Polignac and Sarsfield. Your letters of Friday, the 26th, came on Thursday. Those of last Tuesday are not arrived yet. That cursed German post is the torment of all the world. You had better have sent all your letters to Milan through my hands, and have received them so. That German post, I verily believe, was the cause of a bad fever I once had in Switzerland, and I have owed it a grudge ever since.

There are things in your letter to be answered, but not now. I note all you say in my mind, if I do not in my reply. I am afraid you will think I am an idle fellow, and I think, too,

it is near the truth. My letters are none of the shortest, but yet they are not so full as they should be. However, I flatter myself that I do not omit anything material, and that you will give me credit for the rest.

Your opposition of the two strong places is droll enough. But we had talked of them both here and before. The Seymours are become mighty civil, and my brother and I dine at Sir Harry's once a week. His chapter will keep till I kiss your hands, which I devoutly wish to do.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

March, 1779.

Really, sir, if I have not done as you would have me, I shall be very sorry, and if I have failed it is for want of better judgment, for there cannot be better inclination. If you had bid me, I would have endeavoured to write like a mere servant, and my communications should have been truly but yea, yea, nay, nay.

Faith, I do not wonder that you should wish to get somebody else to do the work for you. You have made me laugh exceedingly by your going about with your pockets and your head full of this business, not knowing where to deposit it, almost as bad as a *dévoiement* in the streets of Paris. Methinks I see you going down St. James's Street, stopping,

and turning, and looking about in a kind of anguish, for any means to get rid of it. However, if I have erred, it was from want of judgment, and not from wantonness or affectation. You put me off my bias in talking of *ostensibles:* I hate them, *J'aime les choses qu'il faut cacher;* as somebody says well enough about *amour propre; qu'il ressemble à ——: il est necessaire; il nous est cher; il nous fait du plaisir, et il faut le cacher.* I am always afraid of saying something wrong, and the notion of ostensible *me gêne.* But I can write to *you,* as they say, without fear or wit, though you will not allow it. *Vous avez su m'apprivoiser de la sorte,* by the gentleness of your nature, that I can fearlessly gambol and dance about you, and jump into your lap, though sometimes more like an ass than a lap-dog: but then I am sure to be forgiven, and that you will but laugh at me.

There was something in a letter or two ago of yours of an instance of my ignorance of the world, which I could not make out from the omission of words, though you have made me a tolerable decypherer. If you recollect it, I wish you would tell me what it was. I like to show my ignorance to you, (if it does not look too much like a sore leg,) to have it cured. Perhaps I have played the devil in talking as I have done, and you have sent me to a thousand devils at once. I hope to escape, however, in the general joy that things wear so good a face. You may

be sure that I have misrepresented nothing, and that I will not deceive you. Come, come, that is somewhat. The Doctor made abundance of speeches. Indeed, sir, you hit it there: the old man was so long *autour du pot*, that the blind woman * got the start of him. You must love that blind woman, I am sure. One comfort to me is, that whatever I have said, I cannot have said half so bad as she has. *Important que cette dame quitte ce pais,—garrison,—fréquens repas,—fort agreable à tous les officiers.* Ah! what is this? Married to the regiment, as I am a sinner! A follower of the camp! And without the imagination of Othello, one may be convinced that "The Pioneers," &c. &c.

I am infinitely flattered that the Duke of Queensberry should express an inclination to be better acquainted with me, and thank you for it. I have a long time wished to be better acquainted with his Grace.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

March 11th, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

If I wanted any proof of the excess of your affection for your Mie Mie, your letter, which I

* Madame du Deffand.

received yesterday, contains such a one as would convince not only *me*, who am very easy of belief, but even a St. Thomas. I declare I think that everything is in the happiest train in the world, and I very heartily felicitate you and myself upon it. The father, as you have every reason in the world to know, means to act like a man, and will say, "There's your child, and God bless you with her." The convent there certainly can be no manner of difficulty about. Her going into the class was only mentioned as a thing that you might or might not approve of. Her stay there, if she enters it at all, will, I apprehend, be extremely short; but whatever may be its duration, you may certainly, by the sacrifice of a few louis, have her there as exactly to your mind as the place will admit of. The louis, as the Doctor is assured, is the sole object of Madame l'Abbesse, who is as lean and ravenous as a kite. The only thing, in which I can possibly imagine the least matter of trouble, will be in getting rid of the *Perle de Gouvernantes*, who, I figure to myself, to be now daily, and for some time past, exerting all her cunning, so as to wind herself into the easy-hearted little lady that she may not part with her, and the separation may cost the little lady some pearly drops.

As to the Hôtel de Dannemarc, the devil take him, as you say, who mentions it first. Indeed, there is nothing new, but that yesterday morn-

ing they seemed to be changing their minds again, which is not new. Your letters of Tuesday the 2nd came on Monday. I am doing what you desire.

## ISABELLA,

### COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

Isabella, Dowager Countess of Carlisle, eldest daughter of William, fourth Lord Byron, was born on the 10th of November, 1721. In June, 1743, she became the second wife of Henry, fourth Earl of Carlisle, by whom she was the mother of Frederick, the fifth Earl (the friend of George Selwyn), and of four daughters: Lady Anne, one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to the Princess Amelia, aunt of George the Third; Lady Frances, married to John Radcliffe, Esq. of Hitchin, in Hertfordshire; Lady Elizabeth, who married, first, Peter Delmé, Esq., and afterwards Charles Garnier, Esq., a captain in the royal navy; and Lady Juliana, who died unmarried. After the death of her first husband, Lady Carlisle remarried Sir William Musgrave, Bart., of Hayton Castle, in Cumberland. Her death took place on the 22nd of January, 1795, at the age of seventy-four.

## THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Aix.

SIR,

I CONCLUDE you are now fixed in your London habitation, but as yet possibly not enough engaged in the business and amusements of London to make this appear as much an intrusion as it may hereafter; at least, if I may judge from the very little indulgence I have received from those quarters, the town is not likely to be very full for some months.

I am now settled, and well contented to be so. The sun, which gilds this climate, has not deceived me, for I am already infinitely the better for its influence. It has rarely ceased to shine since my arrival, and I was obliged only yesterday, the 16th of the month, to walk without a cloak, and to seek the little shade there is. Our society is small, but good; and so good, I wish it not to increase, which it will infallibly do. I am extremely well lodged, but I pay at a Bath rate for my apartments.

I have got such a cook as I wish you had. He is so excellent and such an economist as is seldom to be found in this country, and never in ours; but he is established at Dijon, and only hired for my stay here. We poor exiles know not how the Parliament will dispose of us, being in a land of total

ignorance. In a few weeks we may possibly know what you are now doing or undoing. Mr. and Mrs. Howard beg their compliments to you. We lodge next door, and live much together; and I must not omit to tell you that Mrs. Howard declared at supper last night that she loved you very much. You must not be shocked at these flights of our Provençal vivacity.

I saw Lord Albemarle at Lyons. He looks dreadfully, but seems to have the spirits which accompany decay. He is settled at a small place near Marseilles. I was at that town last week with a party on an excursion, and was charmed with it and its environs, which are inexpressibly beautiful; but to make you pay *un gros écu pour une lettre qui ne vaut pas douze sous* is not my intention, and I shall therefore reserve all descriptions till I have the pleasure of meeting you again in some of our northern visits. Lady Julia, who is much occupied in learning Italian, begs her best compliments to you. If Lord Carlisle should be now in town, be so good as to tell him we are all in health. I have written twice to him, but I question whether this doubtful post has carried my letters.

I should be very happy to hear from you when you have a vacant hour. My most secure address is *chez Messrs. Borrage et Grégoire, à Aix en Provence.* I am ashamed of this letter, but I have not time to say more, than that I am, your faithful and obedient humble servant, I. Carlisle.

In another hand-writing is added,—

Mons. le Chevalier D'Oraison charged Lady Carlisle with his compliments to you. She had not time to insert them, being busy in sealing her other letters. I am happy in having this opportunity of sending mine to you, and am, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Juliana Howard.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

March 14 [1779].

DEAR SIR,

I wrote a long letter by yesterday's post to Madame Fagniani, and said, I hope, everything you would wish me to say; at least, I am sure that I said everything you bid me.

I want a place, sir, for a French governess to children of quality, and beg you will have the goodness to try to help me in it by speaking to your friends, as I have it very much at heart. The woman is unexceptionable, and will be a treasure to those who possess her. She is fifty; so there will be no playing with the butler or the chaplain. But she must have a *good* place, for she is a gentlewoman, and has always kept good company, and was much acquainted with, and admired by Voltaire, whose pieces she played in, with his other friends at

his house, with wonderful applause. She is mother to an exceedingly clever girl, whom she has *élevée à merveille,* and whom I sent about six months ago to be a French teacher in the boarding-school of my friend, Mrs. Cropley. Now this little French teacher is a most enchanting little thing, and has such tender gratitude to me, and expresses it with so much sweetness, that I am absolutely in love with her. Hence the warm interest. The mother wishes to be in the same country with her daughter, whom she doats on, and I don't wonder at it.

'Tis a shame that such people should be in distress! Her name is Bâton. A widow, very good appearance, extremely healthy, and has been pretty, as her daughter is. One day, when she was reading our little book, Moncrief, in company with Voltaire, he made the verses upon her which you shall have on the other leaf. I hope, sir, I shall not fail to have the pleasure of kissing your hands on the day you mentioned, Tuesday the 23rd. There are many other things I want to kiss, and amongst the first of them my little Apolline Bâton. Is there not *qualche cosa di pellegrino et di gentile* in that name, as well as bespeaking genius? But she adds Marie Gabrielle also, if you like either of them better. I like them all, and every thing that belongs to her; and so does everybody else. The verses on her mother, who is now reduced to wish a service in a foreign land, were these :—

Ce ne fut jamais en lisant
(Cette maxime est reçue à Cithère),
Qu'une belle apprit l'art,
Et les moyens de plaire.
Pensez-vous les trouver
Dans un livre amusant?
Bâton, votre erreur est extrême;
Pour trouver cet art seduisant,
Ne le cherchez que dans vous-même.

Your affectionate servant, J. W.

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THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY TO GEORGE SELWYN.

[By the death of the late Duke of Queensberry, Lord March had succeeded to the Dukedom, on the 22nd of the preceding October.]

MY DEAR GEORGE,

YESTERDAY I had your two letters of the 23rd. I shall write to you by the next post to Calais; so that, if you alter your plan, write to Dessein to forward your letters; but, if you do, I conclude you will let me know by the next post.

Upon talking with the Duke of Northumberland about the *bras*, I believe it will be much the best way to have them, as I told you, in the *ruff*, and so have them lacquered in England, as the *or-molu* will never stand here, and it is very dear: yours, you know, are grown quite black. However, I leave all this to you, and to the result of the in-

quiries you can make. The Duke of Northumberland is of my opinion, that the *or-molu* will not answer, though the patterns are much better than any we have here.

Pray bring some patterns of silks for fur clothes, and some spring velvets. Also, try if my Astracan, that was left in Calais, can be recovered: it was a very fine one. I send you enclosed a memorandum from the Duchess of Hamilton. Adieu, my dear George. If you see old Poligniac, tell him I have sent him a horse, as I don't know if I shall have time to write to him by this post.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

[1779.]

DEAR SIR,

I CALLED to-day at the Hôtel de Dannemarc, upon my return from Versailles, and left my name. Her ladyship was out. If she meant anything on Sunday by the emphasis she laid upon "glad to see me when I come back," or has not changed her mind, I may perhaps be sent for to-morrow. The post of Friday is not come in yet.

I sent you a hasty line on Monday morning enclosed to Dessein, which I hope you will receive with my letter of the preceding evening. I went that morning, before I set out for Versailles, to wait on her ladyship, as I had left her in so much agitation the day before, and also to wait on the

Baron with the extract from your letter, which I had copied for him, as a handsomer thing than sending it to him. I did not see her ladyship.

With the Baron was Pratteville, who was waiting at a table near the window, and a Frenchman whom I did not know, and who was sitting on one side of the fire. The Baron and I stood at the corner of the mantel-piece, on the other side, and had our conversation in whispers. He read what you had sent for him with manifest pleasure; indeed, your fears for his friendship, so much worse than his enmity, seem to be too well founded, for he had no sooner finished it than he gave me a kiss on the right cheek, which he wished might be transmitted to you as a token of his perfect amity.

I then mentioned the infinite astonishment and no less pain I felt from the conference with the lady, when he informed me of what I told you in that hasty line,—that a tall thin man with light hair, and pock-fretten, speaking French well, lately from England and soon returning, had been with his Colonel, with a view to instigate him to separate him from the lady, and informing him that you were coming over with a pistol in your pocket for him, to blow his brains out if he should speak to you, and that the lady, perhaps, after all, would be forced to England and shut up;—that the Colonel had sent for him in consequence (and he showed me his note, which was a very civil one); and that he

had been with him, and made him laugh at such ridiculous nonsense. He owned that he had a very sincere attachment for the lady, which death only should break, for that if ever there were a serious question about it, he should not hesitate to present the Colonel with his commission, rather than be controlled in it;—that he could not conceive that you had any hostile intentions towards him, as he had none towards you; and so there was an end to the affair, not at all to the Colonel's dissatisfaction.

At first, he confessed that he had an idea, as well as the lady, that this was a plot of yours, and that the tall thin man was your friend Williams. How he came by the name, heaven knows!—but he said, that what he had just received from you,—clapping his right hand upon the paper as he held it in his left,—was a proof that you were not concerned in it. I assured him that it was impossible you should; that you were not a man *à trames*, and that, if you had been, I believed he would think that you would hardly have set yourself *à ourdir* such a silly *trame* as this. I added that, as to your friend Williams, he was to my knowledge the very reverse of the *signalement*. I exposed the absurdity of the thing in all its parts, especially the utter inconsistency of the ideas of "force and shutting-up" with our laws and manners, and left him to all appearance perfectly convinced that neither you nor I knew, nor could

know, anything of the matter; beseeching him to persuade the lady so, and then ran to the Doctor's to scribble you the hasty line I spoke of.

I do not understand how they should know upon what subject the Comte wanted to speak to him, unless the Comte had mentioned it to some friend who had told it him. We had been told that he had left the service, but it seems it is but a conditional or temporary leaving it, a sort of half-pay, I suppose,—for which I do not know the term. Whatever this riddle of a plot may turn out when it comes to be solved (some zealous, imprudent friend, I suppose), it had better have been let alone, as it has answered but a bad purpose. The lady's mind, you see, had begun to be softened, and was in train to receive a good impression, as *ces jours passés* she had even mentioned the idea of going to England without aversion; but the fire of Sunday will have tended only to harden it again. I was with the doctor an hour to-day. We have nothing new, but are as strenuous in our dictum as old Cato in his *Delenda est Carthago.*

## MISS RAY.

The two following letters have reference to the tragical fate of the unfortunate Miss Ray, the well-known mistress of Lord Sandwich, who on the 7th of April, 1779, while quitting Covent Garden Theatre, was shot by the Reverend James Hackman, a young clergyman, holding the living of Wiverton, in Norfolk. According to a contemporary account of this ill-fated lady,—"Miss Ray, who so unhappily met her fate on Wednesday night, served her time to a mantua-maker, in St. George's Court, St. John's Lane, Clerkenwell, whence, at the age of about sixteen, she removed into that higher sphere in which she is said to have acted with the utmost propriety till the unfortunate moment which put a period to her life. Her person was uncommonly elegant, and her voice musical in a high degree." Hackman, the person who assassinated her, had originally been a Lieutenant in the 68th regiment of foot, and, while in command of a recruiting party at Huntingdon, had been invited to Lord Sandwich's seat at Hinchinbrooke, where he conceived a violent passion for his future victim. Failing in his repeated endeavours to prevail on her to become his wife, he determined, while under the influence of the ravings of jealousy, to put an end to her life and his own. Having succeeded in taking the life of Miss Ray, he fired a second pistol at himself; but,

being only wounded in the attempt, he was immediately seized by the bystanders.

The following account of the transaction appeared in one of the Journals of the succeeding day :— "Last night the following melancholy fate terminated the existence of the beautiful, the favoured, and yet the unfortunate Miss Ray. As she was stepping into her carriage from Covent Garden Theatre, a clergyman, whose name we hear is Hackman, and who lives in Craven Street, came up and lodged the contents of a pistol in her head; which done, he instantly shot himself, and they fell together. They were carried into the Shakspeare, and the ablest assistance called for, but Miss Ray expired in a few minutes. The desperate assassin still lives, to account for the horrid act, and, it is hoped, to suffer for it, his wound being on the temple, and supposed not to be dangerous. An express was instantly sent for Lord Sandwich. He came about twelve o'clock, in the most lamentable agonies, and expressed a sorrow that certainly did infinite honour to his feelings; and, indeed, what feelings must that man have, who would not be agonized on such a subject!"

The Morning Post of the following day (April 9th) contains further and more interesting particulars connected with this celebrated tragedy. "On Wednesday night, Miss Ray was coming out of the playhouse, accompanied by Signora Galli, and a gentleman who had politely offered to see her to

her carriage, when she was followed by the resolute assassin who committed the fact. He stepped up to her just as she had her foot on the step of the coach, pulled her by her sleeve, which occasioned her to turn round, when, without the smallest previous menace or address, he put a pistol to her forehead, and shot her instantly dead. He then fired another at himself, which, however, did not prove equally effectual. The ball grazed upon the upper part of the head, but did not penetrate sufficiently to produce any fatal effect; he fell, however, and so firmly was he bent upon the entire completion of the fatal business he had meditated, that he was found beating his head with the utmost violence with the butt-end of the pistol, by Mr. Mahon, apothecary, of Covent Garden, who wrenched the instrument from his hand. He was carried to the Shakspeare Tavern, where his wound was dressed. The body of the lovely victim was likewise carried to the same place.

"In his pockets were found two letters; one a copy of a letter which he had written to Miss Ray, and the other to his brother-in-law, Mr. Booth, of Craven Street. The first of these epistles is replete with warm expressions of affection to the unfortunate object of his love, and an earnest recommendation of his passion. The other contains a pathetic relation of the melancholy resolution he had taken, and a confession of the cause that produced it. He said he could not live without Miss Ray, and since

he had found, by repeated applications, that he was shut out from every hope of possessing her, he had conceived this design as the only refuge from a misery which he could not support. He heartily wishes his brother that felicity which fate had denied him, and requests that the few debts he owed might be discharged from the disposal of his effects. When he had so far recovered his faculties as to be capable of speech, he very calmly begged no questions might be asked him. He then enquired with great anxiety concerning Miss Ray. Being told she was dead, he desired her poor remains might not be exposed to the observation of the curious multitude; adding, he had only to curse the pistol, or his hand, that prevented the same fate he designed for himself. About five o'clock in the morning, Sir John Fielding came to the Shakspeare, and, not finding his wounds of a dangerous nature, committed him to Tothill Fields Bridewell, where he now lies in a fair way of recovery, and under the guard of a person set over him, to prevent him in any future attempts upon his life. The name of this ill-fated criminal is Hackman. He is now a clergyman, though about four years ago he was an officer in the 38th regiment of foot; but, not meeting with success in the military profession, by the advice of his friends he soon after quitted it, and assumed the gown.

"Yesterday the coroner's inquest sat on the body, and examined the several witnesses. One Connor, a chairman, swore that he saw the murder

perpetrated by the prisoner, and secured him immediately on the discharge of the pistols. Mr. O'Bryen, the surgeon, was next examined as to the wound. He informed the coroner and jury, that he had been called in to the deceased immediately upon her being carried to the Shakspeare Tavern, and upon examining the wound, and feeling the vessels of pulsation, pronounced her dead. He had, in conjunction with two other surgeons, that day analyzed the condition of the head, and found the fracture of a very uncommon sort; a full half of the cranium had been separated from the other. The jury, after sitting several hours, brought in their verdict, wilful murder, against the said Hackman, who will accordingly take his trial for the horrible offence at the next session at the Old Bailey, which begins in the course of a few days. The body was removed to an undertaker's near Leicester Fields, about five o'clock, to be prepared for interment.

"When the news of the above misfortune was carried to the Admiralty,* it was received by her noble admirer with the utmost concern. He wept exceedingly, and lamented, with every other token of grief, the interruption of a connection which had lasted for seventeen years, with great and uninterrupted felicity on both sides. There was something in the person, manner, and figure of this unhappy young lady, which particularly attracted his atten-

* Lord Sandwich was at this period First Lord of the Admiralty.

tion, and induced him to bestow the most liberal education upon her that the country could supply. There was scarce any polite art in which she was not an adept, nor any part of female literature with which she was not conversant. All the world are acquainted with the universal sweetness of her vocal powers, but it was the peculiar pleasure of a few only to know that her conversation, her feelings, and indeed her general deportment, all participated of an unparalleled delicacy, which had characterized her through life. She has had nine children by the noble lord, five of which are now living, who have been instructed by her with a strictness of motherly attention. Charity was eminently one of her virtues. In short, without any violation to the delicacy of the present question, we may pronounce Miss Ray to have been a very amiable and valuable character; for the susceptible, even among the most chaste, will scarce think one frailty an adequate counterpoise to so many good qualities, but, by placing that single failing to nature and her sex, must join in the general pity for the loss of so worthy and accomplished a woman."

It is rather curious, in one of the journals of the period, to find the name of George Selwyn connected as follows with that of Miss Ray. "A correspondent says that George Selwyn, with a humanity which did honour to his feelings, out of his great esteem and respect for that amiable

lady, who was so inhumanly murdered in coming out of the playhouse, attended at the Shakspeare whilst the body lay there, sitting as a mourner in the room, with a long black cloak on, which reached to his heels, and a large hat slouched over his face. This made a singular addition to a countenance naturally dark and rueful, and rendered him as complete a figure of woe as ever was exhibited at any funeral, or in any procession. It was his friend, the Duke of Q——y, who detected him in that garb; his Grace, by a similarity of feelings, being drawn to the same place." As Selwyn was at this period absent from London, the foregoing anecdote could of course have been only intended as a *jeu d'esprit.*

On the 14th of April, the remains of Miss Ray were interred near those of her mother, in the parish church of Elstree, in Hertfordshire, in a vault in the chancel, which had been prepared for their reception. For some years she had maintained her parents in this village; her father being still living, at the period of her death, and her mother having died about three years previously. The residence of Miss Ray was at the eastern corner of Tavistock Street, Covent Garden.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

April 8th [1779].

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE been dining with a party at Harry Hoare's. All the talk was about Miss Ray and her murderer, but no clear account yet of the latter. There is an account of the former, which is supposed to be authentic, in the Whitehall Evening Post of to-night, and which you may see, I should suppose, at Dover. I called to-day, in coming from Coutts's at the Shakspeare Tavern, in order to see the corpse of Miss Ray, and to send you some account of it; but I had no interest with her keepers, and could not get admittance for money.

I really love the Doctor * exceedingly. He appears to me to be one of the most truly honest and estimable men I had ever the good fortune to meet withal, and I beseech you to take an early opportunity of letting him see that you understand and accede to his wish, that he may not think I have been wanting to him, which would pain me very much. I beseech you further to tell him that I love him, and I have vanity and *amour propre* enough to hope, all misanthrope as he is, that he would receive it without indignation. I am convinced that any man,

* Dr. Gem.

who has observed as much of mankind as he has, would have cause for as much misanthropy, and I even love him for hating my species.

I beg my compliments to Mrs. Webb.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

April 13 [1779].

DEAR SIR,

It is utterly inexplicable, and equally distressing to me, that I have not heard from you from Dover. You were there on Friday at dinner, and stayed till Sunday morning, and yet not a single line.

The Baron is not angry with you for not returning his salute upon the sea, as he is not sure that you were sensible of the compliment. He does me the honour to say that I shall show him about town when he has done his business. My only hope is, to get rid of him by taking him to a city party, and stifling him with tobacco, or he will drive me out of town.

The history of Hackman, Miss Ray's murderer, is this. He was recruiting at Huntingdon; appeared at the ball; was asked by Lord Sandwich to Hinchinbrooke; was introduced to Miss Ray; became violently enamoured of her; made proposals, and was sent into Ireland, where his regiment was. He sold out; came back on purpose to be near the object of his affection; took orders, but could not

bend the inflexible fair in a black coat more than in a red. He could not live without her. He meant only to kill himself, and that in her presence; but seeing her coquet it at the play with a young Irish Templar, Macnamara, he determined suddenly to despatch her too. He is to be tried on Friday, and hanged on Monday.

Pray remember me kindly to Dr. Gem, and present my compliments to Mrs. Webb. Your happiness will not be delayed, I hope, beyond to-morrow se'nnight, the 20th.

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## THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Aix.

SIR,

On my return from a tour which I made into Languedoc, I found your letter, for which I cannot say enough. Your attention, indeed, in writing to a person at such a distance, must always claim my gratitude, but the contents also were particularly agreeable to me. I have waited a few posts in hopes of authentic confirmation of what you tell me; but, as I am assured the Duchess of Argyle has mentioned it to some members of the Duke of Argyle's family as a certainty, I cannot doubt of its being correct. I must say, that such a pre-

vention to your journey is the only one that could have been pleasing to me, since it retards the satisfaction I had formed of seeing Lord and Lady Carlisle and yourself so soon.

I have been very ill lately, but am now much better; and, as we all live on hopes, I flatter myself, that a summer spent in this climate will have rather more powerful effects than the winter has had. Not but that I have found myself for a great while much better than I was in England. I propose, in about a month, to move about a day's journey from hence into Languedoc, where the country is more plentiful, the people more honest, and the sun has less power. Here, the latter has too much power, even for me, where there is so little shade, and so dry a soil. I have also in view some very agreeable society, which I have made acquaintance with here, and wish to continue. My plan is, to remain there till the heats abate, and then to proceed slowly home through Switzerland, Germany, and a part of Holland. If I were to go by Paris, nothing could make that route pleasant but the hopes of meeting some of my friends there. The place, moreover, manifestly disagrees with me, and I know that there is no spending any time there, without laying out more money than I should wish; besides, as I have a great delight in seeing a new country, I shall be able to gratify my curiosity

by proceeding by way of Lyons through Switzerland. You will probably by that time be at Castle Howard.

We have lately had a little cold weather, which, except a walk in the morning, when the sun is always strong, has confined me for these ten days to the house. But we have now all the appearance of spring. The almond and peach trees are in blossom, and the ground is covered with many sorts of flowers, which, in England, are to be found only in gardens. But then they have no nursery-gardens, no ever-greens, no ornamental gardens, as you have in England, and those who could afford improvement have no taste. The multitude of country-houses, however, both about this town and Marseilles, are very pretty, being generally on the sides of the mountains. I have, indeed, been prodigiously charmed with my late excursion, which fully answered my expectation, notwithstanding Lord Carlisle had prejudiced and prepared me for what I was to see. Languedoc certainly vastly surpasses this province both in beauty and fertility.

I had occasion to mention *honesty* in a former part of my letter. Indeed, notwithstanding the horrible executions that are performed here, it is impossible not to be struck with horror at the multitude of criminals which this place produces. For this, two or three reasons may be assigned. First, the vicinity of Marseilles, which contains

the refuse of all nations; and, secondly, the poverty of the inhabitants. You may add to all this, the most wretched police in the world.

About ten days since, there happened a dreadful catastrophe close to the town. There dwelt a rich merchant, who had retired from trade; and there lived with him only one maid-servant, and a child of his own. His neighbours happened to notice, that for several days they had seen no person either go out of the house or into it. A quantity of fowls, too, that he had kept, flew into the neighbouring fields for subsistence. On this the neighbours held a consultation, and having come to the conclusion that it would be right, in the first instance, to seal up the merchandize, they then entered the house. They found the merchant, the servant, and the child, all murdered; and by several tokens it was evident that this had been perpetrated near ten days. A peasant happened to be missing, which gave room for suspicion, and he was taken into custody; for, though so near a neighbouring Italian territory, he had, by some strange infatuation, continued to loiter near the place. He was brought into this town on Saturday for his trial, and seems to be the most hardened villain I ever heard of. The servant-maid, who, it appears, had informed him of her master's riches, was his own sister, and he began by destroying her first. But this is only one of the many horrible

crimes which I have heard of since I came into this province; so that the blessings conferred by the climate seem to have but little influence on its inhabitants.

The English society of this place seem inclined to disperse about the middle of next month for their several destinations; many for Spa, and some for Italy. Lady Julia and Mr. and Mrs. Howard beg their compliments. I am, sir, your most obliged, and faithful, humble servant,

I. Carlisle.

THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

April 16th [1779].

DEAR SIR,

Yesterday I received your letter from Boulogne, legible as far as two pages; but the other two, I suppose, were written when the ink grew too pale to be visible, or you would not have enclosed it, unless from a *tic parlementaire*. To-day I had your letter from Calais,—your most obliging, most friendly letter. Good Heavens! how I should have been hurt if you had not written it, for that from Boulogne was more matter of curiosity. I thank you in every vein of my heart.

I have a great love for that little girl. Your

whole first page is filled with her. What joy to her mother, to whom you must give me leave to read that first page when I dine with her to-morrow. If, after her being sent to school, you should think that she can contribute to Mie Mie's amusement, you will make the little girl and me happy by sending for her. I hope by the time this kisses your hand, Mie Mie will have done the same. I conjure you not to miss the first post to tell me of her arrival, and how the poor little soul does after her tedious journey, and what her father says, and everything about her. Tell her also that I long to have a game of hoop and hide with her at Matson, and ask her if she remembers the Diavolini Ballerini. If it was not for her sensible observation, that she thought it very good-humoured of me to make a fool of myself for her amusement, I was afraid that she would forget me.

I was with the Duke of Queensberry this morning, who was exceedingly gracious to me, and talked of my going with him to Amesbury.* I asked him what he had to say to you?—"Nothing, but to be most kindly remembered." He knew no news. I called at Storer's in Portugal Street, but he was not at home. I then went to Mr. Townshend's; found him and Mary alone, and was asked to dinner. "Thank you; but I am engaged." I never before was asked to par-

* A seat of the Duke of Queensberry in Wiltshire.

take of more than his *joco*late. I should have gone to Tommy's, but it was too much out of my beat, and too late.

Pray remember me most kindly to Dr. Gem, and return my best thanks to Mrs. Webb for her care of my little girl. I have seen Gomm. He asked me if Mrs. Webb went with you? "Yes."—"Then he will be in no danger of drowning, because he is *webb*-footed." Good Lord, deliver us! I shall be very unhappy if the Doctor is not *content de moi*. Pray make him so, and go and see old Lady Lambert, for she was much interested for you.

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THE COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Saturday, April 17th [1779].

I DO not see, my dear sir, how I can employ myself better on my return to town, than in enquiring after you. Though I see you seldom, yet I miss you much, and hate to have you quite out of reach. My friends all dropping off by degrees, will leave me at last in a solitude in the midst of this great city. All my acquaintance are much younger and more worldly than myself; the grand gap can never be filled up; nor can time reconcile me to that severe loss.* But enough of self, and of reflections

* Alluding, apparently, to the death of her sister-in-law, Lady Holland.

which may do over the fire, but are not worth sending over *le Pas de Calais.*

I will try what I can muster for you of news. To my great surprise I found Miss Ray, or at least her unfortunate admirer, occupied everybody. How much you have missed! Ere this reaches you, he will be no more; his behaviour yesterday was wonderfully touching.

This Asiatic weather has certainly affected our cold constitutions. The Duchess of B— is afraid of being shot wherever she goes. A man has followed Miss Clavering * *on foot* from the East Indies; is quite mad; and scenes are daily expected even in the drawing-room. Another man has sworn to shoot a Miss Something, *n'importe*, if she did not run away with him from the Opera.

* 22nd May, 1779,—"Sir Thomas Clavering, General Johnstone, and Miss Maria Clavering, niece to Sir Thomas, attended the quarter sessions at Hicks' Hall, to prosecute the articles of the peace exhibited the day before against John Craggs, Esq., late a Lieutenant in the East India Company's service, on behalf of Miss Clavering. By the articles it appeared that Miss Clavering lived in Orchard Street, Oxford Street, with her uncle; that for three months past the Lieutenant had followed and pursued her with such an unwarrantable attachment and affection as justly alarmed the fears of Miss Clavering; that on the 12th of May he wrote her a letter, in which, among other terrifying expressions, he made use of the following words:—'There is no distraction of mind equal to that I suffer for you. Go where you will, I will follow you, which may be attended with consequences too fatal to mention here; and, as for myself, I have nothing but my life to lose.' Miss Clavering also declared, that she did not exhibit the articles from malice or hatred, but solely to pro-

Sir Joshua Reynolds has a niece who is troubled with one of these passionate admirers, to whom she has refused her hand and her door. He came a few days since to Sir Joshua's; asked if she was at home; and, on being answered in the negative, he desired the footman to tell her to take care, for he was determined to ravish her (pardon the word), whenever he met her. Keep our little friend [Mie Mie] at Paris whilst this mania lasts, for no age will be spared to be in fashion, and I am sure Mie Mie is quite as much in danger as the person I quoted in my first page. I hope you found her answering your wishes in every respect, and I am sure that is saying everything.

What shall I tell you next?—I saw the Duke of Queensberry to-day in the street, looking in the most perfect health. Lady Frances Scott* is come

tect herself, as she was in fear of loss of life, or bodily harm. For form's sake, Sir John Hawkins asked Miss Clavering if ever she had given any encouragement to his addresses? To which Miss Clavering replied in the negative, and said she had wrote to him, by her uncle and friends' orders, desiring him never to see her more. It appeared on the examination that he followed her to Court, to Salisbury, Bristol, Bath, &c. The Lieutenant was called, but did not appear; when the Bench, considering his conduct and terrifying threats, ordered that he be apprehended and held to the peace, as well to all His Majesty's subjects, as to Miss Clavering in particular, to find sureties in 500*l.* each, and himself in 1000*l.*, for seven years, at the same time granting a warrant against him, with an order of Court for an hour's notice of bail, with reference therein to Sir John Fielding to take bail."

* Lady Frances Scott, daughter of Francis Earl of Dalkeith,

to town, *pour consoler sa pauvre mère.* Lady H—, they say, does not intend to marry General C—, but he has desired her to come into his neighbourhood to save trouble, and she has taken Lady Lothian's house.

There is to be a dinner here to-morrow; Derbys, Burgoynes, Burkes, Sheridans, Hares, &c. A card was sent to Jack Townshend,* but by mistake was taken to Tommy; will he be pleased or awkward? I shall not do the honours of the table, but, if not deaf, shall probably hear some tantalizing *sweet* sounds up the chimney. Lord Spencer† carried Lord Althorp‡ to Almack's last night; but he only looked over the table, which he might have done as well *chez lui.* They say Spain by this time has joined France.

I have wrote a great deal, but so fast that I do

and sister of Henry, third Duke of Buccleuch. Her mother, here alluded to, was Lady Caroline Campbell, daughter of John Duke of Argyll; married, first, to Francis Earl of Dalkeith, and secondly, to the Right Hon. Charles Townshend, who died in 1767. In 1766, she was created Baroness Greenwich and died without male issue in 1794, when the title became extinct.

* The Hon. John Townshend, second son of George, the first and celebrated Marquis Townshend. See post, 13 June, 1779.

† George, first Earl Spencer. He married, in 1755, Margaret Georgiana, daughter of Stephen Poyntz, Esq., of Midgeham, in Berkshire, by whom he was the father of Georgiana, the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire. Lord Spencer died on the 31st of October, 1783.

‡ George John, afterwards second Earl Spencer, father of the present (third) Earl. He died on the 10th of November, 1834.

not know how you will decypher it. Perhaps to-morrow I may find a better pen, and have something more to say ; so, adieu for to-night!

Tuesday.

Mr. Hackman's behaviour was glorious yesterday. Jack Ketch deserves to be hanged, for when the poor man dropped the handkerchief, it fell under the cart, and he ran to pick it up ; so by that means kept the poor wretch some moments in that horrid state. Adieu! here comes a knock.

[The public journals of the day contain some interesting particulars relating to Hackman's behaviour, from the time of his being taken into custody to the hour of his execution. When first committed to prison, he is said to have refused either to eat or drink ; to have talked of his victim with "all the extravagance that the maddest love ever suggested ;" to have expressed the utmost indifference for life, and to have deeply regretted that he had failed in his attempt at self-destruction. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of his friends, he expressed his fixed determination to plead guilty at his trial, and turned a deaf ear to the affectionate entreaties of his sister, who in vain endeavoured to prevail on him to avail himself of the plea of insanity. To Lord Sandwich he addressed a letter, in which he detailed the circumstances which had incited him to commit the frightful crime for which he was about to suffer, and earnestly implored his

lordship's forgiveness. To this Lord Sandwich returned an answer, pitying and forgiving him, but at the same time adding, that "he had disturbed his peace of mind for ever."

The trial of Hackman for shooting Miss Ray took place on the 17th of April. In one respect he seems to have yielded to the entreaties of his friends, for he pleaded "not guilty." The first witness who was summoned was Mr. Macnamara, who swore, "that being in the lobby of Covent Garden Theatre, and seeing Miss Ray in some difficulty by the crowd, he was induced to offer her his assistance; that she laid hold of his right arm with her left, and as he was leading her to her carriage, and very near to it, he heard the report of a pistol, when Miss Ray clapped her hand to her forehead and fell, and instantly another pistol was fired; that on the report of the first pistol he felt something strike him on the arm, which he believed afterwards to have been the bullet which passed through the head of the deceased; that he thought Miss Ray had fainted away, considering the pistol as being fired by somebody through wantonness; that he endeavoured to raise Miss Ray, and in so doing found himself very bloody; that he assisted in carrying her into the Shakspeare Tavern; that the prisoner being secured, he was induced to ask him, 'what could possess him to be guilty of such a deed?' to which Mr. Hackman replied, 'It is not a proper place to ask

such questions;' that the prisoner said his name was Hackman; and, upon his desiring to know if he was acquainted with any person in the neighbourhood, he replied, 'Yes, I know Mr. Booth, of Craven Street, in the Strand, and have sent for him;' that Mr. Hackman earnestly desired to see the lady, not knowing she was dead, but being informed that she was, by some persons present, he (Mr. Macnamara) objected to letting him see her;" and concluded his evidence with saying that he did not hear Mr. Hackman make any observation, but, being sick with the quantity of blood about him, went home.

Another witness, Mary Anderson, a fruit-girl, deposed, that "she heard Miss Ray's carriage called, and was standing close by it when a gentleman and two ladies came up to it; that she saw Mr. Hackman come up with two pistols, and pull the gown of the deceased, when the prisoner instantly fired one at her head, and she fell with her hand on her forehead; that the prisoner discharged one at himself at the same time, and fell, beating himself with a pistol, crying out,—'Kill me, kill me!'"

Mr. Mahon, an apothecary, swore, that "he heard two pistols go off, and that he thought two gentlemen had quarrelled, and had taken that method to settle their difference; that he went and saw Mr. Hackman beating himself violently on the ground with a pistol, and that he wrenched it from him."

The evidence of this and other witnesses having

been heard, the prisoner was called upon to say if he had anything to offer in his defence. His reply occupied but a short period. He should not have troubled the Court, he said, with the examination of witnesses to support the charge against him, had he not thought that pleading guilty to the indictment might give an indication of contemning death, not suitable to his present condition; in some measure it would have been making him accessory to a second peril of his life; and that he thought the justice of his country ought to be satisfied, by suffering his offences to be proved, and the fact established by evidence. "I stand here this day," he said, "the most wretched of human beings, and confess myself criminal in a high degree; yet, while I acknowledge, with shame and repentance, that my determination against my own life was formal and complete, I protest, with that regard which becomes my situation, that the will to destroy her who was ever dearer to me than life, was never mine till a momentary phrenzy overpowered me, and induced me to commit the deed I deplore. The letter which I meant for my brother-in-law after my decease, will have its due weight as to this point, with good men.* Before this

* The letter which Hackman had addressed to his brother-in-law, Mr. Booth, commences: "My dear Frederick, when this reaches you I shall be no more, but do not let my unhappy fate distress you too much." It then proceeds to state, that he was driven to madness, and that he had striven against it as long as he

dreadful act, I trust nothing will be found in the tenor of my life, which the common charity of mankind will not excuse. I have no wish to avoid the punishment which the laws of my country appoint for my crime; but being already too unhappy to feel a punishment in death, or a satisfaction in life, I submit myself with penitence and patience to the disposal and judgment of Almighty God, and to the consequences of this enquiry into my conduct and intention." The jury, after a consultation which lasted only a few minutes, having returned a verdict of guilty, the usual sentence of death was pronounced on the prisoner; with the addition that his body should be delivered over to the surgeons to be anatomized, in accordance with the statute. He is said to have listened to the sentence with the most perfect composure and fortitude, and, bowing to the Court and the jury, retired.

could, but in vain; that the world, he hoped, would forgive him, and Mr. Booth pity him; that there was one circumstance of his life which he had kept a secret from Mr. Booth, and for which he begged his pardon, which was a debt of 100*l.*, due to Mr. Knight, of Gosport, which Mr. Hackman had borrowed on some houses, and hoped, when everything was sold, there would be enough to balance the account between them; that he wished he could have left him a sum to testify his regard; that he had long been a stranger to happiness, and was overwhelmed with a world of misery, which he had long laboured under; and he concluded with his prayers to Almighty God, to bless, for ever, Mr. Booth and his family, signing himself Mr. Booth's faithful friend,

JAMES HACKMAN.

The following account of Hackman's execution, which took place two days after the trial, appeared at the period. "A little after five yesterday morning, the Reverend Mr. Hackman got up, dressed himself, and was at private meditation till near seven, when Mr. Boswell,* and two other gentlemen, waited on him, and accompanied him to the chapel, where prayers were read by the Ordinary of Newgate, after which he received the sacrament. Between eight and nine he came down from chapel, and was haltered. When the Sheriffs' officer took the cord from the bag to perform his duty, Mr. Hackman said,—'Oh! the sight of this shocks me more than the thought of its intended operation.' He then shed a few tears, and took leave of two gentlemen in a very affecting manner. He was then conducted in a mourning coach, attended by Mr. Villette, the Ordinary, Mr. Boswell and Mr. Davenport, the Sheriffs' officer, when the procession proceeded in the following form to Tyburn, viz.: Mr.

* Apparently the celebrated James Boswell, whose taste for attending the execution of criminals is well known. In his Life of Dr. Johnson, we find him incidentally speaking of Mr. Akerman, the keeper of Newgate, as his "esteemed friend;" on which Mr. Croker observes, "Why Mr. Boswell should call the keeper of Newgate his '*esteemed friend*,' has puzzled many readers; but besides his natural desire to make the acquaintance of everybody who was eminent or remarkable, or even *notorious*, his strange propensity for witnessing executions probably brought him into more immediate intercourse with the keeper of Newgate."

Miller, City Marshal, on horseback, in mourning; a number of Sheriffs' officers on horseback, constables, and Mr. Sheriff Kitchen, with his Under-Sheriff, in his carriage; the prisoner with the aforementioned persons, in the mourning coach; officers, &c.; the cart hung in black, with the executioner, out of which he was to make his exit; officers, &c. On his arrival at Tyburn he got out of the coach, mounted the cart, and took an affectionate leave of Mr. Boswell and the Ordinary. After some time spent in prayer, he was tied up, and about ten minutes past eleven he was launched into eternity. After hanging the usual time, his body was brought to Surgeons' Hall for dissection.

"The unfortunate Mr. Hackman behaved with a most astonishing composure, with the greatest fortitude, and most perfect resignation. Jack Ketch, if not the most attentive in his business, was extremely mindful of his profits, for on the unhappy man's dropping his handkerchief, as the signal agreed on, the hangman, fearing it might be lost amongst the mob, left his station to pick it up, and by that means added half a minute's wretched existence to the sufferer."]

THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

April 19th, 1779.

MY DEAR G.,

How have you found Mie Mie? Fat, and in good health? I have tried the ground with Lord G. about the vessel, and hope to succeed, though it is attended with some difficulties.

Hackman, Miss Ray's murderer, is hanged. I attended his execution, in order to give you an account of his behaviour, and from no curiosity of my own. I am this moment returned from it: everybody enquired after you — you have friends everywhere. The poor man behaved with great fortitude; no appearances of fear were to be perceived, but very evident signs of contrition and repentance. He was long at his prayers; and, when he flung down his handkerchief for the signal for the cart to move on, Jack Ketch, instead of instantly whipping on the horses, jumped on the other side of him to snatch up the handkerchief, lest he should lose his rights, and then returned to the head of the cart, and, with the gesture so faithfully represented by your friend Lord Wentworth,* jehu'd him out of the world.

The Duke of Queensberry is well, but lost his money at Newmarket. No news of consequence either public or private; at least none I shall

* Thomas Noel, second Viscount Wentworth. He died without issue in 1815, when the title expired.

submit to the curiosity of the postmaster, the Chr. Todd of France. Charles* made his last motion last night, and he and Mr. Hackman expired together. Tell your friends, where you now are, that they had better get out of the scrape as soon as they can: I do not believe they like the business so well as when you was there last. I have, by Hare's desire, applied for an envoy-ship for him; two are vacant, Ratisbon and Warsaw. I do not despair of seeing him with a red riband.

Yours, &c., C.

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THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY TO GEORGE SELWYN.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I HAVE had three of your letters, and this is my first. If it was not very disagreeable to me to write, I should certainly write to you.

I was in waiting last week. The King talked a great deal about you. As he knows every thing, he is perfectly well acquainted with your passion for Mie Mie. I am sorry you did not find her at Paris, and I hope that you will settle all your matters so as to come back soon. Every thing here is as you left it. We had the same motion

* Charles Fox. Lord Carlisle alludes to his having been defeated by a large majority on his motion for inquiring into the state of the navy.

made by Lord Bristol that Charles * made in the House of Commons, to remove Lord Sandwich. Lord Bristol was allowed to have a chair, and he spoke sitting. I went with the King to the play, but was in time afterwards for the division, which was not till between twelve and one. Lord Lyttleton spoke against us, but did not divide. Derby and Egremont went to Ranelagh, and were too late for the division. I do not hear who is to be Secretary of State.

The usual people are here. I have little to do, and shall certainly not lose as much as I did last meeting.

Farewell, my dear friend.

Yours very sincerely,

QUEENSBERRY.

P.S. Pembroke voted against us. Coventry said that he had no particular dislike to any one part of the Administration, and that he should have liked the motion better if it had been to remove the whole. I think Coventry right, for that is certainly what they mean. Our numbers were 88 to 39.

* On the 19th, Charles Fox brought forward his motion for dismissing Lord Sandwich from His Majesty's Councils for ever, on account of gross misconduct and neglect as First Lord of the Admiralty. The motion was negatived by a large majority in favour of the Ministry, as was also a similar motion brought forward the same day by the Earl of Bristol in the House of Lords.

## AUGUSTUS JOHN, EARL OF BRISTOL.

Augustus John, third Earl of Bristol, whose name has frequently occurred in the course of this work, was the third son of the celebrated John, Lord Hervey, by the beautiful Mary Lepel. He was born on the 18th of May, 1724. He entered into the navy at an early age, and, after passing with credit through the subordinate grades of his profession, was appointed to the command of a ship of war in 1747, and was subsequently advanced to be a Vice-Admiral and a Colonel of the Marines. In his profession he enjoyed the reputation of a brave, vigilant, and skilful officer. At the general election in 1761, he was returned as one of the members for St. Edmundsbury; in the course of the same year he was appointed one of the Grooms of the Bedchamber to George the Third; and at the general election in 1768 he was again elected for St. Edmundsbury. In January, 1771, he was appointed one of the Lords of the Admiralty, and on the death of his brother, in March, 1775, succeeded as Earl of Bristol.

The most remarkable event in the life of Lord Bristol was his marriage with the celebrated Elizabeth Chudleigh, afterwards Duchess of Kingston. At the period of their union, Miss Chudleigh

was Maid of Honour to the wife of Frederick Prince of Wales, and was regarded as one of the most beautiful young women of her time. Her acquaintance with Lord Bristol, then Mr. Hervey, and a young Lieutenant in the navy, commenced while she was on a visit to a female relation in the country, when an intercourse sprung up between them, and they were privately married at Lainston, in the county of Northampton. For some reasons, however, which have never been clearly explained, a separation almost immediately took place between them; Mrs. Hervey, on the morning after their nuptials, expressing her determination never to see her husband again. She returned, it appears, to London, to lead a life of gaiety and dissipation at Court; while Mr. Hervey, having obtained an appointment to a ship, shortly afterwards took his departure from England.

Notwithstanding the aversion which Mrs. Hervey appears to have conceived for her husband, the latter, on his return to England, by means of his repeatedly threatening her to disclose their union to the world, found means to obtain an interview with her; the result of which, though so stormy as to be styled by her an "assignation with a vengeance," was her bringing a child into the world. For the purpose of ensuring secrecy, her confinement took place in a secluded spot at Chelsea, and, fortunately for her, the child survived its birth only a very short time.

As Mrs. Hervey was still young and beautiful, and as she was still surrounded with eligible suitors, notwithstanding the insinuations of a censorious world, it was natural that she should sigh for an escape from these trammels, which apparently alone interfered with the realization of her favourite dreams of happiness and ambition. Her husband appears to have caused her the greatest uneasiness by his importunities, and by his constant endeavours to force himself into her presence; and as he was still, like herself, in the prime of life, she could but little expect that death would rid her of his presence. It was only, therefore, by the adoption of some extraordinary expedient (such an expedient, indeed, as only this extraordinary woman would have thought of resorting to), that she could hope to break the chain which bound her to the object of her dislike. Her plans were speedily laid. Ascertaining that the clergyman who had married her was dead, she repaired to the parish church of Lainston, and while a friend, who accompanied her, engaged the clerk in conversation in another part of the vestry, she contrived to abstract the entry of her marriage from the parish register. Some time afterwards, the Duke of Kingston, with whom it was believed that she had long carried on an illicit intercourse, made her an offer of his hand, and as Lord Bristol (whose silence is said to have been purchased by

a large sum of money) presented no obstacle to their marriage, Miss Chudleigh became the wife of the Duke.

The facts connected with the trial of the Duchess of Kingston for bigamy are well known. Having by the death of the Duke, and the provisions of his will, become possessed of his vast disposable property, she repaired in great state to Rome. During her absence, however, certain circumstances transpired, which had the effect of raising the suspicions of Mr. Evelyn Meadows, the late Duke's nephew and heir-at-law, who lost no time in instituting proceedings against the Duchess. A bill of indictment for bigamy was preferred against her in all haste, for which offence she was publicly tried before her peers in Westminster Hall, in the month of April, 1776. It is needless to repeat that the Duchess was found guilty; but, as she claimed the privilege of the peerage, she was discharged from custody on payment of the usual fees.

To what extent Lord Bristol was an accomplice in his wife's guilt, or whether his connivance was actually purchased with a sum of money, cannot now be ascertained. Certain it is, however, that the latter fact was more than suspected by his contemporaries. Horace Walpole, in a letter to Sir Horace Mann, speaks of "*collusion between the Duchess and Lord Bristol to impose on the Ecclesiastical Court; money taken by the Earl;*

*perjury on both sides;* the register of their marriage torn out, which is felony; a new certificate said to be forged; in short, nothing but a trial in Westminster Hall to satisfy justice and the public." Again: Walpole writes to the same correspondent on the 24th of April, 1776,—"If the Pope expects his Duchess back, he must create her one, for her peers have reduced her to a Countess. Her folly and her obstinacy now appear in their full vigour; at least her faith in the Ecclesiastical Court, trusting to the infallibility of which she provoked this trial, in the face of every sort of detection. A living witness of the first marriage; a register of it fabricated long afterwards by herself; the widow of the clergyman who married her; many confidants to whom she had trusted the secret; and even Hawkins, the surgeon, privy to the birth of her child, appeared against her. The Lords were tender, and *would not probe the Earl's collusion;* but the Ecclesiastical Court, who so readily accepted their juggle, and sanctified the second match, were brought to shame—they care not, if no reformation follows. The Duchess, who could produce nothing else of consequence in her favour, tried the powers of oratory, and made a long oration, in which she cited the protection of her late mistress.* Her counsel would have curtailed this harangue; but she told them they might be good

* The Princess of Wales.

lawyers, but did not understand speaking to the passions. She concluded her rhetoric with a fit, and the trial with rage, when convicted of the bigamy. The Attorney-General laboured to have her burnt in the hand, but the judges were hustled into an opinion against it, and it was waived. So all this complication of knavery receives no punishment, but the loss of the duchy; unless the civil courts below are more severe than the supreme tribunal; and thither her antagonists intend to resort. The Earl's family have talked loudly of a divorce; but *if it is true that he has given her a bond of thirty thousand pounds not to molest her, and that this bond is in Lord Barrington's hands*, either she will recriminate,—and collusion proved prevents a divorce,—or his silence will speak the collusion. I am heartily tired of this farce, having heard of nothing else this fortnight."

Lord Bristol died at his house in St. James's-square, on the 22nd of December, 1779, at the age of fifty-six.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

April 20 [1779].

DEAR SIR,

I HAD the pleasure of being informed this morning by his Grace of Queensberry, that you arrived

safely at Paris on Wednesday afternoon, of which I give you joy; but the grand joy, I doubt, will hardly fall to your lot so soon as this day, as he further informed me that you found Milan letters at Paris, to let you know that the Marquis and Mie Mie were not to set out till the 8th or 9th: I trust, however, that you will be happy in three or four days more. I had called on Tommy* first in Cleveland Court, who begs his kindest regards to you. I find by him the tone of Opposition with respect to the court-martial: *they will never believe that Palliser can be acquitted till they see it.* Hence the greater cause for vociferation; though they are well convinced, I dare say, that every thing is taken care of, and that no harm will be done. Direct, palpable, flagrant, rank disobedience is proved against him: but will not all this be wiped off by a cloud of witnesses to prove the impossibility of obeying? At least this is the way we talk.†

A Colonel Campbell ‡ is come from America with an account of an action, which is to be called

* Thomas Townshend.

† The court-martial decided, "That Admiral Palliser's behaviour was, in many instances, highly meritorious and exemplary; but blameable in not having made known to the Admiral his distressed situation; yet, as he was censurable in no other part of his conduct, that he ought to be honourably acquitted."

‡ This officer, immediately before his quitting America, had conducted a successful expedition into Upper Georgia.

something, though from general report it is but a kind of drawn battle; a few killed on both sides.* Charles Fox has made his motion for the removal of Lord Sandwich from his Majesty's service and counsels, and of course lost his question: they say Lord North shone upon it. I called the other day upon the Bishop of Peterborough,† master of my college, to suggest to him the University's sending a man to Paris to the deaf and dumb doctor, and was wonderfully pleased with his most extraordinary gracious reception, and the heartiness with which he adopted the idea, which I would have to be all his own. He called the next day to pay me a visit at my little cabin, when I was unfortunately out. I believe I am obliged to you for all this. I know you will tell me every thing,

* The action here alluded to, was apparently the defeat of a body of five hundred South Carolina militia by Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton, with a force of only two hundred mounted infantry.

† John Hinchcliffe, Bishop of Peterborough, the son of a livery-stable keeper, was born in Swallow-street, Westminster, in 1731. He raised himself by his own exertions to be head-master of Westminster School, and through the interest of the Duke of Grafton was appointed, in 1768, to the mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1769, to the bishopric of Peterborough. Considerable obloquy seems to have attached itself to him, in consequence of his continuing to hold the bishopric and the mastership of Trinity College at one and the same time. Dr Hinchcliffe (who was rather celebrated for the grace of his elocution in Parliament and in the pulpit, than from any extraordinary talent) died January 11, 1794.

for you are the best master in the world, and I am happy in being your servant. I rely upon your taking care of my interests with my dear brother doctor. Pray always remember me most kindly to him.

P.S. Mr. Hackman has been tried, condemned, and executed, and is now a fine corpse at Surgeons' Hall, where I saw him yesterday; a genteel, well-made young fellow of four and twenty.* There has been a deal of butchery in the case.

* "Yesterday, the body of Mr. Hackman was exposed to public view at Surgeons' Hall in the Old Bailey. Soon after the doors were opened, so great a crowd was assembled that no genteel person attempted to gain admittance, as it was observed that caps, cardinals, gowns, wigs, hats, &c., were destroyed, without regard to age, sex, or distinction. In the afternoon the crowd was less, in consequence of which several persons of no mean appearance thought it a good opportunity to satisfy their curiosity; but when they got upon the stair-case leading to the theatre (which was darkness visible), they found themselves *genteelly* complimented with a shower (supposed to be prepared on the occasion), issued from an instrument conducted by some person under the stair-case. It is not meant, from giving these facts, to reflect on the Surgeons' company, but as a hint to them, if it is intended to continue this exhibition, to exert themselves to put a stop to this indecent behaviour of their servants."—Daily Advertiser, 21 April, 1779.

It is certainly far from certain that there had existed any improper connection between Miss Ray and her assassin. One of the public journals of the day, indeed, observes:—

"The unfortunate lady, who last night was so infamously and cruelly deprived of her life, near Covent Garden theatre, had, in the earlier part of her life, received his addresses; but getting acquainted with Lord Sandwich, and finding herself more likely

## MISS MARY TOWNSHEND TO GEORGE SELWYN.

April 27th [1779].

DEAR SIR,

THOUGH I have not heard from you, I have had the pleasure of hearing that you had safely past the worst part of your journey. I find they are at last reduced to come to the terms which you proposed

to be happy in every respect with him than with the other, she withdrew herself, and refused his company, and very candidly informed him of the cause. She also gave his lordship notice of this prior acquaintance, adding, that as from the narrowness of his circumstances he might be much distressed, she hoped he would enable her to do something for him. This his lordship complied with in the fullest extent, but the other, not content, grew in the end very troublesome and importunate, which produced very lately a meeting between Miss Ray and him, the consequence of which was a quarrel, and her forbidding him ever to apply to or think of her more; alleging that she looked upon herself under every obligation of duty and gratitude to the noble peer; and that as she never had, so she never would give him cause to reproach her conduct. She then took her final leave of him, giving him a very handsome present. Upon her quitting him, he vowed instant revenge, which the ungrateful villain perpetrated by blowing out her brains last night. He endeavoured to do the same to himself, but missed his aim, and is rescued by Providence to be a public example to the world.

"The above person was an officer in the army; but being led, from his intimacy with Miss Ray, and her influence with Lord Sandwich, to expect great preferment in the clerical way, he left the army for the church. Lord Sandwich was waiting supper for Miss Ray, when the news was brought him."—These remarks certainly intend to imply that Hackman had been a favoured lover of Miss Ray; but the same journal subsequently contra-

to them, on possibly less advantageous ones. *Quelle accueil vous a fait cette respectable dame!* But I wish most to know whether you found your adopted charge to your mind, and whether all is settled to your inclination.

I had got so far in my letter when I was interrupted by Dr. Warner, who called to inform us that you were set out for Lyons. What do these people mean? and what trick do they propose to play you? I dread Madame coming with you to Paris, and am not free from apprehensions of her taking a still larger journey with you. The proceedings in this affair are so different from all I ever saw or heard of, that I have no lights to

dicts its own statement, observing,—"There is not the smallest foundation for the report of a connection having subsisted between the late Miss Ray and her wretched murderer." Nearly a year after the death of Miss Ray, there appeared a work, entitled "Love and Madness," professing to contain the letters which passed between Hackman and his victim. Horace Walpole writes to the Rev. Mr. Cole, 13th March, 1780,—"I have been diverted, too, by another work, in which I am personally a little concerned. Yesterday was published an octavo, pretending to contain the correspondence of Hackman, and Miss Ray that he murdered. I doubt whether the letters are genuine; and yet, if fictitious, they are executed well, and enter into his character: hers appear less natural, and yet the editors were certainly more likely to be in possession of hers than his. It is not probable that Lord Sandwich should have sent what he found in her apartments to the press. No account is pretended to be given of how they came to light." The work in question passed through several editions, and is now known to have been written by Sir Herbert Croft, Bart., and to have been a valueless compound of fiction and fact.

go by, and I am sorry to say that I can see nothing but vexation for you. I wanted to persuade the Doctor to go to you, for you want some of his bluntness *pour parer ce coup*. I shall be impatient to the last degree for your next letters, and shall be rejoiced to hear that the tender mother has resigned her daughter to your care, and returned to her *caro sposo*.

My brothers have called on me, and talk more of peace through the mediation of Spain. The Bishop of Lincoln is dead,* and Sir Charles Hardy is alive.† The trial at Portsmouth is going on. Lord S. is comforted for Miss Ray. The story is a most extraordinary one. Poor Hackman bore a good character; and his sister, they say, is gone mad. That would account, if true, in some measure for his action.

The Novel‡ I sent you I have since heard much commended, but I suspect the characters will not be very intelligible to a French woman. I

* Dr. Green, Bishop of Lincoln, died in the course of this month.

† Sir Charles Hardy, Knt., Admiral of the White, Master of Greenwich Hospital, Member for Plymouth, and at this period Commander-in-Chief of the Channel Fleet, of which he was prevented from taking the command in consequence of his being confined to his house in Dover-street by a severe fit of the gout. It appears, on reference to the public journals of the period, that there were frequent announcements of his being actually dead. He evidently survived, however, till May, 1780.

‡ Miss Burney's celebrated novel of Evelina, in which a Mrs. Selwyn forms one of the principal characters.

opened it just before I sent it, and find your family name makes a figure in it. My father is very well, and sends his love to you.

Yours, &c.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

April 25th [1779].

DEAR SIR,

I HOPE this will find you safely arrived at Paris with your precious charge, all well and happy, and that you are invested with full power; but I long to know particulars. You give no cause for this new arrangement, whether it was owing to illness or business on the part of the Marquis. Perhaps you had none given you. I am concerned for this sudden motion, as I am sure it must have much embarrassed you. Does Madame la Marquise accompany you to Paris?—if so, you have laid the expense too low at 300 louis. Does she mean to do you the honour of coming to England with you?—if so, you must add 500 more. But I hope better things. I have called at Coutts's, and you may draw like a team of horses if you will, and they will find stuff to fix the traces to.

Mr. Storer and Miss Townshend will write to you to-night too. The Duke of Queensberry is at Newmarket, but did not set off till Sunday morning, and had received the letter which I wrote him immediately upon the receipt of your

letter of the 18th, to acquaint him with your motions. Our papers are all full of reports that an accommodation is upon the carpet, begun by some great man who has arrived at the Spanish Ambassador's; * but I cannot discover that there is any foundation for these reports, and you are more likely to know at Paris if they be true. Lord Bristol has made his motion for the removal of Lord Sandwich, and got 39 contents, but the Ministry carried it two to one.

I thank you for the lamprey you made me heir to. The old Duchess said that Mr. Townshend was to have it; but I insisted that, by your last will and testament, it was bequeathed to me. If it was not so, I only am to blame.

Pray, Sir, explain the mystery of this new arrangement of your being drawn to Lyons; and pray tell Mie Mie that her old playfellow begs to be kindly remembered to her. Pray remember me also to the Doctor, &c.

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ANTHONY MORRIS STORER, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Portugal-street, Tuesday.

DEAR GEORGE,

I AM much obliged to Dr. Warner, who is so good as to call on me pretty frequently to give me some intelligence about you. I find by his account

* No such accommodation took place.

you are very miserable about the fate of your child; and, without entering into the detail of Milanese politics, I am sure you know me well enough to give me credit for feeling for your anxieties and participating in your pains. I have executed all your commissions, and delivered your messages to Lady Carlisle, Lord Robert, &c. I did not execute your commision quite to the extent of it, for I omitted kissing Lady Carlisle's hand; but I showed her your request, and therefore *vos hommages* are paid as well as if I had been your proxy.

You say you do not interest yourself much about public matters: indeed, I believe that all your thoughts are so centred in Mie Mie, that, *veniente die et decedente*, you think of nothing else. For these two or three days the current report of the town has been that D'Estaing has been beaten.* *Plût à Dieu* that it were true. We have a fleet, *à ce qu'on dit dans cet instant*, arrived from Jamaica, which is somewhat interesting to me, as it will afford me my *viaticum* for another year, without becoming bankrupt, and having recourse to charitable contributions.

They talk of a match between the Duke of Northumberland and the Duchess of Ancaster.†

* The report proved incorrect.

† Mary, daughter of Thomas Panton, Esq., and widow of Peregrine, third Duke of Ancaster. The marriage never took place.

As he succeeds to his charge of Master of the Horse, he thinks the widow is a necessary appendage. My calcographical pursuits are going on but *piano* at present; not owing to any wisdom I have acquired to make me despise a pleasant hobby, but because I have no money to proceed upon my journey. I agree with you that any thing is worth following which will *chasser l'ennui*, and enable one to pass one's time with any degree of pleasure. I am very much afraid that Hare will not succeed in his application. The Fish * has been losing his money, but I take it for granted that he magnifies his losses.

The Duke of Queensberry I see very little of. Carlisle I dine with and see very often. I wish he were Secretary of State. It is a joke to think it too high a step: I am of the old King's † opinion that a man in this country is fit for any place he can get, and I am sure Carlisle will be fit for any place he will take. Single-speech Hamilton ‡ has been giving suppers to all the fine

* "Fish Crawford." Mr. Crawford obtained this sobriquet when at Eton, and his brother that of "Flesh Crawford."

† George the Second.

‡ William Gerard Hamilton, who was usually styled "Single-speech" Hamilton, on account of the brilliancy of his first and almost only speech in Parliament, was the son of a barrister, and was born in 1729. He obtained a seat in the House of Commons in 1754, and subsequently held the appointments of a Lord of Trade and Plantations and Chancellor of the Exchequer. He died in 1796. The Letters of Junius have occasionally been attributed to him, but on very insufficient evidence.

ladies; and of course, as he feasted some, he has affronted others. Amongst the latter is Lady Jersey, who is in the dumps because F—* will most probably marry Lady Laura.† Lady Gower gives a small party, *alias* ball, as it is expected, to-night. I beg, my dear George, you will let me hear from you, as I assure you nobody wishes more to hear of your health and happiness than I do; nor is there any one who would be happier to see your child established at Matson. Give my love to her if she will accept it. I remain,

Yours, &c.

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## THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Aix.

SIR,

SOME little time since, I had the pleasure of receiving a very obliging letter from you, and should have returned my acknowledgments for it even sooner, but that being continually engaged in writing to one or other of my family, and having been absent on some short excursions, it has taken up my leisure hours which are not many.

* Mr. Falker. See post, May 18, 1779.

† Lady Laura Waldegrave, the eldest of the beautiful daughters of the Duchess of Gloucester. She was born in 1760, and in 1782 married her cousin, George, fourth Earl of Waldegrave. She died in 1816.

Mr. St. John wrote an account of himself to Lord Carlisle, and I believe proposed doing the same to you as soon as he could. We have heard from him once from Marseilles, and conclude that he has sailed, by not hearing from him again. He was so well pleased with our little society, that he quitted it with regret. We questioned him to death for a day or two, and at last left many subjects uninquired into; not but that my friends are all so good as to furnish me with pretty constant intelligence, but it must necessarily be old. I thought of you all at the birth-day, and should have liked to have had a glimpse of that show, without mingling in it.

We have of late had violent rains, which have interrupted the couriers; but rain has been so much wanted here for these two years, that we ought not to repine at what is a universal benefit to a poor country. Lady Orford is here, and I see her sometimes. She is very well-bred, and has too much sense to be *exigeante*. She has a very uncommon understanding; and, as the ladies here do not pique themselves on improving or polishing themselves, it is very pleasant now and then to meet with somebody who can converse. Alienated from England by events which would never suffer her to live in it with comfort, and well received abroad, her enthusiasm for Italy is scarcely to be wondered at.

We have also here the Russian Princess, who

brought me letters from England. She is very gracious to me, but seems to have so strong a prejudice against the natives of this kingdom, that she lives very little in society. She speaks the best French I almost ever heard, and is prodigiously sensible. One often forms ideas which have no real resemblance; and yet I am never in her society but I imagine I see Christina. She is very learned, very determined, and seems to despise all the delicacies of her sex. After thus describing two particular persons of our society, you will be apt to form an idea from them of the whole. But I shall close the picture by telling you that I am acquainted with but few ladies of this town. Play is their object, and they do not love strangers who will not comply with that system, which agrees neither with my health nor inclination.

As soon as the weather allows, I shall set out on some excursions to Avignon, Nismes, and other places of renown, from which I promise myself much entertainment. In the mean time I pass my hours very agreeably with Mr. and Mrs. Howard, and with the few well-bred sensible men of this and other countries, whom accident has assembled at this place. We sup together every night, and of a morning pass our leisure hours in walking. We often wish you among us, and I am vain enough to think that you would like our manner of living. I am not so indifferent,

however, to what passes in England as not very much to wish to hear an account of it from you when you have time. I must beg you to pardon so unamusing an epistle; but the time of year excludes me as yet from furnishing you with a picture of the beautiful and romantic prospects which this country affords, and my mode of life from amusing you with any interesting topics. You will smile when I tell you that I had last night five tables at cards, which were broke up at nine o'clock; and this was considered rather a late hour. I have space only to say, that I am, sir, your obliged and sincere humble servant,

I. Carlisle.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Barnard's Inn, 27 April, 1779.

*Viva! viva! mon cher maître!* I am very happy in having such good news to send you. The Duke of Queensberry spoke warmly *sur votre sujet* to Mr. Chamier, the Under Secretary of State for the Southern Department, to which France belongs. I have been with Mr. Chamier. He has searched the office, and there is no *signalement*, nor any thing relating to you. This ought to satisfy you: *mais ce n'est rien. Mr. Chamier, Secretary of State, gives*

*his word and honour, pledges himself, pawns himself, for your perfect security.* Come away, my master! Behold the road to fame, wealth, and honour; or, what is better, to ease, comfort, and security. Come away, my Hannibal! The Alps of your difficulties subside before you, and without vinegar.*

I am greatly pleased with D'Alembert's *Eloges.*† If he has published any more, bring them with you; and bring me also the *Cinque Epoques de la Nature,* if Buffon has published them. You cannot imagine how happy I am to have this good account to send you. Profit by it, or you will greatly afflict.

*Ton chétif écolier,* I. W.

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THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

April 29th [1779].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I BEGIN a letter to you, as you desired, by fits and starts, as opportunity serves. This journey to Lyons is vexatious to the last degree. I cannot

* ——— Opposuit Natura Alpemque, nivemque;
Diducit scopulos, et montem rumpit aceto.
Juvenal, Sat. 10.

† In 1772, the celebrated Alembert had been elected Secretary to the French Academy, the history of which had been commenced by Pelison and Olivet, and which Alembert continued, by writing, in the form of panegyrics or *éloges*, a history of the members of the Academy who had died between the years 1700 and 1710.

help having my fears that it may not terminate there, but that you may be led on to the passage of the Alps.

The Newmarket meeting opens to-morrow, and for the week the town will be thin. Our decision upon the motion to remove Lord Sandwich was, as usual, strong. They had no new assistance but Lord Lyttleton's, whose loss is not much to be regretted. Lord Stormont* spoke well. They had nearly got me up upon the Commission, but I was desired to be silent; and I am now pleased that I was so, as it might have turned the whole debate to America, which had very little to do with the question.

The Duke of Queensberry is gone to Newmarket. Our weather is now cold, and as disagreeable as it has been fine. Lord Cathcart† marries a young lady of New York, Miss Elliot. Lord

* David, seventh Viscount Stormont, was born in 1727. He was appointed Ambassador to Saxony and Poland in 1755; to Vienna in 1763; and to Paris in 1772. In 1782, he was appointed President of the Council, and again in 1794. He succeeded as second Earl of Mansfield in March, 1793, and died on the 1st of September, 1796, in his sixty-eighth year. Lord Stormont was unquestionably a person of considerable abilities and acquirements, but, while Ambassador at Paris, he had rendered himself extremely unpopular, from a belief that he had been slow in discovering the hostile intentions of the French Government.

† William Schaw, tenth Baron, and first Earl Cathcart, married on the 10th of this month Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew Elliot, Esq., uncle to Gilbert, first Earl of Minto.

Egremont hovers over one of your old friend Lord Waldegrave's daughters; it has the appearance of a serious affair.*

No accounts from the West Indies. Byron's situation is a very hard one, for ignorant people conceive it is as easy to hinder D'Estaing from coming out of Martinique as it would be to hinder the Duke of Northumberland driving out of his gate, supposing you were superior in coal-carts and hackney-coaches to make a blockade.†

Mr. Walker, a young man who frequents Newmarket, is reported to be killed by a fall from his horse. The Bishop of Lincoln is dead. The Chancellor's brother is likely to be called up to the House of Lords. Graham, who lately broke his leg, and whose constitution is quite broken, will break his heart if anybody be placed above him. Tessier gave a great breakfast to all the quality at his apartments at the Opera House, which cost him one hundred pounds in ices, prawns, and geldings to sing.

The City have a strong idea that peace is upon the anvil. Don't hinder it, if you are consulted. This house is in perfect health; little Susan quite recovered, and very gently treated by the small-

* The marriage never took place.

† D'Estaing had taken refuge in Martinique, whence he refused to issue, and where he was safe from being attacked by the English fleet.

pox. The Bishop is departed, highly delighted that things are not worse, but that we have something left. Alas! Alas!

I know nothing more of Hare's business, but have my fears that there are difficulties started in a quarter where it is not so easy to still them. Are not your friends tired of the war?—their trade is destroyed, and will continue to be destroyed. They ought to smart for interfering with a business that neither their honour nor their interests called on them to burn their fingers with; but they are duped by that old rascal Franklin, and must take the consequences. God bless you! my dear George, and come back to us as soon as you can. My best compliments to Mie Mie.

[That "old rascal" Franklin, as Lord Carlisle styles him, was Benjamin Franklin, the celebrated American philosopher and statesman. It was principally owing to his personal exertions at Paris that France consented to the treaty offensive and defensive with America, which had immediately led to hostilities with England. Dr. Franklin died April 17, 1790, in his eighty-fifth year.]

### THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

May 4 [1779].

Well! dear sir, it surely will not now be long before I shall have the pleasure to hear from you; and to hear that all is well, bating the confounded journey to Lyons, which it seems (alas! too late) might have been spared. What a strange riddle it all is! Here are two letters from Minifie, one to you and one to me; the latter of which I opened as freely as that directed to myself, being well assured you would have had me do so.

The letter to me is dated the 13th of April, and tells me that at last he has the pleasure to inform me that M. Fagniani is set out with Mie Mie, and that he supposed you would have the joy to receive her at Paris yesterday, the 3rd of May. That to you is dated the 6th of April, and tells you that M. Fagniani could not set out before the 13th, on which day he would certainly be *en route* with Mie Mie. Not a syllable of any second change of measures, and therefore how unaccountable must appear to us the letters which drew you to Lyons! However, I flatter myself that you are now sitting down to supper very happily at Paris with the most dearly welcome guest, as indeed you might have done "without this d—d confounded dinner." Not but the dinner would have been

well enough, could it have had a tendency to prevent her being accompanied thither, and afterwards hither, by her mother. The latter event I find, more from his manner than his words, would by no means have given transports of joy to a certain nobleman near Hyde Park Corner,* whom I had the honour of attending this morning at breakfast. I am rejoiced that neither event took place. That nobleman is very well, and in good spirits: he desires to be most kindly remembered to you, and will write to you by Friday's post, to give you an account of a most superb ball which Mr. and Mrs. Crawford are to give to-morrow or Thursday night. The Duchess of Devonshire and all the world are to be there.

A very spirited and fine thing has been done by Admiral Arbuthnot,† who, with six ships, was convoying a fleet of merchantmen to the West Indies; but, upon being informed by a privateer that the French had landed 2,500 men at Jersey, sent the merchantmen on alone, and made all sail for the relief of that island: the thing is greatly admired, and we wait impatiently for news from him. There was something extraordinary in the

* The Duke of Queensberry.

† Marriot Arbuthnot, Vice-Admiral of the Blue; a spirited and distinguished officer. He died in Great Suffolk Street, Charing Cross, January 31, 1794, at the age of eighty-three. Gibbon writes to Lord Sheffield on the 7th,—"You have heard of the Jersey invasion; everybody praises Arbuthnot's decided spirit. Conway went last night to throw himself into the island."

House last night, but I have not been able to meet with anybody to give me a true account of it. The popular report is, that, upon an overhauling of the Howe business, it was made to appear that the Committee had no right to refuse the attendance of Lord Cornwallis, after it had been ordered by the House. Mr. Rigby and his friends were against the Ministry, who lost the question, and the enquiry is to take place.*

Believe me, ever yours, J. W.

## GEORGIANA,

### DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Lady Georgiana Spencer (the "beautiful Duchess of Devonshire"), who is occasionally mentioned in this and other letters in the present work, was the eldest daughter of John, first Earl Spencer. She was born in 1757; and in 1774, at the age of seventeen, became the wife of William, fifth Duke of Devonshire. It would be difficult at the present day to convey a just notion of the sensation which the beautiful and charming Duchess created in the last age, or of the influence which she exer-

* The enquiry, here referred to, was the long and tedious investigation which took place as to the management of the American war, and more especially as to the conduct of Sir William Howe.

cised over the fashion and politics of her time. Distinguished by her high rank, her surpassing loveliness, and the peculiar fascination of her manners; surrounding herself with the gay, the beautiful, the witty, and the wise; Devonshire House, under the auspices of this charming woman, presented a scene of almost romantic brilliancy, which has never since been equalled.

"The personal charms of the Duchess of Devonshire, constituted her smallest pretension to universal admiration; nor did her beauty consist, like that of the Gunnings, in regularity of features and faultless formation of limbs and shape; it lay in the amenity and graces of her deportment, in her irresistible manners, and the seduction of her society. Her hair was not without a tinge of red; and her face, though pleasing, yet, had it not been illuminated by her mind, might have been considered as an ordinary countenance. Descended in the fourth degree lineally from Sarah Jennings, the wife of John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, she resembled the portraits of that beautiful woman. In addition to the external advantages which she had received from nature and fortune, she possessed an ardent temper, susceptible of deep as well as strong impressions; a cultivated understanding, illuminated by a taste for poetry and the fine arts; much sensibility, not exempt perhaps from vanity and coquetry. To her mother, the Dowager Countess Spencer, she was attached with

more than common filial affection, of which she exhibited pecuniary proofs rarely given by a daughter to her parent. Nor did she display less attachment to her sister, Lady Duncannon. Her heart might be considered as the seat of those emotions which sweeten human life, adorn our nature, and diffuse a nameless charm over existence."* The following interesting trait of the affection borne by Lady Duncannon, afterwards Countess of Besborough, for her deceased and beautiful sister, is also related by the same writer. "During the month of July, 1811, a very short time before the decease of the late Duke of Devonshire, I visited the vault in the principal church of Derby where repose the remains of the Cavendish family. As I stood contemplating the coffin which contained the ashes of that admired female, the woman who accompanied me pointed out the relics of a *bouquet* which lay upon the lid, nearly collapsed into dust. 'That nosegay,' said she, 'was brought here by the Countess of Besborough, who had designed to place it with her own hands on her sister's coffin; but, overcome by her emotions on approaching the spot, she found herself unable to descend the steps conducting to the vault. In an agony of grief she knelt down on the stones, as nearly over the place occupied by the corpse as I could direct, and there deposited the flowers, enjoining me the performance

* See Wraxall's Hist. Memoirs.

of an office to which she was unequal. I fulfilled her wishes.'"

Horace Walpole thus notices the marriage: —"The Duke of Devonshire marries Lady Georgiana Spencer: she is a lovely girl, natural, and full of grace; he, the first match in England." "This charming person gave her hand, at seventeen years of age, to William, Duke of Devonshire, a nobleman whose constitutional apathy formed his distinguishing characteristic. His figure was tall and manly, though not animated or graceful; his manners always calm and unruffled. He seemed to be incapable of any strong emotion, and destitute of all energy or activity of mind. As play became indispensable in order to rouse him from this lethargic habit, and to awaken his torpid faculties, he passed his evenings usually at Brookes's, engaged at whist or faro. Yet, beneath so quiet an exterior, he possessed a highly improved understanding; and, on all disputes that occasionally arose among the members of the club relative to passages of the Roman poets or historians, I know that appeal was commonly made to the Duke, and his decision or opinion was regarded as final. Inheriting with his immense fortune the hereditary probity characteristic of the family of Cavendish, if not a superior man, he was an honourable and respectable member of society. Nor did the somnolent tranquillity of his temper

by any means render him insensible to the seduction of female charms." *

The personal exertions made by the Duchess of Devonshire in favour of Charles Fox, during the famous contested election for Westminster in 1784, are well known. Accompanied by her sister, Lady Duncannon, she visited the abodes of the humblest among the electors; she dazzled and enslaved them by the fascination of her manners, the power of her beauty, and the influence of her high rank; and is known on more than one occasion to have carried with her the meanest mechanic to the hustings in her carriage. The fact of her having purchased the vote of a stubborn butcher by a kiss, is, we believe, undoubted. It was probably during the occurrence of these scenes that the well-known compliment was paid to her by the Irish mechanic,—a compliment which, as it flowed spontaneously from the heart, could not fail to have been secretly appreciated even by the haughtiest dame that ever wore a coronet. Gazing with admiration at her beautiful countenance, "*I could light my pipe,*" he said, "*at her eyes!*"

The Duchess of Devonshire died in March, 1786, at the age of forty-nine.

* See Wraxall's Hist. Memoirs.

## THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Brookes', May 7th, 1779.

You know by this time, as well as we, that we have nothing to fear from the expedition against Jersey. If this letter, as it may, should be opened, it will be a matter of surprise that there should be nothing more worth the trouble of reading contained in it.

This house is full, and patriotism and treason abound. The Chancellor's brother is the new bishop.* The Duke of Queensberry is well. Ekins has been in town in his way from Bath, a sad spectacle of human misery; for he has now had the gout upon him eight months, and is not entirely free from it, but suffers much in the night. No news from the West Indies. The weather is both hot and cold; the changes very quick, and afflicting to weak constitutions. Nothing can be extracted from Lord North relative to Hare; though we have set the Chancellor upon him, who is pretty able at getting and giving a plain answer.

The Duke of Queensberry stands facing me in close conversation with General Craiggs,—the old Countess I conclude the subject; but their looks

* Dr. Thomas Thurlow, brother to Lord Chancellor Thurlow. In the course of this month he was raised from the Deanery of Rochester to the Bishopric of Lincoln, and in January, 1787, was translated to Durham.

are as important as if England's balance trembled in the beam. Gaming is dead. The Divorce Bill was flung out of the House of Commons;* a thing you don't care a curse about, and will not till Mie Mie has an admirer. Lord George Gordon made a speech for which he ought to be shut up,—not upon that question, but upon the state of Scotland; he wept several times in his speech, produced an old print of the Marquis of Huntley, offered to make Lord North a present of it, and called upon twenty members by their names.

All our house in St. James's Palace are well. I don't like this uncertainty in your motions, but for Heaven's sake come to us as soon as you can. Present my respects to Mie Mie, and believe me,

Yours, &c.

[Lord George Gordon (whose extraordinary behaviour in the House of Commons is alluded to in this letter, and who rendered himself so notorious from his connection with the frightful riots which occurred the following year) was the third son of Cosmo George, third Duke of Gordon. For his share in the riots, he was brought to trial in the Court of King's Bench in 1781, but (principally through the powerful eloquence of Erskine) was acquitted. In 1788, having been twice convicted of libelling

* A bill for the prevention of Adultery, introduced into Parliament by Shute Barrington, Bishop of Llandaff, and afterwards of Durham.

the Queen of France, the French ambassador, and the criminal judicature of his own country, he was compelled to seek safety in flight; but being arrested in Holland, and sent back to England, he was committed to Newgate. Previous to his arrest he had declared himself a proselyte to Judaism. "I knew Lord George Gordon well, and I once accompanied him from a party where we met, in Lower Grosvenor Street, at the late Lord Elcho's, to Ranelagh, in the summer of 1782, in his own coach. In person he was thin, his features regular, and his complexion pale. His manners were gentle, his conversation agreeable, and he had the appearance, as well as the deportment, of a man of quality. There was, however, something in his cast of countenance and mode of expression that indicated cunning, or a perverted understanding, or both. His whole income consisted, I believe, in an annuity of six hundred pounds a year, paid him by the Duke of Gordon, his brother. It forms a singular subject of reflection, that, after involving London in all the horrors of insurrection and anarchy, he should have escaped any punishment for these proceedings, which cost the lives of so many individuals, and the demolition of so many edifices; while he expiated, by a rigorous imprisonment to the end of his days in Newgate, the publication of a libel on the late unfortunate Queen of France, who herself perished on the scaffold. He exhibited the strongest attestation

of the sincerity of his conversion to Judaism by submitting to one of the most painful ceremonies or acts enjoined by the Mosaic law. The operation, which was performed at Birmingham, confined him to his chamber, if not to his bed, for a considerable time."* Lord George Gordon closed his life in Newgate on the 1st of November, 1793. His last moments are said to have been embittered by the consciousness that his body would not be allowed sepulture among the Jews.]

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ISABELLA, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CARLISLE, TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Beaucaire, 8 May.

SIR,

I SHALL make but little apology for a longer silence than usual on my part, as I alone am the loser; but, if I had had either time or materials to compose a letter, I should not have neglected an employment which is always very pleasing to me. Though my removal from Aix to this place has not been a very distant one, it has been attended with some business, and a little unavoidable trouble: but I am now peaceably established for the summer months, and in a most delightful situation; and, if I could boast of as much wealth as I can boast of tranquillity, I should have nothing left to

* See Wraxall's Hist. Memoirs.

wish, but to partake of it with my friends in England.

The house I have taken is in Languedoc, at about half a mile from Beaucaire, and separated from Tarascon by the Rhone. It is in a charming rich valley, which extends along the river for many miles. On one side of the valley is a ridge of mountains, which shelters it from those winds that come from the sea, and which gives me an English view of trees that I have never seen in such perfection since I left England. Elms, chestnut-trees, and thorns divide the richest cornfields, in the same manner that they do with us: these are filled with nightingales. There are two castles of the oldest and most romantic description: one belonging to Tarascon; and the other situated on a high rock near the town of Beaucaire, which was the prison of poor Montmorency just before he was executed at Toulouse.* They merit the best pencil of the artist, and I wish mine was capable of giving a just idea of them, together with the bridge of boats over the vast breadth of the Rhone, which is here particularly beautiful, as its banks are frequently edged with very fine trees, a sight unknown in Provence. The owner of this house resides in it, which, instead of being inconvenient, is really a most agreeable circumstance to strangers; as

* The Duke de Montmorency, grandson of the celebrated Constable, Anne de Montmorency, was beheaded in 1632, for conspiring with Gaston of Orleans, and raising an insurrection in Languedoc.

he is a *militaire* and a retired philosopher, is extremely polite and cheerful, allows us the use of his coach, and instructs me in the prices of every thing at this place, where one is very much exposed to be duped.

I have but three acquaintances here, who are all gentlemen, and I mean to have no more. Mrs. Howard proposes fixing at Carpentras, which is a morning's drive from us. There is also a regiment at Uzes, the officers of which are the politest men in the world. It is the regiment de la Marck, and they are Germans. The Count de la Marck's grandson, the Comte Auguste, a very pleasing young man, is to succeed him next year as Colonel. He is second son to the Duc d'Aremberg; and his great-grandmother, the Duchess de Noailles, you may probably know, as you know almost everybody, and particularly at Paris. These gentlemen invited us to see the benediction of their colours, a ceremony performed with great solemnity whenever they have new ones. Uzes is a few hours' drive from us. Part of the road is by the side of the Rhone, and by daylight is pleasant beyond description; but at night a little hazardous, in consequence of some very high rocks which confine the road close to the river. We could not arrive time enough to see the benediction of the Bishop in the church, but we saw their reception when all the regiment was drawn out, and it was a very fine sight.

I went to see Madame de Dammartin, the Com-

mandant's wife, who carried me to see the gardens of the Evêché, which are very extensive; but the ascent so steep, the walks so ill kept, and Madame de Dammartin, who is exceeding strong herself, walked me about so much in the heat of the day, that I have been indisposed ever since. However, she conducted me to a very great curiosity, which I question whether Lord Carlisle ever saw, which is the original fountain from whence the water was conveyed to the Gard; which I had the pleasure of traversing twice that day, and which I am never tired of looking at.*

The weather is not yet settled enough for any more expeditions; but, when it is, we intend to visit the Vaucluse, Avignon, and *le tombeau de la belle Laura.*† Avignon is about three leagues' distance from hence. There are some very good sort of English there, to whom I showed some civility at Aix, and they are ready to return it by conducting us on those expeditions, which may perhaps afford me future materials for a more amusing letter that I am afraid you will find this. At Tarascon is settled a direct descendant of Laura, the Baron de Sade, who was the means of getting me this agreeable abode. He is a very polite old man, and has a picture of Petrarch and Laura. The

* Lady Carlisle alludes to a famous spring, below what was formerly the Bishop's palace when Uzes was an episcopal see, which supplies the aqueduct of Nismes. Uzes is in the department of the Gard, about twelve miles south of Nismes.

† Petrarch's Laura was both born and buried at Avignon.

Abbé de Sade,* who published the Life of Petrarch a few years since, is also my friend, and the liveliest old man I ever saw. I have also seen the great-grand-daughter of Madame de Sévigné, who, though quite a child, is, they say, a *prodige d'esprit;* but that poor lady is no more mentioned in Provence than if she had never existed; and so little reading is there in Aix that I dare say one-half of the residents never read her letters.

I had the pleasure some three weeks ago of receiving a letter from Lord Carlisle, inviting me to Castle Howard in September; a summons I shall obey with pleasure as soon as the heats of this country will permit me to travel; though I own I dread the autumn and winter months in England, as I have been a sufferer even in this climate when the weather was uncertain: nothing, however, shall prevent my coming. I had a letter from the Duchess of N. from Tournay, written in great spirits; and have also received one from Mrs. Pitt, who has taken a country-house near Lyons, but promises me a visit. I hope you are now enjoying the spring in parties out of town with Lord and Lady Carlisle, but on her account I hope

* James Francis Paul Alphonso de Sade, the author of the most entertaining and instructive of the numerous Lives of Petrarch which have issued from the press, was the third son of the Marquis de Sade, and was born in 1705. He held, at different periods, the appointments of Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Toulouse and of the Archbishop of Narbonne, and in 1744 was nominated Abbot of Ebreuil in Auvergne.

they will be all gentle expeditions. You wound up the story of the intended pillage of Mr. Walpole's house and effects so hurriedly, that I was filled with concern for the *dénouement.* Be so good, when you have time, to let me hear from you, and to direct to me *chez Monsieur d'Orlach, Chevalier de l'ordre de St. Louis, à Beaucaire, Languedoc.* I know you will think it no trouble to present my compliments to Lord and Lady Carlisle. You are desired also to accept Lady Julia's, who is well, and well pleased. I am, Sir,

Your sincere and most obliged humble servant,

I. CARLISLE.

To George Selwyn, Esq.,
In Chesterfield Street, London.

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### THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

[Mr. ERSKINE, mentioned as the "young counsel" in this letter, was Thomas, afterwards the celebrated Lord Erskine. He was the third son of Henry David, third Earl of Buchan, and was born in 1750. He had originally served both in the navy and army, but subsequently prepared himself for the bar, and with this view entered himself a gentleman commoner of Trinity College, Cambridge. At the University he was principally distinguished by his wit, of which his parody on Gray's "Bard" (written on an occasion of his being kept from dinner by the

dilatoriness of a hair-dresser) affords a tolerable specimen :—

> Ruin seize thee, scoundrel Coe!
> Confusion on thy frizzing wait!
> Had'st thou the only comb below,
> Thou never more should'st touch my pate.
> Club, nor queue, nor twisted tail,
> Nor e'en thy chattering, barber, shall avail
> To save thy horsewhipped back from daily fears,
> From Cantab's curse, from Cantab's tears.

Lord Erskine was called to the bar in 1778. In 1802 he was appointed Attorney-General to the Prince of Wales, and, in 1806, Lord Chancellor. He died November 17, 1823, in his seventy-third year.]

May 11th [1779].

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received all your letters; that is, three on Friday, and one yesterday. I am really afflicted with your affliction, which must, in the common and necessary course of things, be thereby somewhat alleviated. I do not know what in the world to say or to think, that I dare recommend. I am indignant at the treatment you have received from such *canaille*, and ready to accuse you of a pusillanimity which will keep you for ever their *jouet*. I put myself very modestly in your place, and think I should feel an exultation in the possession of Mie Mie above all fears; for possess her I would. She is mine, at least till her marriage, by deed of

gift signed by her mother. Am I to be trifled with ?—Am I to be mocked ? They know you cannot live conveniently out of the limits of your own country ; they know you cannot live at all out of the sight of your own Mie Mie. The devil of any supplicating letter would I write them. I would suppose every thing understood, as it really has been. Her being admitted into a convent, and staying there a little while, would be a very good story to tell the old folks, and away would I bring her to Matson, and amuse myself, when there should be occasion, with telling them other good stories why I could not return with her to Paris.

I do not know what grounds you had for supposing the opposition over ; it is stronger than it has been before this winter. The Howe enquiry is going on against the Ministry, and yesterday Lord North voted in the minority ; not indeed upon a state question, but about the exclusive right of printing almanacs, claimed by the Stationers' Company and the Universities, which he took up as Chancellor of Oxford, and lost, 60 to 40. Erskine, a young counsel, distinguished himself very much against the privilege. You will have seen Palliser's acquittal, such as it is, in the Courier de l'Europe. Here are the exact, and all the words which the King said to him, the first time he was at Court afterwards,—" Sir Hugh, how does your leg do ?"

I called upon the Bishop of Peterborough today, but he was not at home. I will not forget

your respects when I see him, and am much obliged by your good offices with him, which may be attended with advantages to my nephew. When I call you *Padrone*, it is only a term of affectionate respect, with a pleasing reminiscence of our Italian journey and *séjour*, and without any allusion to the English sense of it, for I have long had the boast of an exemption

> From all the ills which scholars' lives assail,
> Toil, envy, want, the *patron* and the jail.*

There is a letter which Dessein has enclosed you, directed to you at his house; it cannot, I think, be of any consequence, so I do not enclose it. Alice has opened one from a Mr. Bowyer from Ireland, who expects a place from the Holland family, and, poor man! because he has not got it, he thinks it has slipped their memory.

The Jersey affair, that we were all alarmed about, has turned out a thing of nothing. A few vessels and troops attempted a descent; were repulsed, with the loss of a few men, and went away. What I told you of the debate upon the Howe question, was just; but Burke set the House in a roar by a most ludicrous image which he applied to Lord North, who, when he found he must give way, gave way, they say, with great dignity. The noble Lord, he said, was majestic even in retreat. If it was a flight, it was a Parthian one, and made the

* Dr. Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.

enemy tremble; or rather, like the creature we read of on the coast of Africa called a stinklingen, he precluded all pursuit by the unapproachable effects of his posterior artillery.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

May 14 [1779].

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just had time to rejoice in your letter, informing me that things wore a better face, which has made me very happy. It was brought me before they went; I mean Harry Hoare* and Phil. Crespigny,† the King's Proctor. The whim took them, as it sometimes will, to have a blackguard scheme of dining in my cabin, and ordering their dinner; and a very good one they had: mackarel, a delicate neck of veal, a piece of Hamborough beef, cabbage and salad, and a gooseberry tart; and when they had drank the bottle of white wine, and of port, which accompanied the dinner, and after that the only double bottle of Harry's claret that I had left, I found in an old corner (as they could not again descend to port, or, as the boys at Eton call it,

* See ante, February 3, 1779.

† Philip Champion Crespigny, Esq., King's Proctor, and afterwards member of Parliament for Sudbury. He was the writer in a well-known periodical, "The World," and was much courted on account of his conversational wit and social pleasantry. He died at Bath, January 1, 1783.

black-strap) one of the two bottles of Burgundy which I took from your cellar when you gave me the key of it; and, by Jove! how they did abuse my modesty, finding it so exquisite, that instead of two I did not take two dozen. But having no more, we closed the orifice of the stomach with a pint of Dantzic cherry-brandy, and have just parted in a tolerable state of insensibility to the ills of human life. Is it not good if one can forget now and then that he is a man? But the wicked creatures, that you are now with, have no idea of the joy that springs up in the heart from devotion to the God of Wine. *Manger! manger!* no wonder they have recourse to so many expedients to carry it off, for want of drink.

When I came to that part of your letter where I saw the name of Harry Hoare, I thought I might read it out; but it was at the expense of his tears. Harry took me by the hand at parting, and, full of wine and of the affection and tenderness with which his heart abounds, desired me, with a most significant squeeze, to give you his best and kindest thanks for such cordial mention of him and his loss. I went this morning, as usual, to my Lord Duke's,* but alas! he was at Epsom. The old Duchess† gave me the enclosed, which was left by I forget whom, but she said it must be sent to you. I called upon Mr. Storer, but, as he had his music-master with him, I would not stay a moment.

* The Duke of Queensberry. † Selwyn's old servant Alice.

The trait of Mie Mie about her grandmother is really *attendrissant*, and indicative of a goodness of heart, of which I hope you will find many and substantial proofs. I hear the last twang of the postman's bell, and may have a chance of a run to Lombard-street, rather than you should fail of receiving this nonsense in due course.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

May 16 [1779].

DEAR SIR,

I DO not know what in the world I said to you on Friday night, though I dare say there was some expressions of the joy I feel that the prospect has mended, and I trust it will soon brighten into clear, golden, glorious day.

I was with his Grace this morning for, I believe, nearly two hours. The first half hour he made me walk with him before his door, and we then entered to breakfast. I had him alone; we had a great deal of conversation, and upon the subject which interests you above all others. I read him many parts of your letters, "trippingly over the tongue;" no hemming or hawing, hammering or stammering. I was prepared; I went on purpose; and I had it out with him, as they say.

Indeed, he has a great friendship for you, and very natural that he should. I wish he was as natural throughout. The more I contemplate his

face, the more I am struck with a certain likeness to the lower part of it; his very chin and lips, and they are rather singular. But you will never be *d'accord* upon this interesting subject; as I am sorry to be too much convinced; but that you know better than I.* He smiled often at the strong expressions of your attachment to an object, which at the best must be a perpetual source of the most lively anxiety to you, and therefore lamented the attachment seriously. He was much pleased with your distinction between Carme and Carmelite, and liked a definition of man which I gave him,—An animal which in youth is hard in a *masculine* sense and has a soft heart, and in age *vice versâ*. Pray ask my learned brother if he does not think that it beats Plato's: his Grace does.

He made no excuses for going to Amesbury without me, nor did he mention it. I told him that about Midsummer I should be asking his Grace's commands to Drumlanrig, as Harry Hoare has engaged me for a Northern tour; when he said he believed he should be there about the same time, and that he should be very glad to see us both; that he would make it as agreeable as he could to us, and hoped we would stay with him a fortnight.

* This evident allusion of Warner's to the similarity of features between the Duke of Queensberry and Mademoiselle Fagniani, affords evidence that those, who were best informed on the subject, entertained considerable doubts as to whether he was really the parent of the child.

We could scarcely do ourselves quite so much honour as that, but if we go, and he is there, we will certainly eat a trout with him at Drumlanrig Castle.

His horse Slim has won a match at Epsom. I think, Sir, you have here more than the material occurrences of the morning. He had no news. I flatter myself, before we go on this tour, that I shall have the happiness of seeing you here, accompanied by the slender waist which the riband now before me on the table is to bound. I look forward too with much pleasure to an expedition to see you both at Matson before the summer be over, and therefore must not spend it all at Drumlanrig.* I hope that good Mrs. Webb is long before now happy in good accounts from her friends.

* Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Miss Joanna Baillie, dated 12th September, 1813, gives the following interesting account of the ancient mansion of the Duke of Queensberry at Drumlanrig: —"I was for a fortnight at Drumlanrig, a grand old chateau, which has descended, by the death of the late Duke of Queensberry to the Duke of Buccleuch. It is really a most magnificent pile, and when embosomed amid the wide forest scenery, of which I have an infantine recollection, must have been very romantic. But old Q. made wild devastation among the noble trees, although some fine ones are still left, and the quantity of young shoots are, in despite of the want of every kind of attention, rushing up to supply the places of the fathers of the forest, from whose stems they are springing. It will now, I trust, be in better hands, for the reparation of the castle goes hand in hand in the rebuilding of all the cottages, in which an aged race of pensioners of Duke Charles and his pious wife,—'Witty, blooming, young, and

You are very good in mentioning me so often to my dear Doctor. I hope, too, Sir Harry's family hear my name sometimes.

MISS MARY TOWNSHEND TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Monday, May 17, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

THE embarrassment of changing the family residence was increased this year by Mrs. Cowper *

gay,'†—have during the last reign been pining into rheumatisms and agues, in neglected poverty.

"All this is beautiful to witness: the indoor work does not please me so well, though I am aware that, to those who are to inhabit an old castle, it becomes often a matter of necessity to make alterations by which its tone and character are changed for the worse. Thus a noble gallery, which ran the whole length of the front, is converted into bedrooms—very comfortable, indeed, but not quite so magnificent; and as grim a dungeon as ever knave or honest man was confined in, is in some danger of being humbled into a wine-cellar. It is almost impossible to draw your breath when you recollect that this, so many feet under ground, and totally bereft of air and light, was built for the imprisonment of human beings, whether guilty, suspected, or merely unfortunate. Certainly, if our frames are not so hardy, our hearts are softer than those of our forefathers, although probably a few years of domestic war, or feudal oppression, would bring us back to the same case—hardening both in body and sentiment."—Lockhart's Life of Scott, p. 247, Ed. 1842.

* Dorothy, eldest daughter of Charles, second Viscount Towns-

† This, it is almost needless to remark, is the first line of Prior's well known ballad on Katherine, Duchess of Queensberry, the patroness of Gay.

being exceedingly ill, so as to oblige me to give all my spare moments, and more than I could well spare, to assist and comfort Mrs. Norris * and Miss Lucy Townshend,† which prevented me writing to you last week.

We have found Frognal in great beauty; the spring a full month forwarder than usual, and our roses round the house in bloom. Lord R. B.‡ is not so well as he has been. He has lately had an attack of St. Anthony's-fire in his leg, and he hurt himself whilst being reviewed at the head of his troop. When he went to know the King's commands, his Majesty graciously replied, that he commanded him not to be there; but, on his entreating that he might have the honour of saluting his Majesty, he consented, on condition that Lord R. B.'s coach was on the spot, ready to carry him away as soon as that ceremony was over, which was complied with: but the fatigue was too great for one who had been so long an invalid. Lord Milton§ called on us a few days before we left

hend, by Dorothy, sister of Sir Robert Walpole. She married, in 1743, Dr. Spencer Cowper, Dean of Durham, son of William first Earl Cowper.

* Charlotte, daughter of Edward, fourth son of Charles, second Viscount Townshend, married, May 12, 1773, to John Norris, Esq., of Whitten, in Norfolk, and, secondly, to Thomas Fauquier, Esq.

† A younger sister of Mrs. Norris.

‡ Lord Robert Bertie, third son of Robert, first Duke of Ancaster. He was a general in the army, and a Lord of the Bedchamber to George the Third.

§ Joseph Damer, first Baron Milton, and afterwards Earl of

town. I had not seen him since his most dreadful misfortunes, and I felt afraid to go down to him. He is one of my oldest acquaintance, and has flattered me all my life; therefore, very naturally, I have always been partial to him. At first the meeting seemed painful to him, but he looked much better, and was in better spirits than I expected, so, on the whole, I was well pleased.

No news in town, except Mr. Wallis' having burnt your flat-bottomed boats, which intended to surprise Jersey. My father sends his best love to you. Thank Mie Mie, in the name of all the family, for her kind remembrance of us, and present our best compliments to her.

Yours, &c. M. T.

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JAMES HARE, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

18th May [1779].

DEAR GEORGE,

I AM very glad to hear that, after all your vexations and disappointments, you are at last got back to Paris, and that Mie Mie is well. I should certainly have kept my promise of writing to you before this time, if anything had happened worth

Dorchester. He had lost his eldest son in August, 1776, and his wife in March, 1775, but it does not appear that he had suffered any more recent afflictions.

telling you. In politics everything remains as it did. Charles [Fox] is in excellent wind, but out of place. The Howes and Burgoyne* are holding an enquiry into their own conduct in America, and, unless some accuser starts up, I conclude they will pass a favourable judgment on themselves, and perhaps move a vote of approbation of the House of Commons. The attempt on Jersey gave no great alarm, and its failure consequently is not much talked of. Sir Hugh Palliser went to the levee after his acquittal, and the King spoke to him, but very shortly.† General Conway has pledged himself to the House, that he will move for degrading him from his rank in the navy, the

* At their own solicitations, the House of Commons had instituted a long and tiresome inquiry into the conduct of Generals Howe and Burgoyne in America, which terminated without any satisfactory result.

† Sir Hugh Palliser had been second in command under Admiral Keppel in the battle fought off Ushant. Finding, on his return to England, that the public was highly dissatisfied with the result of the engagement, he solicited and obtained a Court-martial on Admiral Keppel and himself, which commenced at the Governor's House, at Portsmouth, on the 7th of January, 1779. The court not only unanimously acquitted Keppel, but declared the prosecution to be malicious; a verdict which gave such universal satisfaction, that the bells of several churches were rung in the metropolis; guns were fired, and the cities of London and Westminster were illuminated during two successive nights. On the contrary, so highly was the public exasperated against Palliser, that it was found necessary to place a guard, both of horse and foot, before his house in Pall Mall; but even this precaution proved of no avail, for, on the removal of the soldiers at midnight, a mob broke all the windows, forced open the doors, de-

only thing that remains to him.* People's minds seem less exasperated against him than they were at the time of Keppel's trial, and I shall not be surprised if he is thought to have been already sufficiently punished by the loss of his place and government.

The Bishop of Llandaff's bill,† for preventing a woman divorced for adultery from marrying the man on whose account she was divorced, passed through the House of Lords, but was thrown out in the House of Commons. It could answer no purpose, but that of increasing the punishment of women, whilst it protected men from the consequences which they dread most. Charles [Fox] made a very fine speech, abounding in excellent morality.

We are all beggars at Brookes's, and he threatens to leave the house, as it yields him no profit. Egremont has taken a great fancy to Lady Maria Waldegrave,‡ the Duchess of Gloucester's second

stroyed a great part of the furniture, and threw the rest out of the windows. The Court-martial also acquitted Palliser, but with the restriction that, though "his behaviour had been in many instances highly meritorious and exemplary, yet that he was blameable in not having made known to the Admiral his distressed situation; yet, as he was censurable in no other parts of his conduct, he ought to be honourably acquitted."

* Previously to his being tried by the Court-martial, Sir Hugh Palliser had resigned both his appointment of Lieutenant-General of Marines and his seat in Parliament.

† See ante, 7th May.

‡ She married, in 1784, George Henry, the present (fourth) Duke of Grafton, and died February 1, 1808.

daughter, and it is imagined he will marry her, though I believe he does not quite like the prospect of so much constraint. Falkner is, likewise, struck with Lady Laura, the eldest; but I hear the Duchess disapproves. The Duchess of Devonshire is going to Spa and Aix la Chapelle with Lord and Lady Spencer. The camps are to be formed very soon.* General Parker commands in chief at Warley, and will have his Grace of Grafton† under his orders. Strange reverse! Harry St. John is to try his powers of command this summer, which hitherto have been pretty much controuled. Derby is at the Oaks with a large party of jockeys from Epsom races: the Duke of Queensberry went yesterday.

It would vex me to think that you took no interest in what concerns me very materially; and I am convinced you would be glad to hear of anything for my advantage; I have lost a great deal this winter, and, in considering my resources, very naturally looked to Carlisle, whose kindness to me, on all occasions for many years, deserves my utmost gratitude. We could think of no better scheme than his asking Lord North to appoint me to fill one of the vacancies, either to Warsaw

* Camps were shortly afterwards formed in different parts of England, with a view of repelling a threatened invasion by France and Spain.

† Augustus Henry, third Duke of Grafton, First Lord of the Treasury from July, 1765, to January, 1770. He died March 14, 1811.

or Munich. He applied to Lord North; the Chancellor seconded his application; and Eden,* who sees Lord North frequently and familiarly, promised to give the thing as favourable a turn as he could. As yet we can get no answer, and I have found out that the old Fish † is trying to get the same appointment for the Colonel. He has written Lord North the most pressing and importunate letters you can conceive; full of professions of inviolable attachment to the present Administration, and of his claims on Government; though it is well known that, after Keppel's trial, when opposition seemed to be in a thriving way, the old Fish was wavering, and actually kept away from the House on a question where they were near run, that he might see whether they were likely to remain in their places or not. Though Lord North knows this, and though his application was, in point of date, posterior to Carlisle's, I dare say Lord North will give him what he asks, merely to get rid of his solicitations.

If I could get this appointment, it would be a comfortable provision till some of my friends are able to serve me at home; for, I own to you, I am such a *John*, that I had rather be a Commissioner of the Customs, in London, than King of Poland, if I were obliged to pass my life at Warsaw.

* William Eden, afterwards Lord Aucland. See ante, August 19, 1773.

† "Fish Crawford.

Whether I succeed or not, I am glad the thing has been thought of, as it will show me, and many other people, that Carlisle is indeed a valuable friend. During the whole of this business, he has acted with a degree of zeal and kindness that I never shall forget. When anything is decided you shall know. I hope you are well amused at Paris: if the little girl is well, you certainly must be so. Adieu! If you do not come soon, I shall write again. Yours ever, very sincerely,

J. H.

[Admiral Lord Keppel, whose name so frequently occurs in these pages, was the second son of William Anne Keppel, second Earl of Albemarle. He was born on the 2nd of April, 1725. He entered the navy at an early age, and accompanied Lord Anson in his celebrated voyage round the world. Having passed through the subordinate ranks of the navy, and having on several occasions distinguished himself by his zeal and gallantry, he was employed, in 1751, to negotiate a treaty of peace with the states of Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers. He was at this period in command of the Anson, a sixty-four gun ship. During an interview to which he was admitted by the Dey of Algiers, for the purpose of negotiating the restoration of some English vessels which had been captured by the Dey's piratical subjects, he is said to have advocated the cause entrusted to him with

a warmth and spirit which completely confounded the Dey's preconceived ideas of what was due to absolute power. "I wonder," he said, "at the King of England's insolence, in sending me such a foolish, beardless boy."—"Had my master," retorted Keppel, "considered that wisdom was to be measured by the length of the beard, he would have sent you a he-goat." The Dey, it is said, was so enraged at this speech, that he even contemplated the immediate execution of Keppel, and ordered his mutes to attend with the bow-string. Keppel, however, retained his self-possession, and pointing from a window to the English ships which were riding at anchor in the bay: "If it is your will," he said, "that I should die, there are Englishmen enough in that fleet to make me a glorious funeral pile." The argument was considered a convincing one by the Dey, who subsequently consented to the terms proposed to him by Keppel. From this period Keppel continued gradually to acquire distinction in his profession, till his appointment, in 1778, to be Commander-in-Chief of the Channel fleet. The result of his famous and indecisive engagement with the French fleet off Ushant, and of the Court-martial to which he was in consequence subjected, has already been sufficiently noticed. No man, who ever passed through such an ordeal, had ever greater reason to congratulate himself on its result and its effects. The public hailed his acquittal with the most enthusi-

astic rejoicings; and both Houses of Parliament, the City of London, and the West India merchants returned him their thanks for the skill and gallantry which he had displayed. Brave, generous, humane, and warm-hearted, Keppel was alike the idol of the naval profession and of the people at large. "I ever looked on Lord Keppel," says Burke, "as one of the greatest and best men of his age, and I loved and cultivated him accordingly. It was at his trial that he gave me this picture. With what zeal and anxious affection I attended him through that his agony of glory; what part my son took in the early flush and enthusiasm of his virtue, and the pious passion with which he attached himself to all my connexions; with what prodigality we both squandered ourselves in courting almost every sort of enmity for his sake, I believe he felt, just as I should have felt such friendship on such an occasion. I partook, indeed, of this honour with several of the first, and best, and ablest in the kingdom; but I was behind with none of them: and I am sure that if, to the eternal disgrace of this nation, and to the total annihilation of every trace of honour and virtue in it, things had taken a different turn from what they did, I would have attended him to the quarter-deck with no less good-will, and more pride, though with far other feelings, than I partook of the general flow of national joy that attended the justice that was done to his virtue."

In March, 1782, Keppel was appointed First Lord of the Admiralty, and sworn of the Privy Council; and the following month was advanced to the peerage, with the title of Viscount Keppel, of Elvedon in the county of Suffolk. He retired from office on the 28th of January, 1783, but was again appointed First Lord of the Admiralty on the 8th of April. He retained the post only till the month of December following, when he again retired into private life. His death took place on the 2nd of October, 1786.]

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

May 21st, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

THE enclosed came in a cover to Chesterfield Street, with a letter to me from the Alderman,* in which he acknowledges the receipt of my two letters, and says he shall be unspeakably glad to see me in that country; but how the Alderman comes to speak in that manner I am at a loss to guess. Your neighbourhood is like a fair to-day, with carriages and goods in the street. I asked the old Duchess:—"Why, Lord have mercy upon us! Tom Storer is run away, and his creditors are selling his goods." And another Tom's goods

* Alderman Harris of Gloucester.

are selling; my old friend the Right Hon. Tom Foley.* The heir-loom goods cannot be touched, but some keen and cunning creditors have made a division of the others, and sold my lady's caps, bibs, tuckers, and petticoats, with eight pair of worsted stockings, and a pair of socks of my lord's,—this was really one lot,—and about two hundred dozen of choice French wine: there were also the only two books he had added to his father's library, and sundry other articles, amounting to a pretty good sum. He and she are left there among their heir-looms, chairs and tables, without anything to put upon them, or upon themselves when the clothes on their backs become dirty. Two chairmen's coats and laced hats, that were hanging in the hall, were sold; and all this is a monstrous good joke to the Right Honourable, who is seen laughing at it in St. James's Street, *à gorge déployée.*

The report of the day is that D'Estaing is taken by Byron, and a prisoner on board his ship; but nobody believes it. Lord Percy, it is said, is to be married next week to Miss Burrell. Little Dick Bennet, who married one of her sisters long ago, is a droll, little fellow, and a sort of privileged man for talking freely to the ladies. In

* Thomas, Lord Foley. See ante. It was on the occasion of one of the Foleys (probably this nobleman) crossing the Channel, to avoid the importunities of his creditors, that George Selwyn observed, "It was a *pass-over* not much relished by the Jews."

a circle of them, the other day, Lord Percy was spoken of, and somebody said that he had the gout:—"No, Madam," said little Bennet, "I saw him this morning at my sister Burrell's, making great love to her, and it is astonishing what a quantity he made."

But all this is nothing to the purpose, whilst I have no letters from you. Look-ye, Sir, I can't bear it. Were everything right, and settled as it should be, why, I should suppose you happy and better employed; but at such a critical time as this, when every day may be reasonably expected to be bringing letters from Milan, to keep from me any of your joys or griefs is, to say the least of it, being wanting to your own interests, as they would respectively receive increase or diminution from participation.

I kiss Lady Mary's hands, and beg to be kindly remembered to the Doctor and good Mrs. Webb.

[The allusion, in the foregoing letter, to the reported marriage of Miss Burrell to Earl Percy requires a passing notice. Frances Julia, third daughter of Peter Burrell, Esq., of Beckenham in Kent, was married, on the 25th of May, 1779, to Hugh, Earl Percy, afterwards Duke of Northumberland. The extraordinary fortunes of the Burrell family, more successful even than those of the Gunnings, have become matter of history. Mr. Burrell, the father of the Duchess of Northum-

berland, was a commissioner of Excise, and the parent of five children. Of these, Peter, his only son, married Lady Priscilla Barbara Elizabeth Bertie (eldest daughter of Peregrine, Duke of Ancaster), who afterwards succeeded as Lady Willoughby d'Eresby in her own right; his second daughter married Algernon Percy, first Earl of Beverley; his third daughter became the wife of Earl Percy, afterwards Duke of Northumberland; and Elizabeth, his youngest daughter, married, first, Douglas, eighth Duke of Hamilton, and secondly, Henry, first Marquis of Exeter. It is remarkable that the only one of the daughters of Mr. Burrell who is said to have been possessed of personal beauty in any remarkable degree, was the eldest, Elizabeth Amelia, who became the wife of Richard Henry Alexander Bennet, Esq., of Babraham in the county of Cambridge, the person so familiarly spoken of by Dr. Warner as "little Dick Bennet."

Wraxall, in his Memoirs of his Own Time, speaking of Sir Hugh Smithson, afterwards Earl, and first Duke of Northumberland, introduces a very interesting notice of the Burrell family. "This nobleman," he says, "from the condition of a Yorkshire baronet of the name of Smithson, had, in consequence of his marriage with the heiress of the Percys, been successively raised to the dignities of Earl and Duke of Northumberland. His eldest son, Earl Percy, having formed a matrimonial alliance with Lady Anne Stuart,

daughter of the Earl of Bute, which proved equally unhappy and destitute of issue, the Duchess, his mother, turned her eyes towards Lord Algernon, her second and only remaining son, as the last chance for perpetuating the line. Being of a delicate and feeble constitution, he had, by order of his physicians, visited the south of France; in which country he passed the winter of the year 1774, at the city of Aix, in Provence. During an excursion which he made to Marseilles, Lord Algernon accidentally met, in private company, the second daughter of Mr. Burrell, a commissioner of Excise. Having accompanied her father to the shore of the Mediterranean, where he had repaired in pursuit of health, it was her fortune to make a deep impression on Lord Algernon. The Duchess of Northumberland, sinking under a decayed constitution, which was rapidly conducting her to the grave, and anxious to see her youngest son married, readily consented to their union; which took place in 1775, about eighteen months previous to her own decease. From this contingency may be said to have originated the rapid elevation of the Burrell family; one of the most singular events of our time.

"Scarcely three years after Lady Algernon Percy's marriage, the youngest of her sisters bestowed her hand on the Duke of Hamilton; since whose death she has been, a second time, united to the Marquis of Exeter.

"In 1779, the late Duke of Northumberland, then Earl Percy, having obtained a divorce from his Countess, selected for his second wife Mr. Burrell's sole remaining unmarried daughter.

"But the fortune of the family was by no means confined to the females. The only son, a young man (it must be owned, for I knew him well) of the most graceful person and the most engaging manners, having captivated the affections of Lady Elizabeth Bertie, eldest daughter of Peregrine Duke of Ancaster, she married him. Scarcely had the nuptials taken place, when her brother, the young Duke, not yet twenty-three years of age, was carried off by a violent and sudden distemper. The ducal title reverted back to his uncle; but a barony of Edward the Second's creation, early in the fourteenth century, namely, Willoughby of Eresby, descended, together with great part of the Ancaster estates, to Lady Elizabeth Burrell. Nor did this peerage constitute her only dowry; with it she likewise inherited, during her life, the high feudal office of Great Chamberlain of England, which has been ever since executed by her husband or son. Finally, Mr. Burrell himself, after being first knighted, was raised to the rank of a British peer in 1796, by the title of Lord Gwydir.

"In no private family, within my remembrance, has that prosperous chain of events which we denominate fortune appeared to be so conspicuously displayed, or so strongly exemplified, as in the

case before us. The peerage of the Burrells was not derived from any of the obvious sources that almost invariably and exclusively conduct, among us, to that eminence. It did not flow from favouritism, like the dignities attained by Carr and Villiers under James the First, or by the Earls of Warwick and of Holland in the succeeding reign. As little was it produced by female charms, such as first raised the Churchills in 1685, the Hobarts under George the Second, and the Conynghams at a very recent period. Nor did it arise from pre-eminent parliamentary abilities, combined with eloquence; such as enabled Pulteney and Pitt, disclaiming all gradations, and trampling on obstacles, to seize on earldoms as their birthright. Neither was it the reward of long, patient, supple, laborious, official talents and services, by which, in our time, Jenkinson, Eden, Dundas, and Vansittart were carried up to the House of Lords. Mr. Burrell, who was destitute of any profession, could not open to himself the doors of that assembly by legal knowledge, or by resplendent achievements performed on either element, of the land or of the water. Lastly, he possessed no such overwhelming borough interest, or landed property, as could enable him at a propitious juncture, like Sir James Lowther, to dictate his pleasure to ministers and to Kings. The patrimonial inheritance of the Burrells was composed of a very small estate situate at Beckenham in Kent. In his figure, address, and advantages of

person, accompanied with great elegance of deportment, might be said to consist the foundations of his elevation. But even these qualities or endowments, which effected his marriage with a daughter of the Duke of Ancaster, would not have advanced him beyond the rank of a commoner, if an event the most improbable, namely, the death of his brother-in-law, the young Duke, though cast by Nature in an athletic mould, had not rendered his wife a peeress in her own right; vesting in her, at the same time, one of the greatest hereditary offices of the English monarchy. As little did his three sisters owe their elevation to extraordinary beauty, such as triumphed over all competition, and surmounted every obstacle, in the instance of the Gunnings. Never were any women, in fact, less endowed with uncommon attractions of external form than the three sisters just enumerated. Modest, amiable, virtuous, they were destitute of those fascinating graces which the fugitive of Philippi attempts to describe in their effects, when he asks Lycé,—

quid habes illius, illius
Quæ spirabat amores,
Quæ me surpuerat mihi?

"I will conclude this digression on the Burrells by adding one fact more, scarcely less remarkable than those already commemorated; namely, that the charms which Nature had so sparingly bestowed on the three younger sisters, who married some

of the greatest noblemen in Britain, were lavished on the eldest, who gave her hand to Mr. Bennet, a private gentleman. I have rarely seen, and scarcely ever known, a more captivating woman in every point of female attraction." The present Earl of Beverley and the Duke of Northumberland are respectively the sons of the second and third daughters of Mr. Burrell. The fourth daughter, Elizabeth, had no children either by her first husband, the Duke of Hamilton (which marriage was dissolved by the Scotch Commissary Court in 1794), or by her second husband, Lord Exeter.]

## THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

London, May 21st, 1779.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I BELIEVE I have had all your letters, for mine have been all answered. Hare told me he would write by Tuesday's post; so, having nothing particular to communicate, I postponed my letter.

The Duke of Rutland is said to be dying. I do not know what chance your friend J. Townshend stands at Cambridge;* but, if he depends upon his

* By the death of the Duke of Rutland, on the 29th of this month, his grandson, the Marquis of Granby, was raised to the House of Peers, which occasioned a vacancy in the representation of the University of Cambridge.

impudence, he depends upon that which will not fail him. I am going to meet Sir James Wallace at dinner to-day, and will ask him if he has any more commands for his friends the French, that I may insert them in my letter to you. J. St. John* grows every day more dull and more rose-coloured; other people remain as they did when you left us.

The Knights of the Bath have given a magnificent ball,† though seven hundred persons got in

* See ante, after 5 April, 1770.

† The following account of this ball appeared at the time:—

"The ball given by the new Knights of the Bath to the nobility at the Opera House, on Wednesday evening, was one of the most splendid spectacles ever exhibited on this, or perhaps any other occasion. The tickets were entirely confined to persons of distinction, of which, by nine o'clock in the evening, about two thousand assembled in the ball-room (the stage), which was decorated with a variety of allegorical paintings; the principal of which was that of Minerva robing the Knights of the Bath, a piece of seven feet square, placed over the gallery. The ball was opened by his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland and Lady Augusta Campbell; after which many other minuets were danced before supper. The beauty and brilliancy of the ladies are not to be described. In a word, such a bewitching exhibition of natural charms was of itself sufficient to make *Knight Errantry* universal, without any borrowed aid from that profusion of jewels which dazzled the eyes of every admiring spectator. At twelve o'clock the company sat down to a most sumptuous hot repast, consisting of seven courses, all served in plate, which, it seems, was lent from Buckingham House for the occasion; and the dessert, consisting of pines, strawberries, ices, &c., was equally elegant. The wines were the most choice that could be procured. The butlers, &c., of the nobility attended, instead of waiters, and, to their credit be it spoken, never was a supper on such a scale so admirably served. It was provided by Mr. Weltzie in St.

without tickets, which made it very uncomfortable. When and how is your fate to be decided, and when shall we be acquainted with your plans? It is better to be sleeping at Brookes', than to be sitting upright at a supper without any appetite; without any red wine; and without any interest whatever in the conversation, except when it is directed towards you, to know what the enemy thinks upon subjects he never gave a thought to. The Duke of Queensberry is well, though a little deaf, which alarms him. The old Fish's importunity will beat me in my application for Hare, and the young Fish will go to Warsaw.

We have a rumour of good news from the West Indies. Perhaps you know more about it than we do here; but people are in good spirits, and hold their heads up high. All this house continue perfectly well, though our weather is very hot, and the children look a little pale by playing too much. The Duke of Northumberland, it is said, is to marry the Duchess of Ancaster. These are holidays, and politics sleep. Sir William Draper * soon goes to Minorca. The Duke of Queens-

James's Street, whose spirit and skill on this occasion, we fear, will far exceed his profit. After supper the company danced country-dances and cotillions, till five yesterday morning, when the major part retired. Some of the royal princes were expected to supper, a table being provided for them in the King's room; but none were present, not even his Royal Highness the Bishop of Osnaburgh, who assisted at the instalment at Westminster, as Great Master of the Order."

* See ante, 8th August, 1765.

berry has added a little chaise with ponies ; so that, with his *vis-à-vis*, Kitty's coach, and his riding-horses, St. James's Street seems entirely to belong to him, and he has an exclusive right to drive in it.

I do not know what emotion you should have had at the sight of Mons. de la F.* He did a very silly thing, and ought, if he is not a very silly man, to be much ashamed of it. If your nerves are to be affected at the sight of everything foolish and trifling where you are, you are indeed much to be pitied. If he wishes to proceed in the same path of glory, and acquire renown by similar conduct, he must call the Pope out next, who will perhaps do as I did. People like him who have lived with him ; and he might, if he had judgment, repair this indiscretion.

How is Mie Mie, and how does the air of the convent agree with her ? Is the "black funereal"† Gem always with you ? Is the lady departed from Paris ? Come to us as soon as you can.

* This evidently refers to the hostile challenge sent by the celebrated General la Fayette to Lord Carlisle, during the mission of the latter in America.

† See Harry Vane in pomp appear,
And, since he's grown Lord Treasurer,
Grown taller by some inches.
See Tweedale follow Carteret's call,
See Hanoverian Gower, and all
The *black funereal* Finches.
*Sir C. H. Williams. "A new Ode to a great number of Great Men.'*

ISABELLA, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CARLISLE, TO THE EARL OF CARLISLE.

Beaucaire, 27 May.

MY DEAR LORD CARLISLE,

I KNOW you neither love writing, nor have leisure for it; and, as I both like and have time for it, I shall not plead the merit of sending you two or three letters for one.

Soon after the pleasure I had of receiving your last, I answered it, and in that answer gave you an account of my intended removal hither, and of my resolution to accept your invitation, and to leave this country as soon as the heats shall permit me to travel, which will be in August. The heats, indeed, are already in some measure begun; but we have had some refreshing rains, which continue the verdure, and which have beautified our prospects, which are naturally very delightful. The post, since I settled at Beaucaire, has been very uncertain, and has left me in the dark in regard to many circumstances of which I wished to be informed. I have had a letter from Lady Betty, which referred to other letters which are certainly lost; nor can I guess any reason for it, as the couriers to Aix come this way, which is much more in the road of commerce. However, I hope to have a great deal of old news at once;

and by the same means to know that you and Lady Carlisle are well, and going to Castle Howard, where I imagine you will like to be early, on account of returning soon to town.

The spring, for this climate, has been very backward, and in some particulars, I believe, equally backward with yours. We have had good peas only during the last week, and the strawberries only began yesterday. Yet we are in the finest, and naturally the most fertile situation in the world; and the few people who have been to see me here are astonished at the beauty of it. The quantity of chestnut-trees and the mulberry-trees interspersed among the corn, the rocks above us, and the Rhone below us, afford one of the finest views I have ever seen. The castle of Tarascon on one side, which is a noble old building; that of Beaucaire on a high rock on the other side of the river; a vast meadow, green as our own, on the side of the Rhone; the breadth of that river, and its bridge of boats, are fit subjects for the best of painters. The most pleasing walk imaginable is on this bridge late on an evening. There are one or two agreeable people who live at Tarascon, and particularly an old Baron de Sade, whom we often accompany homewards for the sake of that promenade. There is also a gentleman at Beaucaire who plays famously on the violincello, and who comes to us sometimes. I am now busied in getting a house at Tarascon for Mr. Howard,

who is impatient to quit Aix before the heat becomes insupportable. They had thought of Carpentras, but could not get a house there; indeed, nothing is so difficult in this country: so that I am in very great luck, having a suite of good rooms, besides a room for our maids. Julia's apartment opens on a very large terrace, cut originally out of the rock, above which rises another covered with wild shrubs. The orange-trees are now all in full bloom, and afford a charming perfume. The gardens here are very much like our old-fashioned kitchen-gardens in England, but very unlike those of Provence, for they are full of trees; and at the end of ours is a little grove, that we can be out in all day long, with a rock above it. The living here is very reasonable; and they say that even in the fair-time, which brings a hundred thousand people a-day, there is still greater plenty. I have had two letters from Mrs. Pitt, who talks of making me a visit when her son goes towards Italy. She writes in good spirits, but talks of returning to England before the winter. She has got a villa near Lyons, and seemed to wish me very much to come that way; but I would not change my plans, as there is a vast deal of rain about Lyons.

I have been better since the warm weather began, and have excellent spirits, which are quite new to me, and much better nerves. We are going in a day or two to Avignon; and on Thursday to dine with the *Commandeur* de Sade, who

is a most agreeable old man. He was once in England, and talks a good deal of people many of whom are long since dead, such as the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Hervey, and the Duke of Newcastle. He has a great *commanderie*, and lives well. There are a great many things to see in and about Avignon. I have also an English friend settled in the Vaucluse whom I wish to visit; as also the Abbé de Sade, a very clever little man, brother to the *commandeur*, who wrote the life of Petrarch.

I must not send you any French news, though I hear a great deal, as it would perhaps be the occasion of stopping my letter. Last week a *caisse de liqueurs* went *à votre adresse*, which I trust will arrive safe; but I have little hopes of it, as I can get nothing from England. I am desired to make Lady Julia's most affectionate compliments to you and Lady Carlisle, to whom I beg mine, with my best wishes; and am ever, dear Lord Carlisle, most affectionately yours,

I. Carlisle.

THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

May 28th [1779].

DEAR SIR,

No letter from you to-day! perhaps it may come to-morrow: but, if you have not written to me

by this post, I will forgive it, provided that the next brings me a good account from Milan.

I saw Sir William Lynch,* who came to town last night, at eight o'clock. I *would* see him, for he is not Secretary of the Admiralty. He was very civil, affable, cheerful, chatty, and pleasant; all which pleased me much, but his regard for you pleased me more. He has undertaken the thing, and given me leave to call upon him on Tuesday morning for the answer. He lent me the *Cassette Verte*, which I suppose you have at Paris by this time; if not, I am sorry I did not know of it sooner by a day, to have sent you one. It is written by Dick Tickell,† who wrote "Anticipation;" and the bent of it is to laugh at the distresses of France, and the Opposition at home, chiefly the Shelburnites. There are some good strokes in it, but I think that Sir William sets it rather too high.

The books are not right to my mind. I have sent you four volumes of Dryden,—his miscellane-

* Sir William Lynch, K.B., a Privy Councillor, and Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to the King of Sardinia.

† See ante, December 20, 1778. Horace Walpole writes to General Conway, June 5, 1779,—"They announced with infinite applause a new production of Tickell: it has appeared, and is a most paltry performance. It is called the Cassette Verte of M. de Sartine, and pretends to be his correspondence with the Opposition. Nay, they are so pitifully mean as to laugh at Doctor Franklin, who has such thorough reason to sit and laugh at them. What triumph it must be to him to see a miserable pamphlet all the revenge they can take."

ous works; for you do not want his plays or his translations. I wished to send the same quantity and the same quality of Swift, for you do not want his letters. And you are to give these books to his Highness, who will never read any of them, except perhaps for half an hour some evening with you! I was vexed; *mais que faire?* There was no buying less than eighteen volumes, as there is a general index to them, and, as the booksellers say, *they go together;* moreover, if your honour would choose the whole set, they are *six and twenty* volumes. *Que faire?* I say again. Because I could not execute it to my mind, was I to neglect your commission? But I have said enough to show that the fault was not in me, but in the thing; and, notwithstanding Aristippus, I flatter myself that sometimes you will not be averse or indignant *rebus submittere.**

I attended his Grace at breakfast this morning for a little while; and only for a little while, as a Mr. Maitland came in, and I went out: and *sic me servavit Apollo;* for I had a great deal of business to do, though none with which Apollo had any concern. His Grace was very well, and not at all hurt by the hateful east-wind which has prevailed these two days. He had only a desire to be kindly remembered to you.

* Nunc in Aristippi furtim præcepta relabor,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, submittere conor.
Horace, Epist. 1. Lib. 1.

We have a curious article in to-day's Morning Post, which would insinuate that St. George, the negro, had the *bonne fortune* to have a chance of making a black Dauphin.* Heavens! what a great thing that would be. We are to have a race of black baronets here: Sir William James's, the East India director,† eldest son is a stark negro. I suppose there is no truth in this story about St. George.

The report of Byron's success has turned out to be a mere 'Change Alley job. There was an account from him yesterday, that D'Estaing is still

* The following is the passage referred to; it purports to be an extract of a letter from Paris, dated May 20:—"M. de St. George, the son of a negro woman, and blessed with nature's choicest qualifications, had lately permission to play the violin before the Queen. As soon as he left Court, which was in the evening, he was attacked by six ruffians, armed with pistols and bludgeons. M. de St. George, and a friend with him, defended themselves against the whole body, and came off safe. The police took great pains to discover the offenders, and the Duke of Orleans interested himself warmly in the discovery. Several persons, known to the police, were taken into custody; and although the Duke wrote to M. le Noir to make the strictest search, and punish the delinquents with the severest pains, yet before twenty-four hours were expired the Duke received orders to forbear troubling himself in the affair. The prisoners were set at liberty, and the matter totally dropped; which affords room to a thousand conjectures no ways favourable to a high personage who had been lately entertained with the *musical* abilities of M. de St. George."

† Sir William James, Bart., Fellow of the Royal Society, Chairman of the East India Company, one of the Directors of Greenwich Hospital, an Elder Brother of the Trinity House, and Member of Parliament for East Looe in Cornwall.

in harbour at Martinique. I am just dead with a cold, if that signified anything. The Duke of Queensberry would have the window up in his bow to the east, when I was very warm with walking; and I dined with the ——, whose nasty, sodden, fish-flesh wife would have another up, which completed me. But give me, oh! give me good news from Milan, and that will cure me.

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## THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

[May, 1779.]

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I HAVE only time to write one line to you. The Duke of Rutland is dead.* He went out to take the air in the morning, and went out of the world in the evening. The contents of his will are not known; but without doubt, with his connections, it will be an extraordinary one.

The Duke of Queensberry gives a great concert to-morrow, and is in good health to-day. Miss Kennedy, who now weighs thirty-three stone, is thought by J. St. John to be in a consumption. Charles [Fox] tells me he has not now, nor has had for some time, one guinea, and is happier on

* John, third Duke of Rutland, a Knight of the Garter, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Lord Steward of the Household. He died on the 29th of May, 1779, at the age of eighty-three.

that account. Everybody here is quite well. The birth-day * will be full, for few people have left town. The macao table flourishes. The Duke of Queensberry says you have asked his advice about your conduct. As I know he will advise you to come as soon as possible, I hope he will support his advice by every argument that his ingenuity can afford, and that he will lose no time in communicating it. My best respects to Mie Mie. I am, my dear George,

Yours, most affectionately, &c.

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CHARLES TOWNSHEND, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

St. James's Place, 1st June, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I AM ashamed of not having written to you since you left London; and the only apology I can make, is the uncertainty I was in where you were, which put me in doubt whether you would receive my letter. Few events worthy of your notice have happened since you left us. We have been flattered one day with victories in the West Indies, and the next have been alarmed with defeats; but we have, at last, been disappointed with hearing that nothing has been done.

* The 4th of June, the anniversary of the birth of George the Third.

As to domestic news, the Duke of Rutland is dead; by which Lord Granby's seat for Cambridge University is become vacant. There is a great contest for the succession. Lord Hyde * is supported by the Ministry; Mansfield,† by the Duke of Grafton; and John Townshend,‡ by Almack's. I am afraid that the Ministry are too powerful, but Charles Fox and his friends do not despair. I wish that my cousin could succeed, because it would find him some employment; but I doubt whether the University will think he has a good clerical character. Lady Townshend enquired very kindly after you to-day. She is almost reconciled to Mrs. Wilson, but cannot endure her husband.

Our Parliament is still sitting upon their enquiries how they lost America, and it is not guessed when they will rise. You have escaped several tedious hot days. I hope you have spent them more agreeably where you are, though I am afraid that you are insulted with some impertinencies. Our

* Thomas, Lord Hyde, afterwards second Earl of Clarendon. He died, unmarried, March 7, 1824, in his seventy-second year.

† Sir James Mansfield, an eminent lawyer, was the son of an attorney at Ringwood in Hampshire. In September, 1780, he was appointed Solicitor-General, and subsequently Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. Though never a brilliant orator, he was acknowledged to be a sound lawyer; and, moreover, was distinguished as a fine scholar, and by the depth of his general knowledge.

‡ John, second son of George, first Marquis Townshend. See post, 13th June.

affairs go too ill for us to bear French criticisms, and I do not see much prospect of their mending.

It gave me great concern to hear that you were in doubt whether you should obtain the consent of the little Marquise de Fagniani's friends to bring her over to England this summer. This disappointment, I fear, will prevent you from returning so soon as we expected, and I had hoped to renew my acquaintance with her. Be so kind as to assure her that I flatter myself she has not forgotten me. As her relations had trusted her so far from home, I do not see any reasons for their scruples. You must feel great anxiety on her account; and have given sufficient proofs of your affection for her, to have assured them that they could not leave her in safer hands than in yours.

Mrs. Townshend and my nieces dined with me to-day, and desired me to present their love to you. They are as little tired of Ranelagh as my brother is of the House of Commons, and are in no hurry to go into the country.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours most affectionately,

CHA. TOWNSHEND.

[Ranelagh, a spot associated in our minds with so many scenes of gaiety and splendour belonging to the past age, as to render its site classical ground, was opened to the public on the 24th of May, 1742. Horace Walpole

writes to Sir Horace Mann, on the 22nd of April in that year,—"I have been breakfasting this morning at Ranelagh Garden: they have built an immense amphitheatre, with balconies full of little ale-houses; it is in rivalry of Vauxhall, and costs above twelve thousand pounds. The building is not finished; but they get great sums by people going to see it, and breakfasting in the house. There were yesterday no less than three hundred and eighty persons, at eighteen pence a-piece. You see how poor we are, when, with a tax of four shillings in the pound, we are laying out such sums for cakes and ale." Again, Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann, on the 26th of May following:—"Two nights ago Ranelagh Gardens were opened at Chelsea; the Prince, Princess, Duke, much nobility, and much mob besides, were there. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding, is admitted for twelve pence. The building and disposition of the gardens cost sixteen thousand pounds. Twice a-week there are to be ridottos, at guinea tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music. I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it. Vauxhall is a little better; for the garden is pleasanter, and one goes by water."

The vast amphitheatre of Ranelagh has long since been razed to the ground; and those who, like the

editor, may take an interest in local associations, and may prefer to the dull realities of life the opportunity of identifying themselves with the gaiety and gallantry of a former age, will find in a pilgrimage to Ranelagh but little in the realities of the present to remind them of the romance of the past. Ranelagh Gardens stood on the site of what had formerly been a villa of Lord Ranelagh, but which now form part of the gardens of Chelsea Hospital. An avenue of trees, which were formerly seen illuminated by a thousand lamps, and beneath which sauntered the wit, the rank, and the beauty of the last century, now forms an almost solitary memento of the departed glories of Ranelagh. Attached to the trees may still be seen a solitary iron fixture from which the lamps formerly hung. "When I first entered Ranelagh," says Dr. Johnson, "it gave an expansion and gay sensation to my mind, such as I never experienced anywhere else. But as Xerxes wept when he viewed his immense army, and considered that not one of that great multitude would be alive a hundred years afterwards, so it went to my heart to consider that there was not one in all that brilliant circle that was not afraid to go home and think; but that the thoughts of each individual there would be distressing when alone." The last entertainment given at Ranelagh was at the installation of the Knights of the Bath in 1802.]

THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

June 1st [1779].

DEAR SIR,

WHAT on earth to say, to do, or to advise, or how to begin, I know not. I do nothing alone but curse, and fling, and stamp, and gnash; I am so ashamed of being so taken in. I was the "good easy man" who "believed full surely," as I forget who talks of—Shakespeare, I believe, in Wolsey;*—and to be thus deceived! thus disappointed! thus mortified! I did believe full surely everything I said to you. I could not conceive such duplicity, such uncertainty, such capriciousness, such insolence. I always spoke honestly: witness what I had the hardiness to say of Mie Mie's sensibility, in which I am happy to be mistaken. I must continue the strain; I am now wretched for you; I see no hope. I may be mistaken again; but, overwhelmed by the two letters I received yesterday, I see everything at present in black: and the more so from your letter

* This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And—when he thinks, good easy man! full surely
His greatness is a-ripening,—nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do.
KING HENRY VIII., Act iii., Scene 2.

to his Grace [the Duke of Queensberry], with the account of the valet's letter from Turin, for such things are not without their meaning; and, again, from a cursed report the old Duchess has from Lady Townshend, who says she has it from Tommy [Townshend] of Cleveland Court, that *you will never be suffered to bring the child to England.* Heaven knows what the foundation for it is. I tried to speak to Tommy in vain. I saw Charles [Townshend] to-day in Lincoln's Inn, as I was coming out of Woodcock's staircase, and asked him about it; he knows nothing of it, but says he shall write to you to-night.

I was with his Grace for an hour and a half this morning. I found him at breakfast with your letter in his hand; and upon seeing it, as it was dated a post after mine, I supposed you had suggested the idea of his writing to Madame Fagniani, and introduced it without any management, especially as in your letters to me of yesterday you had mentioned it twice. But he treated it directly with derision: she was a neglected beauty, as she would think herself; and, if there was a thing in the world which would hurt your interest, it would be his interfering. She was such a violent, capricious, mortified, creature, that she would rejoice in having a request from him to run counter to. How can I—how dare I—tell you all we said? Suppose the worst. Suppose we wished that it would please

God to take the child to himself, that you might be restored to the world, to your friends, to yourself! There, you have it all, and you will never forgive either of us.

The Duke was very much interested,—very much agitated: strong proofs of his great friendship for you. He wished a thousand times that he had nipped this mischief in the bud: that, knowing the earnestness of it, he had cut off your access to the child and her chamber (it was a foolish tenderness, he said, that had prevented it); or that the family had told you at once at Milan that there were no hopes of your ever having her. All the advice we could think of, in a long beating of our heads together, was what he said you would not follow;—that you should come away directly, leave the child in the convent, and treat with them at a distance.

Whilst you are there nothing can be done. If you cannot assume, you must feign an indifference. Whilst you stay, the woman feels her power over you, and will play upon you every wanton exertion of it. This advice, he says, you will not follow. Well, then, when Parliament is near meeting (as he gives up all hopes of your coming sooner), you must invite the father and mother, and the whole tribe, to come and live with you in London for the winter, and try what that will produce. You bid *me* advise: dear Sir, what can be said or done? Good God! You

know I am the poorest creature in the world, as well in wisdom as in wealth. I cannot think of anything so good as his Grace advises; but, if I advise anything, it is that you should a little consider your own dignity, character, and situation in the world, and be no longer the *jouet* of a woman. The thing becomes too serious, much too serious, most afflictingly serious. The postman is going, and I will continue to-morrow.

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COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Grosvenor Place, June 3rd, 1779.

ALTHOUGH I have been perhaps a little mortified at not hearing from you, yet I have not *boudé*'d enough even to affect not to be interested in what regards you, and consequently have enquired on every occasion of every person likely to know. Mr. Walpole, the last time I dined at Strawberry, read me a letter of Madame du Deffand, which mentioned *Lindor's vapeurs et les causes.* I was immediately struck that there must have been some strange proceeding towards you, and was much vexed thereat; though I am perfectly convinced in my own mind that the young lady is much better at Paris than with any man, let her governess have every possible perfection. But you had made up your mind, and think otherwise, which

is a sufficient cause for sorrow, and I am heartily sorry you have any on so tender a subject. If my adding more could alleviate your distress, I would not spare any pains; but I cannot be vain enough to suppose myself possessed of such persuasive eloquence, and therefore will stop.

I am just come from dining with Lady Jane Scott at her villa. The house is just such a one as I should have supposed the Duke of Queensberry to have contrived. The place is as ugly as it can be in that very beautiful part of the world, but shady and quiet. The Duke of Queensberry looks remarkably well, and is in very good spirits; he dined here two days last week.

As to politics, I have long been sick of them; but I verily believe others would grieve if there was not a Charles Fox in the world to spirit us up. I pronounced a long discourse over breakfast to-day on the impropriety of the Duke of Richmond's language, who, when somebody proposed to adjourn for the King's birth-day, said, "What was the King's birth-day to him?" Such language, and Lord Shelburne laying open all our weakness to our enemies, *me surpasse et m'excède.* Poor Ireland is the present grievance; and I am sure it is not from want of reminding them every day in the Houses of Parliament, that they do not rebel.* Lord Clermont is going to pacify matters.

* On the 11th of the preceding month the Marquis of Rockingham had moved for an address in the House of Lords, for the

One would conclude we were very rich, as a subscription ball is on foot, one hundred subscribers at twelve guineas each. Another handsome Duchess will soon appear.* I have heard no particulars of the Duke of Rutland's will, but that the present Duke will have more than he expected, and an immense income. To Mr. and Mrs. Thorouton (I do not know how to write their names) only 100*l.* each; and the Yorkshire estate and Knightsbridge to Mrs. Drake,† but what money I know not.

As to marriages, we talk of the Duke of Northumberland and the Duchess of Ancaster. The Duke of Queensberry says,—"In Heaven's name how can it answer to him?" Gloucester House is the present fashionable place. They gave a breakfast of four hundred at Blackheath, and a ball on the Princess Sophia's‡ birth-day of the same num-

production of such papers relating to the trade of Ireland as might enable Parliament to secure mutual commercial advantages to England and the sister kingdom. He inveighed strongly against the policy of the Government as regarded Ireland; the existence of the dangerous associations in that country he attributed entirely to the culpable negligence of the Ministry; and he concluded by vehemently demanding redress for the Irish people. In the course of the debate he was warmly and ably supported by Lord Shelburne.

* Probably Lady Granby, now Duchess of Rutland. She was daughter to Charles, fourth Duke of Beaufort, and married Charles, Marquis of Granby, December 26, 1775.

† She had formerly been mistress to the Duke of Rutland.

‡ The Princess Sophia Matilda, daughter of William Henry,

ber. The Lady Waldegraves have been about marrying the whole town, but are not married. Lord Egremont was very near, but he said he should hang himself before the summer was over if he did. Lord Chatham * made a great figure at the ball. I hear Lord George Germaine was there, surrounded by patriots. I will deliver all your messages, but was unwilling to delay writing, as I go out of town for the summer on Tuesday.

The Duchess of Leinster † was so good as to come and see me. How altered, but still how charming! What do they think of her Monsieur Ogilvie? He is quite a vulgar in appearance, and his manners, they say, are worse. You see I have obeyed your commands *au pied de la lettre.* I well know delays are dangerous, and in no one thing so much as writing, so pray never do so any more. I shall hope to see another happy letter from you before long, and yourself with a happy face.

Duke of Gloucester, by the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave. She was born in May, 1773.

* John, the present (second) Earl of Chatham, had succeeded his father, the great minister, on the 11th May, 1778.

† Amelia Mary, daughter of Charles Lennox, second Duke of Richmond, was born October 6, 1731, and married, February 7, 1747, James, first Duke of Leinster, by whom she was the mother of the celebrated Lord Edward Fitzgerald. After the death of the duke her husband, she remarried William Ogilvy, Esq., and died March 27, 1814, at the age of eighty-three. She was beautiful in her person, and was no less beloved in her youth than respected in old age.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

June 3 [1779].

DEAR SIR,

YOUR relief must come from yourself, and from your own resolution, if you have any left, or I fear that it will never come. If my going to Milan, or going anywhere, would serve you, I would joyfully go directly; but, alas! that could signify nothing, as you have an abler agent there already.

The duke, notwithstanding his clear and positive opinion that his writing to her cannot serve your interest, would, I am sure, send any letters you would wish; and you have but to dictate. You may be sure that I did not read him a scrap of your last letters; they were not fit. But as you hung much upon the subject of his writing, I thought I should not be just to you if I did not propose it. But, dear sir, be not unjust to him. He still loves you very much, because his heart is not estranged and totally absorbed by another object. But if you continue in this dereliction of yourself, what must be expected? What *can* be expected from him,—from Lord Carlisle,—from everybody who has delighted in your friendship and society, whilst you were theirs and your own. You remember Lord Nugent's epigram, which runs, I think, somewhat in this way—

We loved thee, amiable and kind,
And plighted an eternal vow;
So altered are thy heart and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now.

This really, sir, is the way you are travelling, as I think it my duty to tell you, lest you should not suspect it yourself. Heaven guide you into a better path! But I doubt (and it is a doubt accompanied by grief and affright) that you are too far gone to turn.

A Spanish war and an insurrection in Ireland! Nothing goes well either public or private.

[The state of Ireland at this period; the increase of secret armed associations throughout that country; the "non-importation agreement" set on foot in Dublin, Cork, Kilkenny, and other places; as well as the success which attended the intrigues of the American agents, in their endeavours to stir up an inflammable and oppressed people, were sufficient to justify the alarm of the Ministry and the people at large, and to threaten to add the misfortune of a civil war in Ireland to the hazardous and momentous contests with which England was already engaged in with France, Spain, and America.]

## THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

London, June 8th, 1779.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I AM writing to you from the table of the House of Lords, for which reason you must expect nothing very lively, but, on the contrary, that this letter will participate of that dulness, too much incident to Houses of Parliament.

The town begins to thin, though Parliament is still sitting; but the weather, and the militia camps, which are now formed, carry many people out of town. Our departure depends a little upon (what is not the best thing to depend upon) the decision of Lord North, who must make his arrangements soon, if he intends to make them. Jack Townshend meets with more success at Cambridge than was expected, but I have no idea that Administration can be beat where there are so many parsons.* Charles [Fox] is sanguine, but that he sometimes is when reason and cool sense cannot support him.

Your last letter was written in bad spirits, and I assure you mine are affected by it, for I much fear that you are destined to remain at Paris for some time. This is a subject which I never touch

* Mr. Townshend was returned for the University of Cambridge in 1780, and sat till 1784, when he was turned out by Mr. Pitt.

upon when I can avoid it, and must submit, with your other friends, to the most extraordinary misfortune that ever occurred in the history of man.

I know nothing more of Hare's business, but collect from the Fish that he has a promise, though Lord North has not said a word to me upon the subject.

The children are all in perfect health. I wish them out of town, for the weather has become very hot, and consequently not very healthy. George has taken, in a most extraordinary manner, to drawing, and is never happy without a pencil in his hand. Lord Cholmondeley * had nearly broken his leg by leaping out of his chaise, but is better. I am, my dear George,

Yours, &c.

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MISS MARY TOWNSHEND TO GEORGE SELWYN.

June 9 [1779].

DEAR SIR,

It is a shame to be two letters in your debt, but Charles undertook to write to you last mail. Mrs Norris,† within this week, was married to Mr. Fauquier,‡ whom you may remember to have

* George James, first Marquis of Cholmondeley, died April 10, 1827.

† See ante, May 17, 1779.

‡ Thomas Fauquier, Esq. He held an appointment in the

formerly seen at Holland House, acting and singing catches in their troop. Lord Cornwallis was set out for Portsmouth before I received Monsieur de la Fayette's compliments for him, but I sent them to his aide-de-camp, to take their chance of his not being sailed: they shall be repeated in the next letters to America. Has he talked of his ingenious challenge to Lord C.? *

I have no objection to the royal family being *toujours gai* at Compiegne; but I will excuse the military from visiting us at Frognal. However, the appearance of the Middlesex Militia company in Foots' Cray, at a tallow-chandler's shop, laughing ready to kill themselves at the sheep-shearing, has cured me of all fears of the *Mounseers*. My brother is gone to Cambridge to vote for Jack T. [*Townshend*], who is candidate to replace Lord Granby, now Duke of Rutland. People seem to think he has a chance in the University. The late Duke has left an estate of 5,400*l.* to his natural son, to pay 800*l.* to Mrs. Drake, his mother, for her life, which is the only provision made for her, except the house at Knightsbridge, which appears in the will. Mr. Manners, his grandson,†

royal household, and died within the last few years at his apartments in Hampton Court Palace.

* Lord Carlisle. See ante, vol. ii. p. 134.

† Robert, second son of the celebrated Marquis of Granby. He commanded the "Resolution" in Lord Rodney's celebrated action in the West Indies in 1782, in which engagement he was mortally wounded.

is not mentioned, nor Sir G. Sutton, who has a numerous family; but the heir is not so much stripped as it was expected he would have been.

Warner is at present out of my reach, and I am out of the way of supplying him with news. The most interesting I have lately heard is, that Lord M.'s* faculties failed him totally in the House of Lords. It was so remarkable as to cast a gloom over the whole assembly, to see the ruin of what had been so excellent. I hear that he has been thought in Westminster Hall to be declining. For one in decline, Madame du Deffand seems to make tolerably jolly parties: she is much in the right, if it amuses her. I get my father out most mornings in the chaise, which he sometimes murmurs at, but, on the whole, it rather amuses him. He is pretty well, but complains a little of his want of breath. I fear I must not expect to see him in perfect health. Remember me to Mie Mie, and believe me to be, most affectionately,

Yours, &c.

* Apparently the great Lord Mansfield. He survived till the 20th of March, 1793.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Hockliffe, Bedfordshire, June 10 [1779].

DEAR SIR,

THIS is the first minute I am alone; the company who came with me from town have just left me, and this first minute I dedicate to you.

I did not write last post, but I would have found time to have written could I have said anything that would have been of any use or comfort to you. I am perpetually thinking of, and grieving for, your situation, and my inability of doing anything towards relieving it; but, if you will rouse, you may help yourself effectually. The infamous manner in which they dare to treat you, shews their persuasion that they have you fast; and *if* they have you fast, what is to be hoped for from their tender mercies to you or to the child!

Good God! Nothing but distress and anguish everywhere. The post is just come in, and brings me a letter which obliges me to fly directly across the country to Eton, to try to save Cropley's eldest boy, now in his last year, and with a certainty of King's, from a threatened expulsion. This is very afflicting. He has strained a point beyond his abilities to keep him there, with a view to this provision for life. We must see what is to be

done. I meant that this should be a long letter. It must now be a very short one; but I shall try if I can write to you upon the road in the evening, in time for this post. I cannot go any further now, as I must absolutely write a line or two upon some particular business.

Minifie gives no hopes that any help can come but from yourself.

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THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY TO GEORGE SELWYN.

[June, 1779.]

You are always thinking of the same thing, but it is to no purpose to think, because you can do yourself no good, and if you let the Fagnianis alone, the child will certainly remain for the present where she is. This is as much as you can expect, and perhaps more than you would have been able to have brought about with most other people. I desired Warner to write to you, and to try and persuade you how very impossible it is for me to be of any use to you. If you thought one moment, and had any knowledge of Madame Fagniani, you must think that, at this time, if she knew anything that I wished, she would do directly the contrary. I am sure, in the present circumstances of things, you had better come here and be quiet for some time, for I think the mother

perfectly capable to send for the child to Milan, merely to plague you, if you continue your correspondence.

I have always understood, that when the child was to be educated in a convent at Paris, you were to be satisfied; and now you seem more distressed than ever. I am sure, if you continue where you are, no constitution can resist the agitation you must go through, and you will certainly bring yourself to a situation of health not to be retrieved. Every body inquires when you are to return: I wish I knew when that was to be. It is necessary in all situations to determine something, and, I am sure, the worst thing you can do is to remain where you are. Farewell, my dear friend, yours, &c.

Q.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Hockliffe, June 13, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I COULD not get to Eton on Thursday in time for the post, and I did not stop till I got there. God knows if we shall be able to do anything, unless I can interest Barnard,* the provost, more than I have reason to expect.

* Dr. Edward Barnard, Head Master, and afterwards Provost of Eton College. He died on the 2nd of December, 1781.

I returned here on Friday, through a day of unceasing rain, drenched and petrified. Yesterday morning I received your letters of the 3rd, 6th, and 7th, before going to Lord Ossory's. Both he and Lady Ossory asked much after you ; hoped you were in good spirits, and happy with Mie Mie. What was I to say ?—Why, no, you were not in such good spirits as I could wish, as there seemed to be some demur on the parts of her parents to your bringing Mie Mie to England. They were very sorry that you should not have all the happiness you deserved. Her ladyship told me that she had written you a great deal of news lately. Lord Ossory, who came from town on Wednesday, said that he hoped it was not yet certain that the Spanish war, we had been so much afraid about, would take place, and that matters were not quite so bad as had been represented in Ireland. This, from an Opposition man, looked well. He had wished much, as an Opposition man, for the success of Jack Townshend in the contest for the University of Cambridge, but he has lost it.

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|---|---|
| Mansfield . . . | 157 |
| Townshend . . . | 145 |
| Lord Hyde . . . | 138 |

A hard run thing ; and more voters than has been often known were drawn together from all quarters, in all, you see, 440. Many people, and Sir George Saville amongst the rest, were obliged, for want of

lodgings, to sit up all night in their carriages in the inn yards. Lord Townshend made a man of my acquaintance come up from the farther part of Kent to vote *against* his son for Lord Hyde.

I never talk of your affairs to any body but the Duke [of Queensberry], and, as you desire it, shall never talk to him about them again. Whilst I firmly believed that you would have the child, I delighted in telling you so. You would have been then comparatively happy, though even then I wished, secretly wished, that you were without this excessive attachment to her, as I know the extreme anxiety with which the connection must ever be attended. But now, when I cannot believe that you will ever have the child, what can I do but openly wish that you were without this attachment to her; and depend upon it, sir, that there is nobody who has any regard for you who can wish otherwise. Dr. Gem, I am sure, has the truest affection for you, and it is plain, from your own words, that he wishes so:—"I have lost my appetite, and Dr. Gem seems to fear that I may lose something else; if this be a frenzy," &c. What an implication in these words! But Dr. Gem is present with you, and, affected by your dejection of spirits, only hints at a distance, for fear of adding to the pain in which he sees you. But were he absent, and to write to you, I am very much mistaken if he would not give, in better expressions, the substance of every thing I have said, and have sincerity and friendship enough to try to

rouse you into yourself, unless he thinks the case too far gone.

[The "Jack Townshend," whose name occurs in this and some other letters in this work, was the second son of George, the first and celebrated Marquis Townshend, and is now better known as Lord John Townshend. He was the intimate friend of Charles Fox, and though at this period principally known as a man of wit and pleasure, he was, later in life, distinguished by the elegance of his taste, his prepossessing manners, his many accomplishments, and by a no mean capacity as a statesman. As he was only in his twenty-third year when he came forward as a candidate for the representation of the University of Cambridge, we are surprised to find him maintaining so close a contest with the Solicitor-general, Mansfield. Though unsuccessful at this period, he was returned as one of the members of the University at the next election, in 1780, but was again defeated in 1784, when Mr. Pitt was his opponent.

"Few men held a higher place in Fox's friendship than the Lord John Townshend; a place to which he was entitled by the elegance of his mind, his various accomplishments, and steady adherence throughout life. Though not endowed with eminent parliamentary talents, he possessed an understanding highly cultivated, set off by the most pleasing manners. If party could ever feel regret,

it would have been excited by his exclusion from a seat so honourable of itself as that of the University of Cambridge, to which he had attained by unwearied personal exertions." *

In an agreeable copy of verses by Richard Tickell, entitled "From the Hon. Charles Fox to the Hon. John Townshend, cruizing," Fox is thus introduced as addressing his early friend :—

But come, dear Jack, all martial as thou art,
With spruce cockade, heroically smart;
Come, and once more together let us greet
The long-lost pleasures of St. James's Street.
Enough o'er stubbles have I deigned to tread;
Too long wert thou at anchor at Spithead.

Come, happy friend! to hail thy wished return,
Nor vulgar fire, nor venal light shall burn;
From gentle bosoms purer flames shall rise,
And keener ardours flash from beauty's eyes.
Methinks, I see thee now resume thy stand,
Pride of Fop Alley, though a little tanned.
What tender joy the gazing nymphs disclose!
How pine with envy the neglected beaux!
With many a feeble frown and struggling smile,
Fondly reprove thy too adventurous toil;
And seem with reprehensive love to say,—
'Dear Mr. Townshend, wherefore didst thou stray?'

Soon as to Brookes's thence thy footsteps bend,
What gratulations thy approach attend!
See Gibbon rap his box; auspicious sign
That classic compliment and wit combine.

* Wraxall's Hist. Memoirs.

See Beauclerk's cheek a tinge of red surprise,
And friendship give what cruel health denies.
Important Townshend! what can thee withstand?
The lingering black-ball lags in Boothby's hand.
E'en Draper checks the sentimental sigh,
And Smith, without an oath, suspends the dye.

That night, to festive wit and friendship due,
That night thy Charles's board shall welcome you.
Salads, that shame ragouts, shall woo thy taste;
Deep shalt thou delve in Weltjie's motley paste.
Derby shall send, if not his plate, his cooks,
And, know, I've bought the best champagne from Brookes.
From liberal Brookes, whose speculative skill
Is hasty credit, and a distant bill.
Who, nursed in clubs, disdains a vulgar trade,
Exults to trust, and blushes to be paid.

On that auspicious night, supremely graced
With chosen guests, the pride of liberal taste;
Not in contentious heat, nor maddening strife,
Not with the busy ills, nor cares of life,
We'll waste the fleeting hours; far happier themes
Shall claim each thought, and chase ambition's dreams.
Each beauty that sublimity can boast
He best shall tell, who still unites them most.
Of wit, of taste, of fancy, we'll debate,
If Sheridan for once be not too late.
But scarce a thought to ministers we'll spare,
Unless on Polish politics with Hare.
Good-natured Devon! oft shall then appear
The cool complacence of thy friendly sneer.
Oft shall Fitzpatrick's wit, and Stanhope's ease,
And Burgoyne's manly sense unite to please.
And while each guest attends our varied feats
Of scattered covies and retreating fleets,
Me shall they wish some better sport to gain,
And thee more glory, from the next campaign.

In 1782 Lord John Townshend was appointed a Lord of the Admiralty; in 1788, he was elected for the city of Westminster; and in February, 1806, was appointed Joint Paymaster of the Army and a Lord of Trade and Plantations. He married, on the 10th of April, 1807, Georgiana Anne, daughter of William Poyntz, Esq., of Midgham, in Berkshire, whose previous marriage with Edward Fawkener, Esq., had recently been dissolved by Act of Parliament. Lord John died in 1833, at the age of seventy-six.]

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### THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Thame, Oxfordshire, June 14 [1779].

DEAR SIR,

I was forced to break off last night at Hockliffe just as I had finished the second sheet. You say that it is manifest to you that they intend to have Mie Mie kept at Paris at your expense, till it is convenient for them to send for her away, and sell her. Would to Heaven that I could see cause for thinking that you are mistaken! I should be highly indignant to see even one who was even indifferent to me treated thus; then what must I feel for *you!* I believe they are impatient to sell her, and therefore mean to kill you, and I tremble lest they should kill you; not by the means Mr. Walpole talked of, as I could never conceive there was any danger of that;

but by the slower and more barbarous operation of such treatment, as poisons all your peace.

You feel it "offensive and humiliating to you to the last degree;" and yet you will suffer all this, and for what! In another part you say, that your pursuit is "rational and laudable." I despise the voice of the multitude as much as the old Greek, though I think he was in a passion when he said it was always wrong; yet I should very much distrust the rectitude of my ideas, when I found myself in such a minority as to be alone against all mankind. If our friend, the Countess, had not blasted the text, I would quote David and his child, and say, how "rational and laudable" I thought it that you should fast and pray whilst there was hope;—but now, you should wash your face (and your hands too), and eat bread: but I am running into matter which I have forsworn, but which, most unfortunately, every sentence in your letters prompts me to recur to.

You very naturally wish, in case of any accident happening to you, to prevent all possibility of the child's losing what will belong to her; but if you should not live to see her out of the power of her parents, how can human wisdom prevent it? And how shall she be taken out of the power of her parents, and put entirely in yours? There is one way, perhaps, and but one. I say *perhaps*, because I am far from knowing if it be practicable; and yet I should rather incline to think it is. But even if

I were assured that it was practicable, I scarcely know how to venture to mention it, lest the delicacy of your nature should start at it with affright; but mention it I must since I have begun upon it. 'Tis strange, wild, and desperate; but the *case* I fear is desperate, or, if it is not, this is a remedy to be applied only when the case shall become desperate. You bid me think of resources: that must be my excuse. I am for ever thinking of them, and wish I could find one less liable to objection.

I have been taught then, that as in ancient, so in modern times, *omnia Romæ cum pretio*,* and that for money a man may have a dispensation to marry whomsoever he pleases: why then not to marry an infant? Pray forgive me: I do not mean to be ludicrous; I *cannot* mean to offend. Yes! I see the objections which offer themselves, but what *if you cannot have Mie Mie without?* The multitude will be against you, but you will have a minority respectable in weight and number on your side. This is all along supposing that you cannot exist without the child, of which I fear I am daily receiving too strong proofs. It will be no sacrifice of her to your gratification, but quite the contrary in the eyes

* Hic vivimus ambitiosâ
Paupertate omnes: quid te moror? *Omnia Romæ*
*Cum pretio.* Quid das, ut Cossum aliquando salutes?
Ut te respiciat clauso Veiento labello?
JUVENAL, Sat. iii. v. 182, &c.

of the whole world. If you live these twenty years, as you may if you have peace of mind, and as I heartily hope you will, you will still leave her a young, a very young and a rich widow, and safe from depredation. Then the sweet, calm content; the perfect joy of heart in possessing her all your own; forming her mind and heart, unchecked, untroubled by any control or fear, for twenty years: 'twould be fairly a Heaven for which you had exchanged a Hell. You have already interest with the Pope's Nuntio, and may improve it; and I doubt not, if it can be done at all, may have the thing done at any time with secrecy and despatch. Or, if the Nuntio is not to be trusted, *I* would go to Rome, and solicit it, if you would prepare me a powerful and trusty friend to apply to there.

But you are angry with me, dear Sir. What can I do or say? By all that is sacred, knowing you and feeling for you as I do, I advise but what in your place I would practise, and my heart would acquit me. I should be conscious that I was seeking her happiness more than my own, and if our heart condemns us not, &c. I cannot bear, without the most lively grief, to see your happiness and life so miserably wasting. I see you dying the most miserable of deaths, dying of chagrin: and I cannot think of any other effectual cure. Do not, I beseech

you, exclaim in anger,—"Wild and monstrous scheme!" lest you tempt me to think it may be as applicable to the attachment, as it is to the singular ardour and vehemence of that which has suggested it.

I am very sorry your poor old blind friend, Madame du Deffand, *vieillit si rapidement*, as I am sure she must have a sincere regard for you. I have never suggested to any mortal the likeness I mentioned, but I can never look on his face without being struck with it. I know, too, that I am not singular in having observed it, for Tommy [Townshend] talked of it to me, as I suppose he has to many more, the day I walked up St. James's Street with him. You say you shall want my assistance, and I shall be most happy to be able to give you any, but it seems it is not till you come to England. Whenever it is, you have but to command and I will fly to you. I will suffer no scheme of pleasure to interfere with, or impede, any thing which the least exertion of my little power could effect to serve you. If I go this northern tour with Harry Hoare, I will relinquish it any time or place for a *dignus nodus*.*

Lord North got himself into a scrape about giving the Chiltern Hundreds to Lord Hyde,

* Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit : nec quarta loqui persona laboret.
HORACE, De Arte Poeticâ, v. 191.

that he might stand for Cambridge. He was handsomely roasted, as it was impossible at best but to cut a very ordinary figure in the business, after having promised that he would never do so.

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## THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Piccadilly, June 15th [1779].

Your letter, which I have just received, gives me the greatest concern. I plainly see that, if you continue where you are, your health will be irretrievably gone. You certainly cannot remain long in the situation you are in at present. You were well when you were here; you may be so again, if you would have resolution enough to leave Paris. I wish I could say anything that would make you take any care of yourself. You will ruin your health, and then all happiness is gone; and besides, you are more likely by what you are doing, to have Mie Mie sent for back to Milan, than by any thing else you can do.

Every body inquires after you, and wants to know when you are to be here; I wish I could tell them. I go to Scotland some time towards the end of July. That would be a journey that would do you a great deal of good. I can send you nothing from here that would interest you.

Carlisle and I talk very often about you, and wish you here. We are much afraid of a Spanish war. The letters from America bring good news. They are very tired of the war, and the Congress much divided. My dear George, do let me hear that you are coming to us again.

Always most affectionately yours, &c.

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THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

June 18th [1779].

MY DEAR GEORGE,

And so Spain has joined your friends? I always thought she would: we are in for it for ten years at least. We have voted unanimous addresses of lives and fortunes. We are in earnest, and shall sell ourselves very dear, whatever may be thought at Convent St. Joseph. There are many applications for raising regiments, Lord Derby, Lord Egremont, &c. I never saw less despondency, and more spirit manifested in a difficult moment, than at the present. Our common practice is to be alarmed for two or three days, and then to go to all the balls and operas, as if the country was in the greatest safety. I shall give George a red coat, and teach him very early that his life, though he has enjoyed but little of it, is his country's, and that he has no property in it,

till his country permits him to make use of it as he pleases.

Parliament will hardly rise so early as was intended. A single vote doubles the militia, and gives Government credit and money to resist every attack that may be made from any quarter. The times grow too serious; you *must* not remain where you are. Spirit and decision must govern our measures: the people are awake, and seem willing to facilitate any measures that have spirit and decision.

The Duke of Queensberry is well, and always mentions you with the greatest kindness and affection. Lady Carlisle writes to you, for, in this hurry, I was fearful I should not have time. The children are all well, and it is some consolation that, in such a moment, domestic afflictions are not added to public difficulties. Lord Sandwich had his mistress shot through the head, and yesterday Lord North lost a favourite child, which he loved with a fondness which you alone can conceive.* I am called away; God bless you, my dear George, &c.

* The Hon. Dudley North, fourth son of Lord North, was born 31 May, 1777, and died 17 June, 1779.

## THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

June 18th [1779].

MY DEAR MR. SELWYN,

So at last the Spaniards have declared against us, but I flatter myself we shall be able to withstand the united efforts of both France and Spain: when we are in earnest we are very formidable, and I think they will find us so. The Parliament is still sitting, and the Opposition say they will do anything to strengthen the hands of Government at this juncture.

I am very sorry you do not mention, in any of your letters, that you have thoughts of returning soon to England. I wish you would, for I am sure Paris cannot be agreeable to you in many respects, and, on the child's account, I think it would be better for her (as her parents wish her to remain in the Convent), that you should leave her there under the care of the Abbesse. I am confident it would be better for Mie Mie, and that I know has great weight with you. I suppose there are very few, if any English, at Paris now. The children are all very well; Caroline desires to be remembered to you, and that you will give her love to Mie Mie. *Adieu! mon très cher Monsieur Selwyn. Votre affect*te,

C. Carlisle.

## THE COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY TO GEORGE SELWYN.

June 19, 1779.

It is my sincere wish to obey your commands, my dear Mr. Selwyn, on all occasions, and also that I could by any means make up for the idleness of your other correspondents. *Mais, hélas!* they are in the midst of intelligence, and, as we have settled here these ten days, mine can only take a great round, and by that means be no longer news.

Indeed, what we hear is of a very alarming and disagreeable nature. I agree with you, that our sovereign should be pitied and reverenced, but as to his counsellors, if he has *any*, worse he could not have found, though perhaps not so tractable. My dear Mr. Selwyn, how you scouted this Spanish war (*now* declared in form), and said it was all party stories! Grieved am I to find, that Opposition have the very melancholy triumph of having all their prophecies accomplished. General Smith and the Duke of Bolton * are chosen of Almack's, the latter by Lord Ossory's interest. His Duchess came to visit me the next day. I can find out no other possible reason but out of *reconnoissance*, because *my* Lord had probably, by choos-

* Henry Paulet, sixth Duke of Bolton, died December 24, 1794, when the Dukedom became extinct. His Duchess was Katherine, daughter of Robert Lowther, Esq., and sister of James, first Earl of Lonsdale. She died in 1809.

ing him of Almack's, delivered her from many hours of his company.

As to the *fish* and flesh market, I know little of either. I have long heard, but was enjoined secrecy, of *his* * transactions with the Minister for Poland, and I understood a friend of yours and acquaintance of mine wished for the same thing, but that Fish prevailed over *Hare* in the application, though backed by *your friend of all friends.*† Don't you hate the Minister for letting *fish* prevail not only over Hares but Howards? *Fi donc, fi donc, fi donc!*

We found Lord Holland‡ in the most perfect health, vastly grown, a charming boy, and very interesting indeed *on his own account,* though, God knows, how much he is so for many other reasons! He desires to be remembered to you and your *éléve,* and so does Anne. As for Gertrude, her passion for being Duchess of Queensberry is so violent, that I think it will not hold out till a proper time. She says she should not like the Duke of Bedford near so well, *even with a star.* I expect Miss Vernon to-morrow for the summer. Lady Louisa [Fitzpatrick] is still in town with the Duchess of Bedford: how soon they come depends on events.

I hope you do not starve with cold one day, and faint with heat the next, as we do. There

* Fish Crauford. † Lord Carlisle.

† The late Lord Holland, at that time in his seventh year.

never was such a blight seen; and, though you may read in the account of the *fête*, that our gooseberries are the size of goose-eggs, yet our strawberries are hardly that of a large pin's head. In the country these are serious things, but the times are more so.

If you do not like this letter, cease to flatter. My correspondents will altogether turn my head, and I shall fancy myself a second Madame de Sévigné; God forbid my daughters should prove Mesdames de Grignan! As to my sons, *le jeune Marquis me plait assez*, and I trust nobody will excel them in any respect. The character of the eldest is too *affermi* to change, and a corrupt world cannot alter such a heart and disposition as he had, and I hear has, to my joy. I trust, before many years are past, that I shall see these pleasing accounts confirmed. Adieu!

[The *fête* alluded to by Ossory in this letter was a splendid entertainment which had taken place a few days previously, of which Walpole gives the following account, in a letter to General Conway, dated the 16th:—"The town has wound up the season perfectly in character, by a *fête* at the Pantheon, by subscription. Le Texier managed it; but it turned out sadly. The company was first shut into the galleries to look down on the supper, then suffered to descend to it. Afterwards they were led into the subter-

raneous apartment, which was laid with mould, and planted with trees, and crammed with nosegays; but the fresh earth, and the dead leaves, and the effluvia of breaths, made such a stench and moisture, that they were suffocated; and when they remounted, the legs and wings of chickens, and remnants of ham (for the supper was not removed), poisoned them more. A druid in an arbor distributed verses to the ladies; then the Baccelli, and the dancers of the opera, danced; and then danced the company; and then it being morning, and the candles burnt out, the windows were opened; and the stewed-danced assembly were such shocking figures, that they fled like ghosts as they looked. I suppose there will be no more balls unless the French land, and then we shall show we do not mind it." *]

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THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Strawberry Hill, July 5, 1779.

I TAKE the liberty, which I know you will forgive, my dear Sir, of troubling you with the enclosed, begging that you will add anything that is necessary to the direction,—as *par la Hollande,* or whatever else is requisite,—and to put it into the post as soon as you receive it.

* Letters, v. vi. p. 55.

Pray tell me, too, what is necessary to the direction, and where my maid in town must put in my future letters to Paris, that I may not trouble you any more with them. I fear they will not go so safely and regularly as in the old way, which will vex our good old friend,* who cannot bear to lose any of her stated occupations.

I have just received a present of four beautiful drawings of Grignan, which far exceed my ideas of its magnificence and charming situation. I had concluded that Madame de Sévigné, either from partiality or to please the Seigneur, had exceeded its pomps and command.† I long to show them to you and talk them over, and am glad to have anything new that may tempt you hither. Can you tell me if the Duchess of Leinster‡ still goes to Aubigny; and, if she does, when; and if she is in London? I shall be

* Madame du Deffand.

† Walpole writes to the Hon. George Hardinge, on the 4th,—"I have now received the drawings of Grignan, and know not how to express my satisfaction and gratitude but by a silly witticism, that is like the studied quaintness of the last age. In short, they are so much more beautiful than I expected, that I am *not* surprised at *your* having surprised me by exceeding even what I expected from your well-known kindness to me; they are charmingly executed, and with great taste. I own, too, that Grignan is grander, and in a much finer situation, than I had imagined; as I concluded that the witchery of Madame de Sévigné's ideas and style had spread the same leaf-gold over *places* with which she gilded her *friends*."—Letters, v. vi. p. 66.

‡ See ante, June 3, 1779.

much obliged to you for a true account of Lord Bolingbroke.* It is not common curiosity that makes me anxious, though not particularly interested about him, nor is he *the husband* I most wish dead.

Yours most sincerely,

H. W.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

July 10 [1779].

DEAR SIR,

I WISH much to know that you all got safe and well to Matson, and that Mie Mie rejoices to find herself in a place she has before been happy in, and I doubt not will be so for many years to come.

No news. You heard, I suppose, before you went, that Sir Charles Hardy† had come back to Torbay for reinforcement, and that there was a report of good news from India; also, that a considerable number of French merchantmen had been driven upon their own shore by one of our men-of-war.

I called at the Duke of Queensberry's this

* Frederick, second Viscount Bolingbroke, Selwyn's early friend. He survived till May 5, 1787.

† Admiral Sir Charles Hardy had succeeded Admiral Keppel in the command of the Channel fleet.

morning. He is not come back from Newmarket yet.

Did you ever see in the whole world anything like the luck of the Burrells. Peter [Burrell] gets 8000*l.* by the death of the Duke of Ancaster, and I suppose will soon be a peer and Lord Great Chamberlain.

Those who loved Lord Bolingbroke must have grieved, I imagine, more for his frightful illness than his death. I am going to Phil. Crespigny's in Surrey, and running round to pay some very short visits, that I may pay you a long one.

[Robert Bertie, fourth Duke of Ancaster, whose death is referred to in this letter, died on the 8th of this month, when the barony of Willoughby D'Eresby fell into abeyance between his two sisters, and the Lord Great Chamberlainship (which was hereditary in the family) devolved jointly between them. The eldest sister, Lady Priscilla, had married, on the 23rd of February preceding, Peter Burrell, Esq., who was subsequently knighted in order to enable him to execute the office of Lord Great Chamberlain by deputy; the twelve judges deciding that being a dignity *in fee*, it could be executed by no person of lower degree. The fact, however, is remarkable, that though it was thought quite sufficient to knight a Mr. Burrell, to render him eligible to execute this high office; yet that the

tenth Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, in the reign of Charles the First, was purposely advanced to the earldom of Lindsey, because, while holding a rank in the peerage inferior to that of an Earl, he was thought ineligible to fill the office. The preamble to Lord Lindsey's patent observes, that "the place in the earliest times was enjoyed by no person under the degree of an Earl." Mr. Burrell was created Baron Gwydir in 1796, and died June 29, 1820.]

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### THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

July 12 [1779].

Why, dear sir, what's the matter?—who's afraid?—I have not yet been able to learn what this affair is, the woman not being at home; but I am sure it can be nothing to alarm you, from all the circumstances,—the complexion of the letter, the complexion of the house, and a poor widow with two children naked, but for dirt. 'Tis some begging affair, I dare say. It has no face of fear, but whatever face it has, thank God, we can look upon it; ay and steadily.

Here's my hand, such an one as it is, but it is all I have; and I will forfeit it if ever you shall be obliged to give up that child, or even be driven to any straight about it.

I cannot add another syllable. You may be sure

I have neglected nothing upon such interesting matter; but the history why I had not your letters till my coming to town to-day, must be deferred till to-morrow. I am afraid the bell-man is gone, and that I must run to Lombard Street.

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### THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Beaucaire.

SIR,

I HAVE calculated by what you mention of your dispositions, in your last obliging letter, that, by the time you receive this, you will be commencing your journey to Castle Howard. Being now a country-lady, I trust you will expect nothing from me but gratitude, which, indeed, you have a very good title to, for all the amusement your last afforded me.

Since I last wrote to you, I have made an excursion to Avignon, which gave me great pleasure, and which, having some agreeable acquaintances there, I should often repeat, but for the uncomfortable and often hazardous passage of the Durance, which is partly performed by a ferry, and partly by an abominable ford. I am charmed with the situation of the town, which still fills our ideas with its former magnificence. We saw the great procession on the *Fête Dieu*, and had

a number of invitations which we could not accept. We were, however, in society with three or four as agreeable people as I have ever met, and particularly with some persons who were descendants from Laura. You may be sure I did not omit to see her tomb, which is in an obscure corner, and famous chiefly for the veneration of Francis the First for it, and his verses in her praise. There is also a tomb at the Dominicans of a Mountjoye, with a dog at his feet, which I am sure you would admire. If I thought you were now with Lord Carlisle, I should not hazard these observations, when he has probably made them with more accuracy.

The weather has been excessively fine, but extremely hot. Lately, however, we have had violent winds ; insomuch, that for several days I have found it impossible to walk. This, I am told, is the most satisfactory event for a country that would otherwise be burnt up by the sun, and covered with gnats. Since my return I have been greatly occupied in seeking for a house for Mr. and Mrs. Howard, who have had a thousand disappointments in their pursuit. Luckily, however, the owner of a most excellent one is willing to let it during his and his wife's being detained by some business at Paris. They are charmed with their habitation, which looks on the Rhone, as well as the bridge of boats, and the town and castle of Beaucaire ; and you may be sure that I am charmed with it too, as

it procures me the society of persons whom I love, and whom I have been so long accustomed to. However, though our distance from one another is very small, we have a little obstacle in this sort of weather, in consequence of living on different sides of the river, which is here of great breadth. The snows which came down in the spring and winter have greatly injured the old bridge, and the passage over the temporary one is very ugly for carriages, where the horses are of unquiet tempers. In one part there is an immense stone causeway, without any sides to it, and, as it is astonishing what power the wind has on this bridge, it has occasioned many accidents.

The mornings and evenings of the hot days have indeed been very charming. I keep most excellent hours, and find I am much improved by them; indeed, I must be absolutely out of the world in England to be well. If I can find any merchant that will convey it safe, I will send you a little oil in company with what I shall send to Lord Carlisle. The seasons of late years have been very unfavourable to it, and have much increased its price, but there is still good to be had, and if I can get it, it shall go to England. I have only time to say that I am,

Your very faithful, humble Servant,

I. Carlisle.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

July 13, 1779.

As I thought, dear sir,—nothing to be alarmed at. I have seen this woman, and got enough of her story for our purpose. She is a Milanese; something about the style of an abigail; calls herself a widow; has been here fifteen months—upon what errand I could not learn; has lived very retired; and talks no English, but a passable François. Her letter was a letter of curiosity from some friend at Milan to know if you had brought the child to England, *parcequ'il seroit bien étonnant.* I told her that you had brought her, and explained to her that it was not at all *étonnant,* for that you had a formal permission from the father that you would by and by replace her *à son couvent,* which she thought all very natural and very right.

She wished much to see the child, and lamented that you were *en province;* and I lamented too, as I was sure, I said, you would have been charmed to gratify her with a sight of her, and said everything that was civil to put her in good humour with you and yours. I praised her children, her beauty, and her air; she was born, she says, on the same day with our Madame la Marquise, whom she says she knows; but she appears younger, and is a well-looking thing enough. The letter was not

from any of the family, she said, and that speaks for itself; but from a friend at Milan, who had no motive but curiosity; and that also seemed to speak for itself. We talked all the family over, and I endeavoured to have something handsome to say of each member of it. She talks of returning soon, and affected mystery about her own affairs. Garnier, I said, was a French name, and she acknowledged it to be a *nom de voyage.* I wished I might know her true name? *Ca se pourroit, mais pas d present.*

I was with her above an hour. She could not show me the letter, as it was with Cataneo, the man for whom you brought a letter from Milan. Where was Cataneo to be heard of?—At Diardo's.—I went thither. Cataneo is just upon the point of leaving England, and had taken leave. I wrote a note desiring to see him, which I begged they would send to the places where he might be likely to be met, with which they promised to comply. I hope, sir, this is enough to allay any perturbation of spirit.

Many a man takes up with worse than Madame Louise Garnier. Her head was dressed decently and prettily; she is fair, with tolerable good features; very white and good teeth, and a very red and glib tongue; in a white jacket of *déshabille,* pretty clean, without stays, but pinned tight round. She came to me from her bed-room, and, in her haste not to make me wait, came without stockings, as I discovered by accident under the table after she had been some time in the room, and then

discovered such a piece of skin, as inclined me to wish to know if it held its colour throughout. But I contented myself with offering my services, and kissing her hand at parting with more respect than fervour.

I was afterwards half an hour with his Grace the Duke of Queensberry, but said nothing of this matter, as I should not if you had not warned me, nor did not mean to say anything relating to the subject. However, he introduced it with expressions of a seemingly very sincere pleasure that you had regained your treasure, and he too is of opinion that you will now be able to keep it. No news to-day. If there should be any to-morrow I will send it, and to-morrow se'nnight I hope to have the pleasure of dining with you.

I forgot to ask the Duke to-day if Lord Bolingbroke was dead. The papers all killed him on Saturday, but one of them contradicts it this morning.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

July 15 [1779].

DEAR SIR,

As you (who are a centurion, having an hundred men under you, and say to this man, go, and he goeth) find trouble in changing place, what must such a little *isolé* mortal as I do, who

have the faculty too of leaving everything to the last moment? I shall hardly get any sleep to-night, meaning to set out to-morrow morning. I must stay two or three days with my uncle in Berkshire.

I received your letter to-day, and am happy to find that Mie Mie rejoices in Matson, as I did not doubt she would. The bad news from America, they say on all hands, is not true; but I am afraid there is bad news from Russia, and that they will be against us. But it will be time enough to talk of this in the shades of Matson. Advices from the country say it is hot, but here we have always a shady side of the way. We have generally, too, a draught of air through the streets, and a never-failing rill of gurgling, though not the most limpid, water, down the city hills. But to my comfort, however hot I may be, I am prepared with a white hat *à la Gernettana*, and with special spirits, as I am coming to find you, the very reverse of what you were at Gernetto, happy. May you ever be so!

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THE COUNTESS OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

July 19th [1779].

MY DEAR SIR,

We are to set off this afternoon to Castle Howard, and as Lord Carlisle is very much hur-

ried, he has desired me just to write two or three lines to you, to let you know he resigned his stick last Friday, and has great reason to be satisfied with the King's conduct upon that occasion: he will write to you more fully, immediately on his arrival at Castle Howard.

I hope Mie Mie and you had a pleasant journey. I know of no news, except the Duchess of Leinster and Mrs. Damer being taken, which I suppose you have heard. I am, my dear Mr. Selwyn, your affectionate friend,

C. Carlisle.

[The packet, in which the Duchess of Leinster and Mrs. Damer were crossing from Dover to Ostend, had been taken by a French frigate, after a running fight of several hours. Horace Walpole writes to the Countess of Ailesbury,—"I am not at all surprised, my dear Madam, at the intrepidity of Mrs. Damer; she always was the heroic daughter of a hero. Her sense and coolness never forsake her. I, who am not so firm, shuddered at your ladyship's account. Now, that she has stood fire for four hours, I hope she will give us clear proofs of her understanding, of which I have as high opinion as of her courage, and not return in any danger."* The Hon. Mrs. Damer, so well-known for her works of art, was the daughter of the celebrated Marshal Conway,

* Letters, vol. vi., p. 61.

brother of Francis Earl of Hertford, by Lady Caroline Campbell, daughter of John, third Duke of Argyle, and widow of Charles Bruce, Earl of Ailesbury.]

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### THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Castle Howard, July 23rd, 1779.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

We arrived all safe at this place on Wednesday evening. The post brought no news this morning; no victory, no defeat, no invasion. Every thing I have mentioned is more likely to happen than that Lord North should do the only thing he ought to do, in his situation, viz., to make his administration stronger while there is a tranquil moment, and not stay till the storm is so loud, that every body will be thinking of their personal, more than of the general safety, which would not be the case if Government were strong.

But all this is so obvious that it is not worth talking about. How is Mie Mie? How do your pastoral amusements agree with you? Do you sit *sub tegmine fagi?* Don't you often qualify your rural innocence and temperance with some red wine with your Gloucester friends and country parsons? I congratulate you upon the scarcity of apples, for the less the quantity of cyder, the less you will be annoyed by your parsons and aldermen.

Since the resignation of my wand you have received Lady Carlisle's letter, who told you the King's professions were satisfactory. They were very warm and flattering, but I had rather talk to you than write to you upon this subject. All the children are well, and we found little Louise very fat and lively. I want to look about me, so God bless you, and believe me to be yours, &c.

P.S. I was assured by a person, who said they knew it to be so, that the Duke of Queensberry had three times proposed to Miss Vanneck,* and had been refused. That he should propose to a large woman is not at all extraordinary, but that the tall lady should refuse him is extremely so.

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## THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Beaucaire, 29th July.

SIR,

About a fortnight since, I had the pleasure of receiving your obliging letter of the 3rd of July, and I calculate that this will find you agreeably established at your favourite place, and in your favourite society at Castle Howard.

I fear, if it should be half as hot as it is here

* Probably Gertrude, daughter of Sir Joshua Vanneck, Bart., and sister of Joshua, first Baron Huntingfield. She died in 1798.

at present, that it will be too warm for Lady Carlisle; but, by some accounts I have had from other parts of Yorkshire, the autumn till lately must have been of a different kind from that of Languedoc, of which even the natives complain this season, and particularly at Toulouse, where the heat never was known to be so great. In regard to my health, I have no fault to find with its effects, as I am much better, and am even able to eat ice, and to live on salad, which in England I was deterred from doing. I must confess, however, that it has a great influence on my activity, as I find even to commence writing a letter an exertion. I write, even now, almost in the dark, as it is impossible to admit light without heat, into the apartment. Still, this inconvenience belongs only to the morning, for the evenings, from seven, are delightful.

Our fair is just over. The addition of an hundred thousand people every day has not a little added to the heat, or rather suffocation, but it afforded me a most agreeable spectacle for the time, and I am very glad to have seen it. The Rhone covered with vessels; the bridge with passengers; the vast meadow filled with booths, in the manner of the race-ground at York; and the inns crowded with merchants and merchandize, was very entertaining, although it was impossible, after seven in the morning, to bear the streets. The kind of things the fair produced were not

such as you would have approved of for Lady Carlisle. The only thing I liked was a set of ornamented perfumed baskets for a toilet, which were indeed very pretty, but which it would have been impossible for me to have got over. The fair, indeed, seems more calculated for merchants than for idle travellers; no *bijouterie*, no *argenterie;* no nick-nacks, or china. For about thirty shillings, however, one can buy a very pretty silk dress, with the trimmings to it; muslins also are very cheap; painted silks beautiful; and scents, *pommades*, and liqueurs, very cheap.

Julia passed her time very agreeably. We used to assemble every evening on the prairie, where we were fenced off by plants from the populace, and had a good guard in the officers of the regiment who are here. We had afterwards the prettiest ball in the world. The people of Languedoc are naturally good dancers, and there are a vast many women of fashion belonging to the towns of Tarascon and Beaucaire. These being well dressed, together with the finest view you can imagine, and good music, made at night a most pleasing scene, and we afterwards went home to supper with an agreeable party. The ladies having taken off their finery, and put on their light *déshabilles*, we all returned to the prairie, where they resumed their dancing, which continued by the brightest of moons till twelve o'clock. We were very luckily situated for these amusements, being close to the prairie,

and on the right side of the river Rhone; while those who were lodged at Tarascon found considerable difficulty in passing the bridge, and Mrs. Howard, though in sight of her own house, finding it impossible to return, was compelled to pass one night at Beaucaire.

Owing to the heat, and to these amusements, I have been obliged to defer my little expedition to Montpelier till the end of August, as there is at present no attempting even the shortest journey. For the same reasons, I cannot fix my departure for England till after that time. I wrote both to Lord and Lady Carlisle some time since, but letters pass but ill between this place and England, for what reasons I cannot tell. Yours I never miss, nor Lady Anne's of late, though I formerly lost several of hers, which was a great disappointment to me, as you both give me more intelligence than all the rest of my correspondents.

I have formed an acquaintance with Madame de Claudonnet, whom you may possibly know, and who has been extremely obliging to me. Her husband was in England with Monsieur de Guerchy, and is just named, by the present ministry, Plenipotentiary to the Duke of Wirtemberg. He lives in the house of Madame de Guerchy. We have also met with great *politesse* from the officers of a Corsican regiment who are quartered at Tarascon. Colonel Bertafoco is one of the most sensible men I have ever met with. He keeps an excellent

table, and makes his house very agreeable to everybody. We see him, and some of his officers every day, who make up either a dance or a party at whist or Berlan. I am also soon to go to the chateau de Montfrain, the mistress of which is a very pretty woman, and her husband a very agreeable old man. I am, sir, your very faithful, obedient servant,

I. CARLISLE.

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THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Castle Howard, August 6th, 1779.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

So we have lost St. Vincent!* Don't you tremble for poor Barbadoes?† or do you tremble for nothing but the Italian mail? I should hope you had weathered that storm, and that nothing was gathering in any quarter to ruffle the calm of Matson.

We have bad weather, and continual rain, which distresses us both as gardeners and farmers. I suppose you are walking about your garden, miscalling

* The island of St. Vincent, defended only by a weak English garrison, had fallen an easy prey, in the month of June, to the French naval force under D'Estaing. It was restored to England in 1783.

† George Selwyn was Registrar of the Court of Chancery in the island of Barbadoes.

every plant and flower, nick-naming God's handy works, and taking more liberties with them than Adam himself did when he was christening them all. The old Fish is not to be appeased because Hare goes to Warsaw, though his brother is to go to the higher court, Ratisbon. If Hare had been appointed to the latter, we should have heard of nothing but Lord North's ill-usage of him and his brother. If Lord North is persuaded to give him the next unreasonable thing he demands, which I daresay he will, it should be, if I were the Minister, upon condition that he never crossed the Tweed again to England.

I dined the other day with Sir William St. Quintin, and thought of you, for his place would enchant you. It is situated in a dead flat, which, in spite of your Gloucester hills, I know you love. The soil is a dry sand, kept like a Dutch villa; such water, such angling, such perch and tench: whenever you voyage to Siberia again, I'll take care to shew it you. Yours, &c.

P.S. Little Louise is neither pretty nor otherwise, and has one fault, which is no fault at a more advanced time of day, silence. She is backward in eloquence, but the others talk for her, and, when together, make a noise that cannot be conceived.

MRS. CRAWFORD TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Basset Down, 13th August [1779].

DEAR SIR,

I HOPE Mr. Crawford assured you on my part, that I was very sincerely glad to hear of your safe arrival in England, and of that of my dear little friend Mie Mie's. I wish very much to know how you do, and hope to hear the dear little girl is quite strong and healthy. Pray, tell her I shall be very sorry if she has forgotten me, and assure her she was always a great favourite of mine. Her little friend, Maria, thinks of her, with great affection.

I have, by this post, troubled you with twelve covers, which I beg you will be so obliging as to direct, six for Alexander Crawford, Esq., and six for me, all at Basset Down, near Wootton Basset, Wilts. I hope you will excuse this trouble, and let me have the pleasure of hearing from you. I am, dear sir, your most obedient servant,

JANE CRAWFORD.

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CHARLES TOWNSHEND, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

St. James's Place, 17th August, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED your kind letter when I was at Frognal, or else I should have answered it sooner:

I am much obliged to you for your good offices, but can determine nothing yet. We are in a very critical situation, for we expect to hear of a general action between the two fleets every day. Sir Jacob Wheate * arrived last night from Falmouth, with an account that the "Marlborough," going to join Sir C. Hardy, fell in last Saturday with the combined fleets of France and Spain, and was driven into port.

I shall write to you again to-morrow, and hope to give you better news. Yours most affectionately,

C. Townshend.

[It was not the "Marlborough" which was "driven into port," as stated in this letter, but the "Ardent." Both these vessels, in coming out of Plymouth to reinforce the squadron under Sir Charles Hardy, mistook the French and Spanish fleet for that of their own country. The "Marlborough" by good management escaped, but the "Ardent" fell into the hands of the enemy, within sight of Plymouth. Captain Boteler, who commanded her, was subsequently tried by a court-martial, and dismissed the service. It may be remarked that the French and Spanish fleet, amounting to sixty-six sail-of-the-line, under the command of Monsieur d'Orvilliers, was at this period running up Channel in pursuit of the English fleet under Sir Charles Hardy, amount-

* Sir Jacob Wheate, Bart., of Leachdale, in Gloucestershire, was at this period one of the lieutenants of the "Marlborough" ship-of-war.

ing only to forty-five sail-of-the-line. The near approach of so large an hostile force to our own shores caused a considerable alarm in England. The panic, however, lasted but a short time. After cruizing for some days off the Land's End, D'Orvilliers, dreading the effects of the equinoctial gales, which were now approaching, withdrew the vast armament under his command into harbour at Brest, where it remained useless and inactive. On board the Spanish ships three thousand seamen were swept away by disease, and the mortality among the French is said to have been even more formidable. In the meantime the English cruizers and frigates swept the seas, and by the capture of Spanish merchantmen, treasure-ships, frigates, and a variety of craft of all classes, poured considerable wealth into England, and dealt a blow to Spain almost as important in its results as the destruction of her "Invincible Armada."]

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CHARLES TOWNSHEND, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

St. James's Place, 18th August [1779].

DEAR SIR,

THE Spanish and French fleets were seen off Falmouth last Monday. We do not seem to be frightened here, but look upon the approaching engagement, which everybody expects, with great

satisfaction. It is reported that the East India fleet is safely arrived at Cork.

I cannot think of going so far from London as to make you a visit, as the business of my office keeps me in town during these reports. When they subside, I shall be at leisure to think of having that pleasure, but at present I must stay here. Your kind invitation to my father deserves my warmest acknowledgments, but I do not choose to alarm him yet, until there is an absolute necessity. I will write to you every day, but as you know that I have many letters to write upon the same subject, you will excuse me for concluding with my strong assurances that I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately,

CHAS. TOWNSHEND.

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THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Castle Howard, August 20th [1779].

DEAR GEORGE,

I WOULD not write to you till either the cause of an alarm we have had was subsided or confirmed. Thank God! all apprehension has ceased, and little George, who was the occasion of our fears, is, to all appearance, perfectly well. This day se'nnight, in the evening, he got a bad fall by a dog running against him as we were walking in the park; pitched

upon his head, and lay motionless upon the road. It was not a great distance from the inn where he had this accident, to which place I ran with him in my arms. The symptoms at first were very disagreeable, the brain being undoubtedly affected. He was brought home as soon as possible, but the stupor continued for some time, and he had vomitings, which are the too sure indications of their having been some commotion of the brain. Blood was taken from him, and proper medicines given him, and in the morning there were no remains of any bad symptoms; his appetite and digestion continuing from that time perfect.

My fears were not solely confined to him, for Lady Carlisle being present, and with child, you will suppose I had some uneasy sensations on her account. But she behaved, as she always does, with more composed courage in trying situations than anybody I ever saw, and I flatter myself the worst of this business is over.

Lady Anne * is with us, and we expect Lady Derby to-day. The Ekins' come to us next week, if the French don't interrupt their visit. Lady Carlisle desires her love to you. I am, my dear George, yours most affectionately and sincerely,

CARLISLE.

* Lady Anne Howard, Lord Carlisle's sister. See ante, September 5, 1777.

CHARLES TOWNSHEND, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

London, 20th August [1779].

DEAR SIR,

I WRITE to-night to fulfil my promise without having anything to say. Some report that the French and Spanish fleets have stood out to sea; others that the "Ardent" is taken in her attempt to join Sir C. Hardy; but so many contradictory reports are given every hour, that we can depend upon nothing. When anything material happens, you may be sure of hearing from, dear sir, yours most affectionately,

CHAS. TOWNSHEND.

[No blacker cloud ever lowered over the political horizon of England than at this period. An inert and incompetent Administration at home; the people despondent, clamorous, and discontented; Ireland almost in a state of rebellion; the intelligence of renewed disasters, and fresh disgraces, arriving daily from America; the French and Spanish fleets riding triumphantly in the British Channel; the great dockyard at Plymouth lying at their mercy, and escaping destruction only from a want of enterprize, or intelligence, on the part of our enemies; our arsenals miserably deficient in military stores; our only disposable naval force, under Sir Charles

Hardy, cruizing supinely in the Atlantic; our West India Islands falling one after the other into the hands of the French:—such was the dangerous and discreditable position of England in the autumn of 1779; a position which she owed to the incapacity of Lord North, and the obstinacy of George the Third; the former, it is true, the most amiable of men, and the latter, perhaps, the most virtuous and well-intentioned monarch that has ever worn a crown: both, however, alike unsuited to rule the destinies of a great empire, during one of the most important epochs in her history.]

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FRANCIS GREGG, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Skinners' Hall, 21st August [1779].

DEAR SIR,

No doubt you have heard how much they have been alarmed with the accident Lord Morpeth met with. The dear little fellow was running full speed, when a little dog tripped him up, and he fell on his temple; he was quite insensible for many minutes. The accident happened near the New Inn, where Lord Carlisle carried him in his arms, and sent for the surgeon from Malton. He was bled at eleven at night, and a letter I have had from thence on Tuesday, pronounces him better.

The whole town is now, and has been for many days past, in great consternation, from the circumstance of the combined fleets of France and

Spain having been off Plymouth ever since Sunday last. Sir Charles Hardy has not been heard of since the 12th, when he was off Scilly. He is supposed to be gone to the westward, and if so, the wind having been at north-east the whole week, we have been left in the most defenceless state, and have had reason to expect attacks, descents, invasions, bombardments, and every horrid name that can be thought of. The enemy's fleet lay off Ram Head, extending in a line of battle towards Portland : they are near an hundred sail, of which sixty are said to be of the line. As you may suppose they came here with an intention to fight, you may expect to hear of a most bloody engagement as soon as the wind is fair.

We have had an account yesterday of the loss of the "Ardent." She was coming into Plymouth with some smaller vessels, and might not know the enemy was there, when she was attacked by two French frigates, which she beat off. They were supported by a 74-gun ship, which shared the same fate; but upon three more 74-gun ships joining in the attack (after an engagement, it is said, of an hour-and-a-half), she struck, but was quite a wreck first. What a glorious example of bravery! I think it must damp the Monsieurs and Dons. Let every ship in Hardy's fleet behave as well, and old England must be victorious. I am, dear sir, with much respect, your most obedient servant,

FRANCIS GREGG.

## CHARLES TOWNSHEND, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

London, 23rd August [1779].

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just received your kind letter, and am going down to Frognall, from whence I shall return on Wednesday morning. An express arrived yesterday with an account that the enemy's fleet quitted its station, and steered to the westward. This is all I know. When I hear more I will write again. Yours, most affectionately,

CHAS. TOWNSHEND.

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## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO MADEMOISELLE FAGNIANI.

THE morn that gave to Mie Mie birth,
Provokes the dullest son of earth,
Provokes a snail, prosaic creature!
To try for once to crawl in metre,
Her rising virtues to salute,
And wish the blossom into fruit.
Sure that his effort can't offend
His fair, good-humoured, little friend:
Who praised him erst, by candour's rule,
Playing for her, as now, the fool.
Of summer suns but eight have passed,
Since you came down, in erring haste,
Relinquishing your native skies,
To bless us in a mortal guise;

And if on earth you choose to range,
Though we must own your taste is strange,
May you, without corroding cares,
'Bove ten times eight prolong your years!
How, my dear friend, shall this be done?—
Proceed but as you have begun.
Good-humour show to every creature;
Good-humour in each word and feature.
Good-humour brings the calm repose;
Good-humour joy and health bestows;
Good-humour is the balm of life;
Its bane is envy, pride, and strife.
See your best friend! how light he bears
That load, too many, threescore years!
See how he takes in Morpheus' lap,
His morning, noon, and evening's nap.
Now scarcely waking to his wine,
Or scarcely waking e'en to dine.
But ever still alive and free,
Called on by friendship or by thee.
What but good-humour brings this rest,
Speaking the gall-less, tranquil breast?
The oracle, your snail, shall speak,
More sure than Calchas gave in Greek;
Fix in your tender memory deep,
*Who hatred breeds, shall murder sleep.*
Good-humour, with a length of days,
Their highest pleasure too conveys.
The sense we have of other's love,
Excels all joys but those above.
This happy lot good-humour gives,
That wondrous charm, which ever lives.
While rosy tints and sparkling eyes,
And every meaner beauty dies;
Its blest effects are constant seen,
In sweet Louisa's cheerful mien;
In the mild precepts of your guide,
Guarding your steps from painful pride;

In her the Glo'ster Graces please,
In Barry, Woodcock, Bradshaw's ease.
'Tis in effect, my lovely friend,
More than the charm that ne'er shall end;
For by its mystic power 's impressed
The brightest lustre on the rest:
As beauty, learning, wit, and birth,
Without this charm, are little worth;
Are but a row of cyphers fair,
Which of themselves no sum declare;
The figure at their head's the soul,
And stamps a value on the whole.
The crawling preachment here expressed,
Puts your good-humour to the test.
But as I know 'tis very stout,
I'm sure I shall not wear it out;
And, as a proof, you will not fail,
Each morn to evocate your snail,
By potent spell of sprightly voice,
And make your loving snail rejoice;
Rejoice to find you never cross come,
Or to, or from his neighbour Goscomb.

[23rd August, 1779.]

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## LADY ANNE HOWARD TO GEORGE SELWYN.

[Lady Anne Howard was the eldest daughter of Henry, fourth Earl of Carlisle, and sister to George Selwyn's friend. She was one of the Ladies of the Bedchamber to the Princess Amelia, aunt to George the Third.]

Gunnersbury, Sunday night.

I THINK myself much obliged to you, Mr. Selwyn, for the trouble you have been so good

as to take for me. I was quite concerned that it was not in my power to answer your obliging letter yesterday morning; but I was just then writing to the Prince of Mecklenburgh, which I knew would have the honour of being perused by the Queen; and being in French, made me cautious how I wrote it.

I have not heard from my brother since he went. I am doing an opera waistcoat for him, which I flatter myself will be a great beauty. I go out of waiting next Saturday, and go into Hertfordshire on Sunday. When I come to settle, I hope, Mr. Selwyn, you will do me the favour to call upon me. My time will be determined by Her Royal Highness. In the meantime, I beg to be esteemed by you, sir, with great regard,

Your most obedient, devoted, humble servant,

ANNE HOWARD.

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CHARLES TOWNSHEND, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

St. James's Place, 26 August [1779].

DEAR SIR,

THE "Thetis" is removed from Lisbon. She sailed through Sir C. Hardy's fleet, which was twenty leagues to the south-west of Scilly. The "Marlborough" and "Ramillies" have certainly joined the fleet, which now consists of thirty-seven sail-of-the-line. The combined fleet of France and

Spain is much superior, but its exact strength is not known.

Sir H. Bridgeman* is just returned from France. The French officers laugh at their own manifesto as full of lies, but say that they intend to force us to make a peace upon their own terms. It depends upon the event of a sea engagement whether there will be an invasion. The "Ardent" is certainly taken. In the midst of all these dangers the Ministry are fast asleep, or diverting themselves as if nothing had happened. Present my best respects to all with you, and believe me to be, dear sir, yours most affectionately,

CHAS. TOWNSHEND.

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CHARLES TOWNSHEND, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

London, 1 September [1779].

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE no news except that the "Kite" cutter is just come in, and left the two fleets, eleven leagues asunder, off Scilly. A captain in the Royal Americans is taken up for a spy. My father and sister are gone to Pepperharrow. A journey to Matson is too great an undertaking for him. I have but just time for the post.

Yours most affectionately,

CHAS. TOWNSHEND.

* Sir Henry Bridgeman, Bart., created Baron Bradford in 1794, was born in 1725, and died on the 5th of June, 1800.

CHARLES TOWNSHEND, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

St. James's Place, 2 September [1779].

DEAR SIR,

Sir C. Hardy is off Plymouth. The advantage of his present situation is, that he will receive a reinforcement of three ships-of-the-line, and can, in case of an action, send his crippled ships into Plymouth. I much doubt whether there will be any engagement, as both parties seem to have avoided it. Many people, however, who know better than I do, assert that there will be one.

Lord President * still continues at Trentham. Lord Grantham † is talked of for Secretary of State. So much for news. My father and sister are at Pepperharrow, and propose to return to Frognal next Monday. Present my best compliments to all my friends at Matson, and believe me to be, dear sir, yours most affectionately,

Chas. Townshend.

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THE REV. JEFFERY EKINS TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Castle Howard, September 4th, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I very gladly embrace the occasion which Lord Carlisle gives me of telling you that Lord

* Lord Gower. † See ante, October 31, 1771.

Morpeth continues perfectly well, and that Lady Carlisle, who miscarried in consequence of her fright, is as well as can be wished after such an accident. Our present party here consists of Lady Anne Howard, Mr. Storer, and Mrs. Ekins and my daughter. The latter, who is under thirteen years of age, is equally surprised and delighted with all the fine things she sees here, and happy in the kind notice that is taken of her. Mr. and Mrs. Hatsell accompanied us from Sedgefield, and left Castle Howard on Wednesday. Lady Derby went yesterday into Scotland, and Mr. Boothby left us this morning. We mean to stay till Lord and Lady Carlisle go into the south.

I hope you have every satisfaction you can wish in your young *élève*, and congratulate you upon having her so immediately under your protection. Storer desires me to say that if he had known you wished to hear from him, he would certainly have written from London. You will probably hear from him from hence. Lord Carlisle is at present with Lady Carlisle, which is the reason of my giving you this trouble, and prevents your having the pleasure of hearing from him. I am, with great truth and respect, dear sir,

Your obliged and obedient servant,

JEFF. EKINS.

CHARLES TOWNSHEND, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

St. James's Place, 4 September, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I CAN send you no news upon which you can depend, except that Sir C. Hardy is safe at anchor at Spithead. I cannot tell where the French fleet are, or what they intend to do. Lord Sandwich * is gone down to Portsmouth. The nursery-man at Knightsbridge, whom you mention, is one Williamson. I am, dear sir, yours most affectionately,

CHAS. TOWNSHEND.

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ALEXANDER CRAUFORD, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Drumlanrig, 8 Septr. 1779.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE Duke of Queensberry desires me to write to you, and to assure you that he regrets having been prevented for some time past from having the pleasure of corresponding with you himself. He has been engaged in a great variety of business, and what is most material for you to know, he has preserved his health and spirits surprisingly.

When the Duke came into this country, he found that there had been two very ineffectual meetings

* First Lord of the Admiralty.

of the gentlemen of the county, called together for the purpose of supporting Government as far as their abilities would admit; but, like most other assemblies of that kind, they broke up without determining on anything. Soon after his arrival he had a meeting of the county again called, and laid before them, in a very masterly manner, a proposal, in which he was seconded by Lord Stormont, and carried it unanimously. Upon this a subscription was opened, to which the Duke put down his name for three hundred pounds, and Lord Stormont * put down his for one hundred, and all the gentlemen belonging to the county, who were present, subscribed handsomely. The meeting was said to be fuller than any they had had in the county for a long time; and so great is the ardour of the people to sign the association paper, which I enclose, that there are above four hundred who have already put their names to it. By far the greater number are the Duke's tenants, and it seemed to be the opinion of the gentlemen in general, that he might get a thousand people to follow him whithersoever he might think it necessary to lead them. The result of the meeting, and the proposal as it now stands, are sent up to

* David, seventh Viscount Stormont. He was born in 1727, appointed Ambassador to Saxony and Poland in 1755; to Vienna in 1763; and to Paris in 1772. In 1779 he was appointed Secretary of State; in 1782 President of Council, and again in 1794. He succeeded his uncle, as second Earl of Mansfield, in 1793, and died September 1, 1796, at the age of sixty-eight.

town to be laid before the King, and his Majesty's answer is expected next week.

I have given you a pretty full account of this business, as I know it will give you pleasure to be informed of how much consequence your friend is in his own country. Let me beg of you to write to me by the return of the post, and inform me particularly how you are; how dear Mie Mie is; and whether you continue to enjoy your own place. I am, with the greatest regard, my dear sir,

Your most affectionate and obedient servant,

ALEXANDER CRAUFORD.

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CHARLES TOWNSHEND, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

London, 9th September [1779].

DEAR SIR,

I WAS not in town when the news came from the West Indies; but it is so bad, that you had it time enough by the papers. Barrington * and Sawyer are just arrived. We shall know from them the particulars.

Lady Cornwallis is in great anxiety for her son.

* Samuel, fifth son of John, first Viscount Barrington. He was at this period a Rear Admiral of the White, and in the preceding January had been superseded by Admiral Byron in the naval command in the West Indies. He died at Bath on the 16th of August, 1800.

His ship is missing, and is supposed to have gone to Jamaica.* Yours sincerely,

CHARLES TOWNSHEND.

P.S. The Lion is the only missing ship. I will write again when I hear more.

[By the "bad news from the West Indies," referred to in this letter, the writer evidently alludes to the unsatisfactory naval engagement fought on the 6th of July, between Admiral Byron and Count d'Estaing. Though superior in force, the latter sedulously avoided coming to a close action, and notwithstanding the exertions of Byron to make the battle general, a loose and irregular engagement was the only result of the day. Night separated the combatants, and the following morning the French fleet was nowhere to be seen.]

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ANTHONY MORRIS STORER, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Castle Howard, Sept. 10th, 1779.

DEAR GEORGE,

I INTENDED, from the time of your leaving town, to pay you a visit in the course of the summer, and accordingly I shall look in upon you at Matson in my way, or rather out of my way, to London.

* William, afterwards the celebrated Admiral Cornwallis, was at this period in command of the "Lion," forming part of Admiral Byron's squadron. He died in 1819.

How I am to get from York to Gloucester I do not know. It will be a Pindaric flight, but I am resolved upon my expedition, and therefore shall endeavour to execute it. I think you will see me about the 20th of this month: Carlisle wishes me to stay, and go to town when he goes to Boothby's in Norfolk, but as that is incompatible with the *voyage de Matson*, I shall not listen to his Lordship's proposals.

We have received very bad news to-day concerning our fleets; but I believe the less you and I think of them the better, for we cannot alter our situation by complaining. Give me leave, therefore, to inquire about what interests you more than the fate of empires. I hope Mie Mie is perfectly well; that Matson air agrees with her; that she enjoys *une santé robuste;* and that she is as happy as she makes you. The children here are perfectly well at present; George rides every day. His horse is just the proper sort of one for him; he ought not to ride a horse that is likely to make him afraid, by having too much spirit for him. Ekins is complaining constantly of the gout, and though he observes a certain regimen, yet it is not quite so rigid as what he requires.

I have been out shooting every day, but I destroy more ammunition than game. The only mischief the partridges receive from us is being very much frightened. Lady Carlisle is again perfectly recovered, so that the whist in the evening goes on as

usual. I hope, if you are angry with me for not writing, that my visit will pacify you. You wrong me very much, if you do not think that I am

Very sincerely yours, A. STORER.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Friday night and Scrivelsby.* Huzza!

AND such a dust of embraces, such a shower on each side to lay it, as was worth staying away three years for; for so long is it since I came last to see this good girl, this Penelope, who has had but seventeen children, and looks young and handsome enough to have seventeen more. She was looking out for me (as I had told her, perhaps imprudently, that I would be with her on Friday evening), and began hovering and quivering when she espied me afar off, for we look down upon the world here as well as at Matson. Think, sir, what a case I should have been in (as I should have been excessively grieved to have disappointed her), if I had yielded to the alderman's remonstrance of staying a day longer; for we did but just compass it, and if I had been half an hour later, she would have lost the strange satisfaction, as the simpleton says it was, of seeing me coming. But it is all very well as it is; and the brilliant and magnificent exploit of leading a lame horse with a pair of panniers, an hundred and sixty

* The seat of the Champion in Lincolnshire.

miles in five days is achieved,—not without some suffering of the hero, or it would not have been worth recording.

But why should I tell her I would be here on Friday evening? Why! because I know it is a trick of my old friends the neighbouring parsons, to hold a convocation on Saturdays,—as we shall do to-morrow,—and then for whist, backgammon, and tobacco, till we can't see, hear, or speak! By this trick of theirs hangs a tolerable tale. Roger, the servant of one of them, who is not remarkable for the happiest enunciation, asked Humphrey, the servant of another, what the deuce could be the meaning that their masters met so on *Saturdays*, of all days? "Why! what dost think, fool," cried Numps, archly, "but to change sarmunts among one another?"—"Neay, then," said Roger, "I'm zure as how they uses my measter very badly, for he always has the worst."

I have met with no adventure in this journey, and very little pleasant country; but the most so, I think, was in Warwickshire. Lord Brownlow's Park, that one passes through a little on this side Grantham, has no pretension to beauty, and the house is in a hole. A little on this side the park is Sir John Thorold's,* who, you see by the papers, is walking over the course for the county. He is a man, as I am told, of about forty, and ministerially

* Sir John Thorold, Bart., M.P. for Lincolnshire. He died on the 25th of February, 1815, at the age of eighty-one.

inclined. He has a great stark-naked new house on an eminence, without a morsel of anything green about it: not even a hedge, for it is environed by nothing but walls, walls, walls! I never saw anything so forlorn, nor more opposite to Matson, embosomed high in tufted trees. I have not passed near any other great houses.

At the inns in the great towns, they put me into a common room, with my brethren of the bag, who (as these fellows have all their walks like the cock-robins, and are as jealous of interference) were presently solicitous to know what I dealt in;—"a very light commodity," was the answer; which was repeated till it grew stale to myself, and which produced many ingenious guesses: but with the dark saying I was obliged to give the interpretation, and tell them I meant *words;* which, as they found I was no competitor, was a good joke, and we sat down very sociably, and settled the affairs of the nation.

But if I have had no adventure, I have had no rain; if my horse was lame, he did not fall; if the beginning of my journey was painful, the end was pleasant; and if I tire you with my nonsense, it was of your own seeking. Thus, dear sir, having obeyed your commands, and having come (happily for both our sakes), *ad finem chartæque viæque*,* you

* Brundusium longæ finis chartæque, viæque.
HORACE, Sat. vi. lib. 1, v. 104.

From thence our travels to Brandusium bend,
Where our long journey, and my paper end.—FRANCIS.

will give me leave to involve myself in the clouds of the convocation, and be insensible to all terrestrial concerns, till I shall be awakened by you and Miss Selwyn, and my little queen. I begin to be amazed that I don't hear from you, though I should be much more amazed if I did. Our post comes in to-morrow morning, when I shall go for it to Horncastle market, leaving this open, as it will not go out till the afternoon.

Saturday morning, Horncastle Market.

Nothing from Matson! Harry Hoare continues getting better, and good news from various quarters.

My sweet little queen! I shall be *au désespoir* if I have not a letter from you and Miss Selwyn on Monday morning. An ugly, envious cloud hid the moon from me last night, at nine o'clock. I hope for better luck to-night. You, perhaps, might see the moon, as the sky looked clear towards your quarter; but you could not see your poor Snail, as he was under a cloud. Matson House, you know, bears directly S.W. from Scrivelsby Parsonage; or, if you don't know it, you presently may, if our best friend will get you a pretty plaything, which will amuse you into the knowledge of the geography of your native country. We always drink your health at Scrivelsby. I am,

Your loving Snail.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Thursday morning, September 23 [1779].

WRITE! dear sir;—it is utterly impossible; I am in the very heart of the kingdom of the Misogrammatists, who have banished pen, ink, and paper, thought, gratitude, and decency, from their domain. However, I *will* thank you for the occurrences at Matson, and will condole with you, and very sincerely, if anything threatens the precious life of our good Alderman, knowing he must be a cruel loss to you. As to himself, no doubt he thinks it better to be with the Lord in glory, than in this valley of Hinnom.

Why, there now! I could get no further before I got to Horncastle to the club, and have just asked the President's leave to turn from the table for a minute before the post goes out. In my hurry I find, like a blockhead, that I have left that fellow Cataneo's letter behind me at Scrivelsby, but I will return it by the next post. I remember he is to be directed at the Mecklenberg Coffee House, Charing Cross, and if you think it necessary to answer his letter, you may lay the fault upon me, as it really is mine.

If I can't write to Dr. Gem, I am very glad that you have, as I am sure it will give him great pleasure. If Mr. Storer be with you, I beg my compliments to him and to every body. I

am also very thankful to my good scholar and my little queen for their letters. To-morrow night, at nine o'clock, I begin looking at the moon.

My sweet little queen! when you write to me, I am afraid that Mrs Webb (who is so kind to us all) in her kindness helps you with somewhat to say, or that your and all our best friend may drop hints for you to improve upon. But this will spoil all! No, I would have what you say to me to be all your own; resembling, in the beautiful simplicity of nature, the dear little ragged head it comes from, which will never look so pretty when it shall lose its nature, and come under the dominion of grace, or, if you please, you may spell it *grease*. I kiss your garnet hand, and am

Your loving SNAIL.

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ISABELLA DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Beaucaire.

SIR,

BY a letter I received yesterday from Mr. Ekins, I think myself certain of finding you at Castle Howard, and therefore I hope you will excuse the liberty I take of addressing a third to you, for such this will be if you receive all I have lately written.

I was much mortified to find I was expected at Castle Howard. The very moment I received

Lady Carlisle's letter, I wrote her word of the impossibility of my arriving in England in time for that journey, as well as the danger of my undertaking it with a health so capricious as mine; indeed, but for the goodness of my spirits, it would discourage me from every attempt either to remedy it or to amuse myself. It would be a great risk, in the latest part of autumn, to change from one of the hottest climates, next to Italy, to Castle Howard; where, notwithstanding the indulgence of its owners, and my love for them, I might prove a very troublesome guest, by not being able to dine when other people do without suffering, nor, indeed, to keep any of those hours, which are usually kept by those who live in the world. Here and in all these parts, I am on an equality with others, and indeed am rather esteemed late; for I dine at two, they at one; and sup a quarter after nine, they at half-past eight. By keeping these hours I find myself much better; but I should be sorry to be singular when I come among my friends; and, therefore, I must try to change my habits by degrees, which I can do in nobody's house but my own.

I am at present an invalid, partly from my own fault, having got cold by being out all night at a fête given by the Commandant and Colonel at Nismes, about four hours' distance from hence. The weather was so hot, that on account of Mrs. Howard and Lady Julia, who dread heat more

than I, I resolved to set out at break of day without going to bed, which we did, and in coming out of a ball-room much heated, though only a sitter-by, I have got the rheumatism in my side. I was just going to try the baths of the Rhone, but must now defer them till I am free from pain.

The weather continues unusually hot, and we have not had above a quarter of an hour's rain for nearly eight months, so that the earth is like a furnace. A gentleman, with whom I dined a few days since, mentioned a remark of a peasant's, that he believed the heat was so great, that it had made *une crevasse dans l'enfer;* a singular thought enough. The object of the visit to Nismes was to witness the inspection of the Regiment de la Marck, and to meet Madame la Comtesse de Montbarry, wife to the *Inspecteur des Troupes*, who had accompanied him. He is *Maréchal de Camp*, and very rich; she was a Comtesse de Mailly, and is one of the *dames de Madame Adelaide*, and a well-bred, agreeable woman. The Comte de Brie, the Colonel, is perfectly a man of fashion, and we had a very fine dinner given by M. de Dammartin, the Commandant. I played at cards with M. de Montbarry and the Countess, and we then went to the Place de Plaisance, where we remained so long that part of the journey back was performed by moonlight. We afterwards proceeded to the house of M. de Dammartin,

and thence to supper at the Colonel's, after which the ball began. There were many good dancers among whom *le petit fils* de Mons. de la Marck is a very fine one. Madame de Montbarry, who has a son grown up, danced a great deal, and well. We then returned to our *auberge*, and set out for this place as soon as we could; admirable figures, our heads, which were dressed in the height of fashion, being well covered with dust.

We had a great party the other day on the Rhone; which, to confess the truth, I like the least of all our expeditions, but we performed it with great safety. We had music, and dined at a château on the banks of the river. I have many anecdotes and descriptions for you, but they are too tedious for a letter, though I hope they may serve to amuse some winter's evening. I heard that Lady Anne was going down to Castle Howard, which I am very glad of, as I know it would give her much pleasure. She is the best correspondent in the world, but I often lose her letters.

Mr. Ekins writes with transport of his comfort at Castle Howard, which I have no doubt principally arises from his seeing Lord and Lady Carlisle so happy. I hope they will long continue to be so. Lady Julia begs her love and compliments. I am, sir,

Your most faithful, humble servant,

I. Carlisle.

THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

September 24 [1779].

DEAR SIR,

I AM very much obliged to you, as I know it will really give great pleasure to my very old friend Phil.* "In infancy our hopes and fears were to each other known;" and I have ever known Phil. to be a man of great humour and friendship, with the best heart in the world, and a dash of laudable vanity, which prompts him to give excellent dinners, and display a handsome service of plate.

We eat and drink here amazingly, without plate. Your new gamekeeper at Lugershall, has sent you a hamper of partridges. You must try all ways of dressing them: put some in a pudding; 'tis the greatest thing in the world. Our Penelope is an excellent cook, and makes us such puddings and pies, that, as Tom Waller said, she preaches your Gloucester cooks' heads off. We have cream, too, with our tarts here, and when we have an ice-house at Matson, we shall naturally think of cream there too. We shall drink still better, for her husband (who already rivals Peggy Dowker, and is the handsomest man in the country) predicts, in casting the nativity of an

* Philip Crespigny. See ante, 14 May, 1779.

untapped barrel of ale, that it will be something greater than the world has yet seen. *Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale.** Ay, sir! that game of whist of an evening, and its events, is a vast thing. Last night, by a lucky deal, I gave myself eight trumps, and my partner the other five. I won the first trick and led a trump, when, upon my adversary on the left hand renouncing, his partner (a grave divine with a large black wig, and a solemn face with a pipe stuck in it) gave with an impetuosity which made him drop his said pipe, that had been newly lighted, a "What!" of such sharp, shrill astonishment, that you could not but have laughed at it if present, and have remembered it in future. But such things are nothing unless one sees them; whilst there are others, of which the bare idea, though *decies repetita*, will make one laugh immoderately.

As soon as you have determined on the time of your departure, I beg you will let me know, that I may make my arrangements for having the pleasure of meeting you at Oxford. I don't wonder that the little Queen loves Matson, and is loth to quit it: I am impatient for her letters and Miss Selwyn's. I wish for nine o'clock, but am afraid it will be cloudy.

* Nil oriturum aliàs, nil ortum tale fatentes,
HORACE, Epist. i. lib. 2, v. 17.

While we confess no prince so great, so wise,
Hath ever risen, or shall ever rise.—FRANCIS.

THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

[The celebrated Paul Jones, to whom there is an allusion in the following letter, was a native of Selkirk, in Scotland, and had recently been appointed to the command of a thirty-six-gun frigate in the service of the American government. In this vessel he sailed across the Atlantic, and having made a descent upon Whitehaven, and destroyed the shipping in the harbour of that town, subsequently attacked the mansion of Lord Selkirk (with the localities of which he was well acquainted, his aunt having been housekeeper to the Earl), and carried off the plate and furniture. After capturing the "Drake" sloop-of-war off Carrickfergus, he proceeded to Brest, where he obtained a re-inforcement of three ships, with which he rendered himself the terror of the English seas. The following year (1780) he was invited to Paris by Louis XVI., who received him in the most flattering manner, and presented him with a valuable sword. In 1781 he returned to America, when the Congress voted him a gold medal, and he was removed to the command of a seventy-four-gun ship. He subsequently served under D'Estaing in the expedition against Jamacia; and, in 1792, offered his services as an Admiral to the French government, which, however, for some reason they

declined. He died at Paris in the month of July that year.]

Castle Howard, September 24th, 1779.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

In these troublesome times we have not trusted our secret thoughts to the uncertain conveyance of the post, but have sent to your court an ambassador extraordinary, enabled to answer any interrogatory. He is a sponge full of knowledge, which you may squeeze at your leisure.

We have alarms upon our coast. One Paul Jones flings us all into consternation and terror, and will hinder Lady Carlisle's sea-bathing, which will, perhaps, be the worst thing he does, as I am confident the salt water will be of infinite benefit to her. If everything is quiet, Lady Carlisle will go some time in the next week to Scarborough, accompanied by Lady C. Egerton * and Anne Leveson.† I shall go to Boothby's, in Norfolk; perhaps call in town in my way, for I want to take a nearer view of things than I have had lately. Miserable times! my dear George; but do not let me disturb the tranquillity of your vine. May you keep long possession of what is so dear

* Lady Caroline Egerton, daughter of Scroop, first Duke of Bridgewater, born May 21, 1724.

† Lady Anne Leveson Gower, daughter of Granville, first Marquis of Stafford. She was born February 22, 1761, and married, in February 1784, Dr. Edward Vernon, Archbishop of York.

to you. You are entitled to some happiness, for you have earned it with the sweat of your brow.

The Ekins' are still here. Poor Ekins, with the gout in every joint, feels for the misfortune and ruin of his country. We sit like two old women after a funeral, till we hardly know whether we or the empire exist or not. We are going hunting to-morrow, notwithstanding Paul Jones has taken the devil knows what in sight of Scarborough, and I wait the event of an express to acquaint me whether he intends to fire the town or not. I shall think all day of the reprimand King Charles, your old friend, gave the gentleman who was out with his hounds the day before the fight at Naseby.* It must be a damned lie; but I believe it is necessary to lie to make any of that abominable family, you so idolize, guilty of a propriety.

Say what you will, be as profligate as you will upon the subject, it is a horrid thing to be witness to the havoc which is every day making in the structure we remember so beautiful. Pray feel a hatred to the French; 'tis virtue to execrate them. I wish we were demolished by some new nations. It would be infinitely more bearable to be destroyed by the people of New Zealand,

* On the morning of the battle of Naseby, while the two armies were waiting in breathless expectation the order to engage, a country gentleman, attended by his hounds, was observed leisurely pursuing his sport, as unconcerned as if a battle were an every day occurrence.

than by those rascals we have seen take so much snuff and spit it up again.

Yours most affectionately and sincerely, &c.

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### THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Euston, 6th October.

DEAR GEORGE,

I WRITE you a line to let you into my plans and intentions. I am now at Euston, where I am desired by the Duke of Grafton to press you to come. I stay here till next Sunday, and shall be at Barton all the next week. I hope to see you at one of these places, as it will be impossible for me to come to town, and I shall return into the north before the week of the meeting finishes. The Duke of Queensberry will give you an account of the persons who have won and lost. I am, my dear George, Yours, &c. CARLISLE.

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### THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Bernard's Inn, Monday night, 11th [October, 1779].

WHY to be sure, dear sir, you have all great cause of complaint at my not writing, and the complaint comes with peculiar propriety from your honour! But why should I write you ill news?

—not that I know or have heard that Barbadoes is taken; but if it should, and Jamaica too, and every other island, there are people who, however grieved, will not be surprised. You see we have lost a man-of-war and three frigates; some people say three men-of-war, the "Ruby," the "Bristol," and the "Niger," but I hope it is not true.* I have been strongly assured that the Ministry expect a descent upon our coast within ten days, but I hope this also is not true.

You cannot expect a Dyer's letter from me, as your nephew Charles is so much more in the way of having authentic information. Lord Mansfield was much out of humour this morning, with the Public Advertiser in his hand. He does not go to cabinet councils now. His clerk (the Mr. Platt to whom you have directed covers) is my next door neighbour. I was at his Grace's yesterday morning; he is not come to town yet, but is hourly expected. He does not go to his own house, which has been painted, but to a little house with a court before it, at the other corner of Park Lane, where there was a very civil woman who inquired much after you. Going through Chesterfield Street, I called upon the old duchess,† who is "sorely badly," as they say in Lincolnshire, with her old complaint, and so out of spirits, that she is cruelly afraid she shall never live till her dear master's re-

* These reports proved to be without foundation.

† Alice, Selwyn's servant.

turn. As the old duchess could not come up to me, I went down into the kitchen to her, and sat with her a little while. I heartened her up as well as I could, and told the damsel, who is called Sally, that she must do the same.

I salute you all cordially, and am very proud of the kind word of brother Selwyn. Pray order Jemmy's successor to carry the enclosed to brother Barry. I hope the Alderman is well again, as you say nothing of him.

I am charmed with the sensibility of my little Queen, and rejoice in her improvements: the improvement in her writing I expect a speedy proof of. The tooth-drawing must have been a curious scene, and I can see you fighting off.

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### THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Tuesday night.

INDEED, dear sir, I cannot write to Dr. Gem to-night, nor to the Baron either. But before we get any further, be pleased to read this quite to yourself, lest we get into scrapes; for I have been drinking a great deal of good claret with Phil. Crespigny, and, besides, have things to say to you, which you might not care to read out.

I was with his Grace this morning, I believe for nearly two hours. He is exceedingly well, and I think heartier than I ever saw him; indeed, I made

him almost confess as much. He had breakfasted at the little house I told you of last night, and had gone to his own home, where I joined him. We ran over the whole house, to which he had made additions behind, which took up the first hour. When this was despatched, and after a walk to Grosvenor Place, to call upon a Mr. March, we returned to the little house.

At my *abord*, in which he was very gracious, and shook me heartily by the hand, he asked, "Well, and how is George?" And as soon as we were alone,—"Well, and how does Mie Mie go on?" I thanked him in my heart for the question, as it gave me so fair an opportunity of telling him what I thought, and what an accomplished woman she would make, in the fond hope to please him. But he baffled and laughed at me, till I was mortified to the quick. "What would she learn?—what *could* she learn?"—"Why, everything."—"Pshaw! she will be praised for what the child of a poor person would be punished." (So that it should seem, when she comes to music, if she should mistake a note in *Voi Amanti*, he would have her stripped and whipped.) "Such sort of education is all nonsense, and such people never learn anything as they should do; and if they turn out at all well, it depends upon the acquaintance they have at entering into the world."

You may be sure that I did not here forget the repeated invitations to Castle Howard, and what

sort of acquaintance she was likely to have on entering the world. But nothing would do. I read him the trait of her sensibility on reading the death of Queen Mary; but it would not do. I talked about the destruction she was snatched from; but he treated it all lightly. I was very much disgusted, as every wag of his chin was an argument against his heart; but I endeavoured to hide my disgust from him, and have every reason to suppose that my endeavour was crowned with success, as we parted in great cordiality, and he would walk my way. I must do him the justice to say, that he seemed to rejoice in your happiness, and, as I doubt not but that you have received many marks of his sympathy, it is a just cause for your loving him. But as to myself,—I have many acquaintances, in an humbler sphere of life, with as much information, with as strong sense, and, as far as appears to *me*, with abundantly more amiable qualities of the heart, than his Grace of Queensberry.

He asked me what I was meditating till the winter began, and I believe meant to ask me to go to Amesbury with him, if he had not found me otherwise engaged. He thinks of going to Newmarket to-morrow, for about ten days, and after that to return to town to go to Amesbury, for a little while. I was glad that I was otherwise engaged, as I should have been in pain with him. I would gladly go to the end of the world with *you:* but, perhaps,

I do his Grace injustice, and he may be a very good sort of a man at bottom, but only conforms to customs and to times. What does Pope say?

"Manners with customs, principles with times."

Certainly,—insensibility, levity, and childishness, in the present reign, are very royal virtues; but though I can never cultivate his Grace with any pleasure, I will always keep as fair with him as I can, that I may be enabled to give him any intelligence which you do not care to give yourself. I was very earnest, and very just, in my praises of Mie Mie's quickness of parts about writing. Shall she send me a letter which I may enclose to him, in my justification. He appears to me to be a most obdurate father. I really think, and really believe, that I did everything that you could wish me to do. I dealt only in the softest inflexions of voice, though with *you* (were it possible that you could have given me the same cause) I should have been angry. Upon your coming to town, though it will be all "*My dear George*," and "*My dear George*," yet you will quickly discover that he has not the affection for the child which nature dictates, and you desire. I wish I could make him feel as he ought, but one may as well wash a brick.

I have heard no news to-day, and the Duke says there is none. I asked for his commissions to you; "only to be most kindly remembered, and that he is very well." I am very well pleased to go out

of town again, for upon such a short visit, there is so much visiting, and so much dissipation (though more expected than performed), that it wears one out.

Apropos, Madame Garnier! I called on Sunday, when she was not at home. On Monday she sent me this letter, which I had not received when I called and found her at home to-day. I was very civil, and that was all. But, poor creature! it is a civil mockery of her; for no doubt she expected and hoped that I would stay, but I forbore. I promised to visit her again when I came to town. She talks of corresponding with the Conti and the Marchesi, and is still very urgent to have the pleasure of once seeing the daughter of her old friend, which I have promised to endeavour to manage for her after the meeting of Parliament.

[Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne, to whom a reference is made in the following, as well as in several preceding letters, was a natural son of Lord Bingley. He entered the army at an early age, and while quartered at Preston, in Lancashire, gained the affections of Lady Charlotte Stanley, youngest daughter of Edward, eleventh Earl of Derby, to whom he was afterwards clandestinely married. The Earl for some time stubbornly persisted in withholding from them all countenance and support, but a reconciliation subsequently taking place, he made them an allowance of £300

a year, assisted Burgoyne to rise in his profession, and, by his will, bequeathed Lady Charlotte the sum of £25,000.

In 1762, Burgoyne served as a brigadier-general in the force sent to Portugal for the defence of that kingdom against the Spaniards and French, and while engaged on this service acquired for himself the reputation of a gallant and skilful soldier. On his return to England he obtained a seat in Parliament, and during the many years that he sat in the House of Commons was distinguished as a frequent and fluent speaker, though apparently possessed of none of the higher characteristics of a statesman. Previous to the unfortunate celebrity which he obtained by the American war, he was principally distinguished as a man of wit and pleasure, and as a frequenter of the clubs in St. James's Street. He subsequently, however, achieved a more creditable reputation by his literary productions, and by these his name is still rendered familiar to posterity. His comic opera, "The Lord of the Manor," is still a favourite on the stage, and his "Heiress" will, perhaps, always be regarded as one of the most pleasing comedies in our language. The sum given by the publisher for the copyright of this play (200*l.*), is said to be the largest that had ever been given for a dramatic production.

Junius, in one of the bitter invectives which he heaps on the Duke of Grafton, insinuates that the

sums which were won by General Burgoyne at play, were not always acquired by the most honourable means. Speaking of the Duke's conduct in regard to the sale of a patent place at Exeter, the proceeds from which, Junius affirms, were conferred on Burgoyne for his services at the Preston election ;—"I thank God," he writes to the Duke, "there is not in human nature a degree of impudence daring enough to deny the charge I have fixed upon you. Your courteous secretary, your confidential architect, are silent as the grave. Even Mr. Rigby's countenance fails him. He violates his second nature, and blushes whenever he speaks of you. Perhaps the noble Colonel [Burgoyne] himself will relieve you. No man is more tender of his reputation. He is not only nice, but perfectly sore in everything that touches his honour. If any man, for example, were to accuse him of taking his stand at a gaming-table, and watching, with the soberest attention, for a fair opportunity of engaging a drunken young nobleman at piquet, he would undoubtedly consider it as an infamous aspersion upon his character, and resent it like a man of honour. Acquitting him therefore of drawing a regular and splendid subsistence from any unworthy practices, either in his own house or elsewhere, let me ask your Grace for what military merits you have been pleased to reward him with military government? He had a regiment of dragoons, which, one would imagine, was at least an

equivalent for any services he ever performed. Besides, he is but a young officer, considering his preferment, and, except in his activity at Preston, not very conspicuous in his profession. But, it seems the sale of a civil employment was not sufficient; and military governments, which were intended for the support of worn-out veterans, must be thrown into the scale, to defray the expensive bribery of a contested election."

In 1775, General Burgoyne was appointed to a command in America. He returned to England the following year, but again resumed his post in 1777, and performed a brilliant service in dislodging the enemy from Ticonderago and Mount Independence, on which occasion he captured their armed vessels and batteries, a considerable portion of their baggage, ammunition, and military stores, as well as one-hundred-and-twenty-eight pieces of cannon. The reputation, however, which he acquired by his early successes during the campaign, was speedily eclipsed by his memorable and fatal surrender with the whole of his army to General Gates, at Saratoga. He returned to England in May, 1778, was refused admission to the King, and in vain solicited a court-martial. In 1779, he was dismissed the service for refusing to return to America, agreeably with the terms of the convention which he had signed after his surrender. Three years afterwards, however, he was restored to his rank in the army; appointed Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, and

sworn a member of the Privy Council. He died suddenly at his house in Hertford Street of a fit of the gout, on the 4th of August, 1792. His remains were interred in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.]

## ANTHONY MORRIS STORER, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Monday, October, 1779.

DEAR GEORGE,

As your great friends do not write, perhaps the little ones may be welcome. The Duke of Queensberry is gone to Newmarket, and Carlisle is returned to town. Lady Jersey is at home every evening, and that is the rendezvous for the stray people that are in town. General Burgoyne has resigned his employments, having first asked for a court-martial, or else to act in any capacity that the King chose in his service, both which were refused. His appointments amounted, as Crawford tells me, to 3,600*l.* per annum, and I suppose he is perfectly exact. His farewell speech, at the latter end of the last session, obliges him to make this resignation. His eloquence has always cost him very dear.

There is a ship arrived from New York, which brings advice that Clinton is not going to the South as he first intended. This looks at first as if he were

afraid of a visit from D'Estaing, but when this ship left New York there was no expectation of the French meaning to attack that place; on the contrary, there are reports that they had put back to Martinique. I do not learn, however, what Clinton means to do instead of going to the South. This Russian Ambassador that is arrived, I hope will stand our friend, and yet it is not supposed that Russia will assist us till we are beaten. Now, if St. John were minister, he would certainly wish for our defeat, that he might gain by it the assistance of the Russians, and so, by a round-about way, get at the point we wish for.

Give my love to Mie Mie, and remember me with the greatest respect to Miss Selwyn and Mrs. Webb. Believe me, dear George, yours, &c.

A. Storer.

[General Sir Henry Clinton, whose name is so intimately connected with the War of Independence in America, was the son of George, second son of Francis, sixth Earl of Lincoln. He was born about the year 1738; obtained a company in the first regiment of Guards, in 1758; and in 1775 was advanced to be a Major-General. The military genius which he displayed on various occasions during the American war, was considered by the English Government to be of so high an order that, in January, 1778, he was appointed to succeed Sir William Howe, as Commander-in-Chief in that country.

During this, and the two following years, he obtained various successes over the Americans; but neither was his genius qualified to cope with that of Washington, nor did he command a force numerically sufficient to overcome a great and united people, who possessed, moreover, the advantage of fighting on their own soil. After his return from America, at the close of the war, Sir Henry Clinton was appointed Governor of Limerick, and in 1793 Governor of Gibraltar, in the command of which latter fortress he died, on the 23rd of December, 1795.

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### THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Burwood, half-past one o'clock, Sunday night, or rather Monday morning, 18 Oct., in my chamber, after a very hard day's christening, when, with so much claret in my head, I ought not to attempt any thing, but I am sure I should not sleep at all, were it possible I could prevail on myself to go to bed without thanking you,

Dear sir, and your honour, for your two letters, most ample and kind, which I received here this morning; and if I do not thank you for them now, it must be a day later before you can receive my thanks, which I cannot bear, though I can only thank you for them.

I must set off by daybreak to go to Windsor to meet some friends, and shall then know if

I am to go to a place, a little beyond Reading, for two or three days, and from thence to Christchurch in Hampshire, for two or three more. This, I hardly think will be the case, but if it should, I shall return immediately to my cousin, George Warner's, at Milton near Abingdon, whence I shall have the pleasure to meet you at the time appointed at Oxford, and take care of the roasted jack, and the mutton *cabobbed.*

Such a dinner as we had to-day! it was well it was a christening! One of our company told us, that he had seen a letter from Lord Macartney, of terrible complaint. Some of D'Estaing's people, in his sight, cut his star from his breast, and stripped his ribbon over his ears.* You remember what West told us at Aix of his captor's sitting at table with him in his own clothes. How delicate the French are! how generous! This beast of the Geraudan!† I suppose he regretted that he could not *eat* Macartney.

* Lord Macartney was at this period Governor of Granada, which island, with its insufficient garrison of one hundred and fifty regulars, and two or three hundred militia, had recently fallen an easy prey to the vast naval force under D'Estaing. Lord Macartney's biographer, Sir John Barrow, has done me the favour to inform me, that the story related in the text was utterly without foundation. On the contrary, Lord Macartney experienced the greatest civility from Count D'Estaing.

† A wolf of an immense size, and irregular conformation which for some time was an object of the greatest terror in the Geraudan. The following account of this extraordinary monster appeared in 1764:—

Pray thank Miss Selwyn very kindly for me for her letters of the 12th and 13th, which I will answer as soon as possible. And my little Queen! why will she, for the first time, be naughty? What better lesson to her head or her hand can she take, than to think of something to say to her poor Snail?

You will all give me your commands at Milton, near Abingdon.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Milton, near Abingdon, Wednesday 20th [Oct. 1779].

HERE am I got, and here shall I remain waiting commands from Matson, and hoping to

"A very strange description is given in the Paris Gazette of a wild beast that has lately appeared in the neighbourhood of Langagne, and the forest of Mercoire, and has occasioned great consternation. It has already devoured twenty persons, chiefly children, and particularly young girls; and scarce a day passes without some accident. The terror it occasions prevents the wood-cutters from working in the forest. Those who have seen him say he is much higher than a wolf, low before, and his feet armed with talons. His hair is reddish, his head large, and the muzzle of it shaped like that of a greyhound; his ears are small and straight, his breast wide and of a grey colour; his back streaked with black; and his mouth, which is large, is provided with a set of teeth so very sharp, that they have taken off several heads as clean as a razor could have done. He is of amazing swiftness; but when he aims at his prey, he couches so close to the ground, that he hardly appears to be bigger than

be in a plight to execute them when they come. At present I am very much knocked up, a perfect sacrifice to *mauvais honte*, which may be said to be an extraordinary case. As I was writing to Matson on Sunday night, or rather Monday morning, I was afraid my candle would not last me, so I took it out of the socket, and stuck it on the edge of it. Having done so, I was going to put on my nightcap, when, by my unfortunately touching the candlestick, down fell the light and went out, as my fire had gone before. What

a large fox, and at the distance of one or two fathoms he rises upon his hind legs and springs upon his prey, which he always seizes by the neck or throat. The consternation is universal throughout the districts where he commits his ravages, and public prayers are offered up upon this occasion. The Marquis de Morangis has sent out four hundred peasants to destroy this fierce beast; but they have not been able to do it." The "beast of the Geraudan" was subsequently killed by a soldier in 1765, and brought to Paris. Horace Walpole writes to Lady Hervey from Paris on the 3rd of October, 1765,—"Fortune bestowed on me a much more curious sight than a set of princes; the wild beast of the Geraudan, which is killed, and actually in the Queen's antechamber. It is thought less than a leviathan, and the beast in the Revelations, and has not half so many wings and talons as I believe they have, or will have some time or other; this being possessed but of two eyes, four feet, and no wings at all. It is as like a wolf as a commissary in the late war, except, notwithstanding the stories, that it has not devoured near so many persons. In short, Madam, now it is dead and come, a wolf it certainly was, and not more above the common size than Mrs. Cavendish is. It has left a dowager and four young princes."—Walpole's Correspondence, vol. v. p. 76.

was I to do in this more than Egyptian darkness? Why, go to bed. Very true. But without a nightcap, which I knew not where to lay my hand upon? I sallied forth; ventured out into the sea of darkness in the passage and on the staircase; and wandered for a long while up stairs and downstairs, but avoiding my lady's chamber. I was in hopes of hearing that some of the servants were still up, but I could not find my way back for a still longer while, and could not find it in my heart to frighten people by raising the house. When I did find my way back, I could find no cap, so went to bed without it, and caught a most terrible cold.

If nobody will laugh at the idea of my groping about in the dark, and losing my way in a house I knew as well as my own cabin, I shall be very sorry to have given such a dull and foolish account of myself. I wish I had any news to give you, but I know no more than the man in the moon to whom I am writing; but to whomsoever it is, they ought to think it some exertion that, so very much out of order as I am at present, I will write to any body.

## CHARLES TOWNSHEND, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

St. James's Place, 22 Oct. [1779].

DEAR SIR,

Lord Stormont kissed hands to-day for the seals of Secretary of State.* I hear of no other arrangements, except that General Vaughan has got the Government, and Colonel Harcourt the regiment of Dragoons, which General Burgoyne resigned. I have not parts enough to explain General Burgoyne's conduct, from his setting out for America to the present hour.

The Court of Denmark, when they gave orders for the release of our ships taken by Paul Jones, were very explicit in their declaration in our favour against America. I much wish that other Powers would follow their example. Nothing but a general confederacy of Europe against France can save us from utter destruction. Present my best compliments to my friends at Matson, and believe me to be, dear sir,

Yours most affectionately,

Charles Townshend.

* See ante, 8 September, 1779.

ANTHONY MORRIS STORER, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

[Oct. 1779.]

DEAR GEORGE,

CARLISLE is come to town; we dined yesterday at Crawford's; James Fawkener, Colonel Crawford, Boothby, Carlisle, and myself: to-day we dined at Brookes's. There is no news in town, but there seems a general despondency. Various reports prevail, and, among others, that which concerns you, which is, that Barbadoes is taken: but there is no certainty, however probable it may be.

I hope Mie Mie is as well as when I left her. The weather has been very fine, and consequently your wood has afforded you as much amusement as it did when I was there: you have no fresh gales upon the *pont neuf*, I hope. Give my best compliments to Miss Selwyn and Mrs. Webb, and believe me yours, &c. A. S.

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ANTHONY MORRIS STORER, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Saturday night [Oct. 1779].

DEAR GEORGE,

I AM sorry that I should alarm you with what I said concerning Barbadoes, but I wrote to you

mentioning what I heard as a report. Whether it is founded on truth, or whether people's apprehensions, and a general kind of despondency that prevails, gives birth to it, I cannot tell. That report is now talked of no longer. Some other fears take place; the dread of yesterday is succeeded by a new one of to-day; and so it goes on. Upon the whole, I believe there are very small glimmerings of anything successful. Parliament is not to meet till the 27th of November; an unfortunate Ministry is not very eager to meet the grand inquest of the nation.

There is much talk of changes. Keene congratulates me upon Lord Carlisle's coming into place, and into a very good one too.* I tell him I know nothing of it: he thinks me mysterious, but, faith, I am ignorant. I wish it may be, but I own these are bad times to embark in such a crazy bottom, as the present Administration. Carlisle went out of town on Thursday, so I shall have no more dinners at Crawford's. Hare just told me that he left you well, and adds (what I know will please you, and therefore I tell it you), that Mie Mie is a very sensible child.

I am impatient for his Excellency's kissing hands.†

* Lord Carlisle was appointed, the following month, Lord Commissioner of Trade and Plantations.

† Storer appears to anticipate the appointment of Lord Carlisle as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, which, however, did not take place till the following year.

I hear too that Lord Macartney is not permitted to go to Paris, and there are reports of his having been insolent; but it is impossible to be certain about it, for nobody has received any letters from him. There is a memorial published in French, said to be written by Gibbon, which has been sent to the Foreign Ministers.* It is, as they

* Gibbon, at the request of the English Ministry, had undertaken to reply to a manifesto recently issued by the French government against Great Britain. The paper (which he drew up, in a Mémoire Justicatif, and which he executed with great ability in the French language) was forwarded to the several Courts of Europe, and subsequently obtained for him the appointment of a Lord of Trade. His acceptance of office gave rise to the following verses, said to have been written by Charles James Fox :—

King George, in a fright
Lest Gibbon should write
The history of England's disgrace,
Thought no way so sure,
His pen to secure,
As to give the historian a place.

But the caution is vain,—
'Tis the curse of his reign
That his projects should never succeed ;
Though he wrote not a line,
Yet a course of decline
In the author's example we read.

His book well describes
How corruption and bribes
O'erthrew the great empire of Rome ;
And his ratings declare
A degeneracy there,
Which his conduct exhibits at home.

say, well done, but I saw nothing but the title-page to-day at Crawford's. His honour is to be in town next Tuesday, and I am to dine at Keene's to meet him. Lord Gower and Rigby live a good deal with Lord Spencer. He says that both the former agree with him; talk of turning out Lord North, and making a new Ministry. Lord Grantham is not in town: he is, I suppose, living on fish in Devonshire. John St. John's understanding is, as you observe, above decay. I hear nothing of Lord Bolingbroke. John is gone to Brighthelmstone, *pour faire sa cour à Miladi Sefton.*

The Russian ambassador being expected here, gives one some hopes of the Empress's intentions of standing our friend. *Quod volumus, facile credimus.* I have no other reason for thinking she is likely to lend us a lift; and there is no conjecture of this kind in the purlieus of St. James's Street.

I think you will most probably meet Carlisle and his family in town by the beginning of November: he cannot stay above a fortnight at Boothby's. There are a great many people in town, but they are straggling about so much, that there is no knowing precisely who they are. I have been lame ever since I left Matson. I thought very little of it at first, but I cannot get rid of a pain and weakness which I got by the blow upon my foot going up the steps of your terrace. Give my love to

Mie Mie, and pray remember me with the greatest respect to Miss Selwyn and Mrs. Webb.

Yours sincerely, A. S.

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THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

London, October 25th, 1779.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

HARE and your humble servant left town last Wednesday, with an intention to stay two days with my sister and Delme,* at Stoke, one at the Bath, and two with you at Matson; but this fine plan was destroyed by my receiving a letter from Lord North, making me a offer of the first seat at the Board of Trade; in consequence of which I am now in town, determined to accept it, though some circumstances, which I will explain hereafter, and which I am not now at liberty to talk of, give a new colour to all this business. Lord North is in Kent, but returns to-morrow. I will write to you again as soon as I have seen him.

It was a great mortification to me not to be able to see Solomon in all his glory, especially as I am confident you would be as glad to receive me as he was the Queen of Sheba, or at least as you would

* See ante, March 9, 1768.

be to lead any Queen of Sheba whatever, up the great stairs of Matson Palace.

The town is still thin. I have not been well, and go out but seldom. America, Barbadoes, Ireland, are all going to the devil, where you will wish me if I bore you about them. My dear George,

Yours most affectionately and sincerely,

CARLISLE.

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MRS. CRAUFORD TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Basset Down, 28th October, 1779.

DEAR SIR,

I WAS happy to hear of you, and my dear little friend's welfare. I assure you I have great pleasure in thinking how much you must enjoy having her under your care, where, both for your and her sake, I very sincerely wish that she may ever remain, till you transfer that charge to some worthy and amiable man of this country, of your and her choice.

When do you think of leaving the country? If you go through Oxford to town, my eldest son is of Christ Church, and will be very happy to see you.

Pray let me hear a great deal about Mie Mie. Does she speak French, Italian, or English?

Mr. Crauford intends writing to you himself. I shall therefore only say, on his part, that he joins

with me in his best compliments to you, and desires his love to Mie Mie. I am, dear sir,

Your very obedient servant,

JANE CRAUFORD.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Milton, Tuesday, 18th [Oct. 1779].

DEAR SIR,

YOU were very good to acquaint me so early with the alteration in your plans. Aware that I might not have the pleasure of seeing you so soon, by a day or two, as was first appointed, I have dedicated the whole first week in November to the Oxford meeting, and would make no other engagement in it, but that of being here on the Saturday to dinner. If there should be any further alteration, I do not doubt but you will be so kind as to let me know it, that I may have time for engaging Mr. Cox. Besides, what should I do alone with a roasted jack and a pudding in his belly? At any rate, you will be pleased to give me a line by Saturday night's post, if it be but to say, "so 'tis as 'twas before."

I should be glad to know what Mr. Williams says to the Irish free trade, besides that they are very free in their demands. I only got your note of Tuesday late last night. Never were people

worse served by the post, than we are in this country. By the return, there is no giving an answer to Gloucester, or London, or anywhere else. Indeed, I believe, it goes but three times a-week to Gloucester, Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday.

The natives are come down upon me: but I must say a word to Miss Selwyn.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Oct. 31st [1779].

DEAR SIR,

This is in answer to the letter you wrote me last night, which I have not yet opened, because I have not yet received it; nor can I these six hours, when it will be too late to write. It is all very well, sir; I know what you will say; —that you shall not fail to keep to your time, and that you will give me a line to the Angel by Monday night's post, informing me what route you have fixed upon, that I may not have to wait at Oxford, half hour after half hour, for your coming. I shall not fail, on my part, but will take care that you have a very good dinner (the perch boiled) ready at three; and the best room, the best beds, &c., according to your never-sufficiently-to-be-admired general direction, *tout ce qu'il y a de mieux.*

I have observed with pleasure that you have been led insensibly into a better practice; that of writing, as one always should, your participles and preterites, as the word I have just used, "obser*ved*." Surely it is handsomer in itself, and civiller than "obser*v'd*," and it is really less trouble to the writer. I should like to know what words in the English language can be abbreviated without impropriety but *Mr.* and *Esq.?* One may, perhaps, write *don't, can't, I'll, you'll,* &c., in certain very colloquial phrases, where there would be a stiffness in writing them at full length. No! do, dear sir, give it up. Were any but you to send me a letter with *Revd.*, instead of *Reverend,* I would send it back. The Chancellor never abbreviated that word, and what signifies talking of the old Hubblebubble Duke of Newcastle,* the old applewoman!

* Thomas, first Duke of Newcastle, the celebrated Minister, of whose ridiculous character and official incompetency so many amusing anecdotes have been related. "For sixteen years," says Coxe, "during which he was placed at the head of affairs, England did not recover from the weakness of counsels, fluctuation of opinion, and deficiency of spirit, which marked his Administration; until the mediocrity of his talents, and the indecision of his character were controlled by the ascendancy of Pitt." Lord Wilmington said of him, "He loses half an hour every morning, and runs after it during the rest of the day without being able to overtake it." George the Second also observed of the Duke, "I am compelled to take the Duke of Newcastle to be my Minister, though he is not fit to be chamberlain in the smallest court of Germany." The Duke died on the 17th of November, 1768, at the age of seventy-five.

I was hunting yesterday on Bay Spavin, whom I could not leave in Lincolnshire, as I was obliged to ride up with Cropley, and he astonished me with the discovery of qualities I never knew he possessed; agile as a spaniel, and resolute as a lion. He wants thrashing along the road, but in the field, where I took him yesterday for the first time, he is all animation; and as his black mane from his arched neck floated in the wind, whilst he champed the bit and pawed the ground, he attracted the admiration of all beholders. What a pity that he is not young and sound! He would be worth a mint of money, and make one of the best hunters in the kingdom.

I have been preaching this morning, and am going to dine,—where?—in the afternoon. We shall bolt the door and—(but hush! softly! let me whisper it, for it is a violent secret, and I shall be blown to the devil if I blab, as in this house we are "Noah and his precise family")—and play at cards. I beseech you not to let Mrs. Webb know it, or I should suffer in her opinion, which would make me very unhappy. Oh! how I long to see you all. My sweet little Queen and the dear lady whom you used so ill and aspersed! My little Queen, rejoice to see your Snail (as he will to see his little Queen), and let your eye be herald to your heart.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Friday night, November [1779].

O, SIR!—as our little Queen says,—O, sir! you are so good, and do so heap favours upon me, that, delighted as I am with them, I cannot help at the same time being frightened.

When I recollect that I have nothing more to lose, my fright subsides, *cantabit vacuus, &c.;** and you, though you have much to lose, may sing too; at least, if you can be content with the secure possession of your jewel, and the full assurance that you *never will, shall,* or *can* be robbed of *her;* and with such numerous and powerful resources in your hand, it is to be wanting to yourself to doubt of it. I wish you had transcribed me the unwelcome parts of Minifie's letter. I am inclined to hope that your anxiety has aggravated the features of them. But I do not know why I say "*hope;*" as, upon reflection, I think that it would be better; so perfectly convinced am I that they would be foiled in everything they could attempt, that it were better they should come to extremities at once (unpleasant as

* Nocte iter ingressus gladium contumque timebis,
Et motæ ad lunam trepitabis arundinis umbram;
Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.
Juvenal, Sat. 10.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.
Dr. Johnson, Imitation of 10th Sat. of Juv.

it would be for a time), that you might be easy and happy for the rest of your life.

A *fico* for Madame Mellario, and all her *cagoterie!* Have you not got possession? what can she do? what can any of them do, to a man resolved, in a good cause, and all upon the defensive, with powerful friends, and *non deficiente crumenâ,** in such a country as this? Let them all come hither after her, and they may as well set a herd of cows to catch a hare, as hope to touch the hem of the garment of my little lapwing, and little white thing. But more of this when we meet; which, as you say that you shall depart *à tous evénemens*, on Tuesday, I flatter myself will not be later than Wednesday. I have your letters of yesterday and Wednesday to-night. Woodstock, as you seem to think it will be out of the way, we will leave doubtful. Do not let the ladies come there with an expectation of seeing the chateau in the morning, for there is no doubt but that they will be disappointed, as it can be seen only between the strange hours of three and five in the afternoon, unless you should do, what I hardly

* Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,
Quam sapere, et fari ut possit quæ sentiat; utque,
Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde,
Et mundus victus, *non deficiente crumenâ.*
Horace, Epist. 4, lib. 1, v. 10.

For her darling child,
What greater blessings asks the doting nurse,
Than wisdom, health, *a never-failing purse;*
A table elegantly plain?

suppose you would, ask it as a favour. I will take care to have everything ready at the Angel at three o'clock on Wednesday; Cox, and all will be pleased with waiting upon you. I shall be there on Tuesday evening, so that you may give me a line there by Monday night's post, if you have then determined upon Wednesday morning's route, that I may take a ride to meet you, and lead you into Oxford.

O, how pleasant is all this preparation, precision, and minuteness; and how it sets me agog to see you all! But, sir,—but, sir, I do not know what you mean by your calumnious insinuations against that dear innocent lady, your first cousin. I will take my Bible-oath with his Royal Highness, that she never calumniated you. I could give you a good extract from a letter I have just now received from an eye and ear-witness to his Royal Highness's eldest brother's hunting the other day, upon Maidenhead Thicket; but that will keep—No, sir; but upon that settee,—upon that writing-table,—upon that window, have not things lain *quæque ipse miserrima vidi*,—not *legi?* as the poor sombre *triste rêveur* says. This was the calumny. You made the libel against yourself.

Somebody has been talking to Brother Barry, I see, by the colour of his letter; for he begins with accusing me of not letting him know where I was going when I left town; as if he wanted to be informed that a line left for the Snail at Matson, would not find him if he was not gone underground. But

it is like the simple excuses which people make, whose pride and idleness will not let them put pen to paper. If they cannot say the cleverest things in the world, they will say nothing at all; and, by and by, are found to say very awkward things. If that good lady, whom you falsely accused of calumny, can kiss a cherub child, I wish you would kiss Brother Barry's baby for me, and bring me word if it has a fair, round, little face, and chubby cheeks. But, sir, you and Mr. Williams are enough to drive me mad. Formal and precise to say, "*Sir!*" Mercy on me! you are old-fashioned people, and cite old-fashioned people. What is Sir Richard Steele's authority? Shall we not refine in writing, as in everything else? *Steele*, *Pope*, and *Addison*, are no authority in the point before us.

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## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Nov. 1779.

THREE john-dories and a stewed ox-cheek!—Stop, sir! Never leave a place where you can get such eating! Stay, oh! stay, and let me come to you! You make me hungry again for the first time for this week past; and in the evening, too, of this blessed twenty-first Sunday after Trinity, and 24th day of the month; for I could do nothing in the morning towards getting an appe-

tite, though I took the wholesome exercise of preaching for it, and had a good dinner—for a Milton dinner.

But it will not bear mentioning after three johndories and a stewed ox-cheek! Wherefore tempt the Muses? They can give you nothing so good; but if you *will* tempt them, pray tell me how you choose to have the perch dressed, in a waterzoochey, or plain boiled. I have been already to take a sketch of the *carte du pais*, and find that jack and perch are always to be had, as well as mutton cabobbed. I shall also order some New College puddings, and Oxford sausages, and hope to bring you over a hare.

I shall be there on Monday night to prepare everything, and get a game of whist with a very good sort of man, in order, if you approve of it, to make him of our party. He seems very unexceptionable; has been a good deal resident in the University; is little inferior to your standing, and, besides the game of whist, can tell us the news of every body and every thing. They tell me that your best road from Burford, is by Woodstock. You may take your post-horses on from Burford to Oxford, stopping an hour at the King's Arms at Woodstock; and if it should be a fine morning, the ladies might like to take a walk in the park. In this case, I will ride on Tuesday morning to Woodstock to meet you, and suppose you will be there about eleven. Burford, I think, is

but seventeen miles from Oxford; so you will have eleven to Woodstock and six afterwards.

If you mean to take this route, you will be pleased to let me know it, and likewise if you would have me invite the Cicerone. Perhaps you know something of him. His name is Cox, and he married Jenny Crooke. You know Jenny Crooke? and you know that in many places I have been your *proveditor* for an inhabitant to pass your evening with.

I have a thousand things to say to you, and a million of thanks to give you for saying so many things to me, and sending me so much Matson news, in such kind and long letters. I must beg, however, as this is a very stirring post with me, and as every hour of to-morrow and next day is engaged, that you will let me defer them till the opportunity I shall so soon have of waiting upon you in person. We will then consult, too, what is to become of this poor country when the Irish shall have a free trade.* They will be better able to pay you your annuity; but

* The illiberal restrictions on Irish trade and industry were at this period occupying the attention of Parliament. On the 13th of the following month (December), Lord North, in one of his best speeches, brought forward his three propositions;—1st, To allow a free export of wool, woollens, and wool flocks, 2nd, To allow a free export of glass, and all kinds of glass manufacture whatever. 3rd, To allow a free trade with all the British Plantations upon certain considerations, the basis of which was to be an equality of customs, &c., &c.

what shall we be able to pay here? How does this island rise out of the ocean as the very throne of commerce? The throne of freedom will have nothing else, if even that!

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ANTHONY MORRIS STORER, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Portugal Street, Thursday, Nov. [1779].

DEAR GEORGE,

CARLISLE kisses hands to-morrow; he is to be First Lord of Trade, as you knew long ago. Hare was to kiss hands too, but he is not in town. The other arrangements are, if determined, not yet disclosed. Next week, most probably, I shall see you in town; at least I flatter myself so.

Carlisle has been dining here these three days *dans ma cabane obscure;* I am afraid but ill; at least I wish he had dined anywhere else, for I am sure he fared very badly. I hope that all at Matson are well. I will not pretend to anticipate what you will find at London by any account of it at present. I could not refrain from telling you of the news relative to Carlisle, as I knew that it would give you pleasure. *Adieu! je vous attends incessamment.*

Yours, &c. A. S.

THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Friday morning.

DEAR SIR,

I WILL wait upon you on Tuesday, if you will give me leave; and do, for goodness' sake, at least for quietness' sake, let me tell this woman that she may come that afternoon. If it be delayed much longer I fear she will ravish me. See by the enclosed how violent she is! I will call on Sunday morning to settle it, and to pay a visit in the neighbourhood. I wish they would settle their love upon some other object more worthy of it.

I kiss my little Queen's garnet-hand, and hope Mrs. Webb's cold is gone.

Stratford on Avon, Tuesday.

No, sir, never in the world was there gibed cat or lugged bear, old lion, or lover's lute, or anything else, half so melancholy and miserable as the poor Snail, though here,—

> where Fancy's sweetest child
> Warbled his native wood-notes wild;

and where, if one were wise, and were able, one ought to laugh in calling up to one's remembrance and review the merry children of his own fancy. But I am more inclined to weep with Ophelia, or at least to moralize with Hamlet (though "To be or not to be" is no question with me), if one must travel with bags, notwithstanding old Cato did it.

I can tell you a secret, if you will promise it shall go no further than yourself, about Mrs. Barry's external appearance. We were afraid it was owing to a dropsy, but Brother Barry told me yesterday morning with great joy, when he was so kind as to ride seven miles with me upon the Tewkesbury road, that they had just discovered, by what means I know no more than the child unborn, that it was by a fair and honest pregnancy that her proportions have been enlarged, for the first time, after seven years of barrenness.

But, sir, I will not give you an account of my misfortunes. Only, if you feel any acute misery from the delay of the bricklayers, the mistakes of the woodman in cutting down a wrong tree, the tardiness of Jemmy Ireland, or the ignorance of John Ryder, you may derive some small consolation from knowing that there is one person in the world in a still worse situation. Thank you, sir, for the account of yesterday, which you are writing to me. I am so glad, for many reasons, that the Mayor, of all people, was not one of the absentees; and for one reason, because it will much please Mr. Campbell, who interests himself much for you.

Pray remember me most kindly to Miss Selwyn and to Mrs. Webb. My little Queen, I must salute myself.

ANTHONY MORRIS STORER, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Tuesday, Nov. [1779].

DEAR GEORGE,

I SIT down to write to you without having any recent news to communicate, except the arrival of Admiral Byron. Our fleets and our armies seem to be left to themselves. Admirals and generals tire of the service, and wish to return to repose themselves without reaping any laurels. Barbadoes and Jamaica are still safe; D'Estaing having left the West Indies, as it is reported, and made the best of his way to North America. The Duke of Queensberry is come to town, and says you do not write to him. He looks the better for his *voyage en Ecosse.*

We have had a frigate blown up after taking a French ship. The crew were almost all saved, but I do not hear that they were able to board the Frenchman, so most probably Monsieur escaped after having struck his colours. The Frenchman is taken who took Mrs. Damer in the summer.* I have not seen any thing more of Gibbon's memorial. This paper war will not be of much service to us. It does not require our historian's abilities to make out the perfidy of the French and Spaniards. A complete victory is

* See ante, July 19, 1779.

the only resource we have left: this, Madame de Sévigné says, never happened but once, and that was at the battle of Actium.

How does Miss Selwyn's Italian go on? I hope it is not interrupted in a morning by Mrs. Webb's devotions. Pray remember me to them, and give my best respects to Mie Mie. I am glad to hear that rhubarb does her good, for it is certainly a very innocent medicine, and may, as I know, be taken with the greatest safety. Dr. Warner called upon me. Unfortunately I was not at home, or I should have had a long conversation with him about *le seigneur de Matson.* I hope he will call again soon, that we may run over all your improvements together; I shall tell him of the accident in the cottage. Adieu! dear George.

Yours most affectionately, &c.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Milton, Tuesday, Nov. 9th [1779].

DEAR SIR,

This day I was to have set out for Bedfordshire, and this day se'nnight I was to have waited upon you in town; but when I shall now wait upon you, or when I shall go to Bedfordshire, or from the place where I now am, is yet, as Mr. Kidgell says, "in the unopened leaves of the Book of Fate." But

it will be a comfort to me, and particularly at a time when I want comfort, to know that you and my little Queen, and Mrs. Webb got safe to town, and that you are well and in spirits, and happy with your friends.

You had like to have lost a friend and servant, who claims to be second to none in fidelity and affectionate attachment to you, by a cruel fall which his horse gave him in hunting on Saturday, going through a bushy hedge with a ditch on the other side, into which he fell and dashed his rider against the opposite bank, with a violence which, had not the ground fortunately happened to be smooth, would have broken all the ribs on his left side. I was directly blooded plentifully, which I believe was the best thing that could have been done, and the only one to prevent any fatal consequences. *Hæret lateri*, but not *lethalis arundo*, and it must do so for some time. My surgeon tells me the bruise is more inward than outward; I only know that it is very painful at every breath I draw, and that I am forced to take and endure everything that is nasty. I am up but for an hour or two, and for the first time, and can go on no further. Pray, sir, tell me how you do, and make my dutiful respects to my little Queen, and direct the enclosed two covers to the Rev. Mr. Penneck, at the British Museum, London, and send them me back.

I am too late for to-day's post. If there is any good news, you will be so kind to give it me.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Sunday, November 14 [1779].

DEAR SIR,

I AM much obliged to you for your very kind letter, which did me more good, I think, than any of my doctor's stuff, for I cannot get rid of this pain yet. It has, however, decreased, and in another week I flatter myself I may be able to move, and, as soon as I can move, I shall repair to Chesterfield-street to thank you, and hope I shall find my little Queen perfectly recovered from her *influenza*. I sit up now the greatest part of the day, but this cold weather is against me.

His Grace does me great honour to inquire after me, and I beg you will give him my humble thanks. His cook, of ninety guineas a-year, ought to be as good again as your Gloucester one whom you paid at the rate of fifty-two guineas; and yet we could live with her. I have got the prettiest riddle in the world for my little Queen, but I cannot find it now I want it. I thank her much for her advice, and am following it by taking all the care I can of myself.

A good brother parson, in this neighbourhood, has lent me some of the most amusing things in the world about Oxford, though rather of old date, written by *Pentrapolin à calamo*, usually called, by way of eminence, *The Buckler of the Mallardians*. I wonder I never heard you mention them. The idea

of a cat's being starved in All Souls' library, I understand is yours. This Pentrapolin, I suppose you know, is Dr. Buckler* of All Souls.

I can easily conceive what a burthen the old duchess must be in your small house, and yet were you to remove her into the best lodging in the world, and the best attendance, she, and all her sect (of servants, I mean), would think you the most hard-hearted master that ever lived, and not reckon your forty-years' goodness for anything. Indeed, that would not weigh much in their account without it.

I should rejoice to hear that my little Queen is got quite well again, before I can have the pleasure to wait upon her.

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### THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Milton, Nov. 16th [1779].

DEAR SIR,

YOUR letter of Saturday did not arrive on Sunday till mine was gone. Never was anything so stupid as the post, and everything else, is in this country. Stupidity is our peculiar influenza, for we have coughs and colds in common with all the world.

* Dr. Benjamin Buckler, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, and Custos Archivorum of that University. He died, after a few days' illness, at All Souls' College, on the 24th of December, 1780.

This weather is against invalids, but I hope that in spite of it my little Queen is better, and your whole house. Here is the riddle, which I found in the *ægri solatia* of turning over old Magazines and such sort of things, when there was nobody in the way to play at back-gammon or whist. Poor old Alice can be bettered only, I fear, by a translation to heaven, whither I heartily wish she was gone, for everybody's sake, and particularly her own; as there she, too, expects, I doubt not, with the old tobacconist of Bristol, *et multis aliis*, to be "with the Lord in glory."

I am very sorry indeed that poor Mrs. Barry is gone to heaven so soon, for the sake of the poor fellow her husband, who I am sure loved her tenderly, and was very happy with her; and also for the sake of the poor old man, and all of them. If it had pleased the Lord to take, in her stead, the giddy girl who married unhappily, it might have seemed to us to be a gracious change; but, as one of the perverse people whom he chose, and who have pictured him like themselves, tell us, "He *will* have mercy upon whom he *will* have mercy:" which is a sufficient reason for *our* not being peremptory, and he knows best; for now Barry (who has been so excellent an husband, and will be so forlorn and woe-begone a widower), will marry a fortune, if there is ever a one in Gloucester.

These *presentimens* are, indeed, very extraordi-

nary. This old uncle of mine,—for whom I seal this with black wax, and who has not left me sixpence to buy a stick of it,—predicted his removal to glory from the obscure state in which he always lived, for ten years, which is carrying it further than I ever knew. *C'est ici vraiment se faire sentir de loin.* I cannot predict any such removal to myself, but neither can I predict when I shall draw this arrow from my side. I have a strong presentiment, however, that as I can bear the motion of an easy carriage without any great access of pain, I shall be removed to London on Thursday next in the Oxford Post coach, and come in a steel-springed slow-driving hack on Friday, to eat some broth with you at four o'clock, if you dine at home. If you do not, you will advise me of it by the penny post to Bernard's Inn, and I will come on Saturday.

I must hear what Turton and a surgeon will say to it; for I cannot get on here at all, and am much dissatisfied. They have bled and purged me below a simple vote, and anointed me with all nastiness (deuce take them for their pains), to no manner of purpose. If it be but a broken rib, it is nothing; but the surgeon here won't allow that there is a broken rib. *Nous verrons!* I am in better spirits than my state will afford, with the pleasing expectation of seeing you so soon, and my little Queen and all; and changing a place which I have tired out.

## ANNE, COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY, TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Ampthill Park, Thursday, Dec. 2nd [1779].

MY DEAR SIR,

I FLATTERED myself I should have heard something about you from Lord Ossory, but he says you are never visible. However, he told me, what I was sorry to hear, that you are not quite well, and to inquire how you do is the chief object of this letter. I hope Richard * made my excuses some time since, and told you, as I desired he would, that if there had been any satisfactory accounts of poor Miss Fox,† I would certainly have sent them, knowing the pleasure it would have given you. The doctors now say, I find, that there is a chance of her getting over her disorder, and I hope they are right, as they have attended in similar cases.

I am afraid you would look upon me as a vulgar country lady, if I discoursed on topics three days old; therefore I will be silent on duels, Lord Lyttelton's death, the King's speech, &c., and only tell you, before I conclude, that I trust your *fire-side* goes on as much to your heart's content

* General Fitzpatrick.

† Probably Caroline, daughter of Stephen, second Lord Holland, born November 3, 1767.

as mine. You are among the few who will not wonder at my remaining quietly here with my children, in preference to all the pleasures even Shelburne House could afford. *Adieu! mon cher Monsieur. J'ai l'honneur d'être, &c.*

ANNE UPPER OSSORY.

P.S. My children and I desire to be remembered to your little friend.

[Thomas, second Baron Lyttelton, whose death is referred to in Lady Ossory's letter, died on the 27th of the preceding November. This was the profligate Lord Lyttelton who is said to have been forewarned of his approaching dissolution by supernatural agency. "Lyttelton," says Wraxall, "when scarcely thirty-six, breathed his last at a country-house near Epsom, called Pit Place. Having gone down there for purposes of recreation, with a gay party of both sexes, several of whom I personally knew; he had retired to bed, when a noise which resembled the fluttering of a dove or pigeon, heard at his window, attracted his attention. He then saw, or thought he saw, a female figure, which approaching the foot of the bed, announced to him that, in three days precisely from that time, he should be called from this state of existence. In whatever manner the supposed intimation was conveyed, whether by sound or by impression, it is certain that Lord Lyttelton considered the circumstance as real; that he mentioned it as such

to those persons who were in the house with him: that it deeply affected his mind, and that he died on the third night, at the predicted hour. About four years afterwards, in the year 1783, dining at Pit Place, I had the curiosity to visit the bed-chamber, where the casement window, at which, as Lord Lyttelton asserted, the dove appeared to flutter, was pointed out to me; and at his step-mother's, the Dowager Lady Lyttelton, I have frequently seen a painting, which she herself executed in 1780, expressly to commemorate the event. It hung in a conspicuous part of her drawing-room. There the dove appears at the window, while a female figure, habited in white, stands at the bed foot, announcing to Lord Lyttelton his dissolution. Every part of the picture was faithfully designed after the description given her by the *valet-de-chambre* who attended him, to whom his master related all the circumstances. This man assured Lady Lyttelton, that on the night indicated, Lord Lyttelton, who, notwithstanding his endeavours to surmount the impression, had suffered under great depression of spirits during the three preceding days, retired to bed before twelve o'clock. Having ordered the *valet* to mix him some rhubarb, he sat up in the bed, apparently in health, intending to swallow the medicine; but being in want of a tea-spoon, which the servant had neglected to bring, his master, with a strong expression of impatience, sent him

to bring a spoon. He was not absent from the room more than the space of a minute, but when he returned, Lord Lyttelton, who had fallen back, lay motionless in that attitude. No efforts to restore animation were attended with success. Among the females," adds Wraxall, "who had been the objects and the victims of his temporary attachment was a Mrs. Dawson, whose fortune, as well as her honour and reputation, fell a sacrifice to her passion. Being soon forsaken by him, she did not long survive; and distress of mind was known to have accelerated, if not to have produced, her death. It was her image which haunted his pillow, and was supposed by him to have announced his approaching dissolution at Pit Place." *

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ISABELLA, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CARLISLE, TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Valenciennes, 19th Dec.

SIR,

It is only a short time since I had the pleasure of receiving your letter, and I should have thanked you still sooner for it, but that I considered how much occupied you were. For my part, my time is never more agreeably employed than in hearing from, and writing to, my friends; and you cannot oblige me more than by favouring me with your letters, whenever you have no-

* Hist. Memoirs, vol. i. pp. 314, 315, &c.

thing else to do. Your subjects are all most interesting to me.

I am just as much within reach and intelligence, at this time, of all whom I regard, as I should have been in any of those retirements I fruitlessly sought while in England. I have an excellent house at a very cheap rate, with a great deal of society. I shall, however, some little time hence, probably take a look at Paris, as I have several acquaintances there; and, indeed, if I were certain of meeting there those friends in England whom I am anxious to see, I should not hesitate to do it sooner, as it is only a journey of four-and-twenty hours. I think not of its diversions, but I should be very glad to see the pictures again, particularly those at the Palais Royal, as at Rome and Naples there are some on the same subjects, which dispute precedence with them.

I am at home two days in the week to every body, and the other evenings, on which I am not obliged to repay civilities, I am rarely without a party. You say there are fewer resources in the *villes de Provence* than there are in England. I am very sorry to be obliged to say, that there are none in your capital for my sex; at least, for those who, like myself, are no longer young, are not rich, hate deep play and detraction, and who have too much sensibility not to feel the solitude they are exposed to without these talents. Men are never old in the eyes of the world, who are polite and

have spirit and wit enough to keep ridicule and impertinence at a distance ; I do not wonder, therefore, that you should have no wish to quit connections, of whom the most part esteem, and some few fear you. You see I am very frank, and I always shall be so with those who think me worth conversing with. I shall look on your letters as a proof of this opinion, and I shall always set a value upon being, sir, your most faithful, and obedient, humble servant,

I. CARLISLE.

George Selwyn, Esq., at his house in
Chesterfield Street, London.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Wednesday morning.

THE SNAIL is arrived at Coventry, where of course he must be sulky, though James's powders have done wonders for him. That man has been a benefactor to mankind, and ought to have a statue, and here is my guinea towards it with all my heart. But I had better give my bags, and then I should be rid of a plague, which I never found my money (having but a modest measure of it), but almost every other possession to be. Happy Capuchins ! who, once robed, are equipped for two years, next in happiness, as next in degree, to brutes, who, once robed, are equipped for life.

Like a blockhead, I must go out of my road to visit Kenilworth Castle, thinking I might dream of the Queen of the lion-port;* her insolent favourite; his not more humble porter; the lake to which the now pleasant meadows were once condemned; the tilts and tournaments; and the boisterous hospitality at which "gorgeous dames and barons bold, in bearded majesty appeared,"† as, I believe, Gray couples them; in some such way, at least, that one would think the ladies, too, at that time, wore beards. But it would not do; I was too much jaded, I believe, to dream of anything.

But joy! God bless the mark! if you would see joy in its glory, come to Kenilworth! You have nothing but dwarf-joy in Oakley Wood, or Elm Grove; but at Kenilworth there are trunks of it as big round as our little lady's body. And then for owls, it is their very kingdom. At Matson they give us sensible tokens of their existence, but *they* are but chicken-owls. I was really almost terrified, and thought they would have taken my head off. They seemed to be hooting at me in concert for a fool for coming out of my way to see them; at least, if they were not hooting in derision of human

* Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to virgin grace.—Gray's Bard.

† Girt with many a baron bold,
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty appear.—Gray's Bard.

greatness, and the "princely pleasures," as they were called (and I believe made the title of a book), of Kenilworth Castle. If the foot of time be "inaudible and noiseless," * as the Pride of Stratford says, it leaves a confounded deep print.

But Bay-Spavin has by this time eat his corn, and we must crawl on to Leicester to-night, if it be possible. It is too much to have two invalids to nurse at once; but I have had more, so this does not seem very heavy.

Pray, dear Miss Selwyn, remind the Alderman of the ice-house. And you, my little Queen, who are always attentive to the best of governesses, beg her permission to write to me. Oh, the letters I shall find from you at Horncastle! *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute*, you know; and you have already written me your first letter, which I guard more preciously than I do my pearl. My pearl gives its duty to your garnet, and I am,

Your loving Snail.

Thursday.

Leaving the Warwickshire lads, and getting amongst the Leicestershire bean-bellies, at a place called Thrammaston; and having, in my first stage

* Let's take the instant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of time
Steals e'er we can effect them.
All's Well that Ends Well, Act v. Scene 3.

from Gloucestershire, visited the lords of fat E'sham, we proceed for Lincoln-fen, and I verily think we shall do it to our time, and that my patience will be rewarded. It is fit, indeed, that it should have a reward to encourage it, as it is a virtue so very liable to be the worse for wear.

I have so nursed, and coaxed, and patted, and fed Bay-Spavin, by getting off to walk when it was not very hot (when I looked so like a tinker leading his ass with his budgets, that it almost provoked a laugh), that he is in better order to finish his journey than he was to begin it. It was impossible, indeed, that better care could be taken of him than the coachman took, but we both mend as we go on, and I grow lighter for him, as I feed myself in a direct contrary ratio on two accounts; first, because it is right, and secondly, because I am on board wages.

There was no sleeping at Leicester, for it is *Reace*-time, as the bumpkins call it, and I must have lain with the ostler, or, what was worse, with a new Scotch recruit. So we crawled on hither, a village just beyond it; and though it was the third day, and a longer journey, it was better than the two preceding. The fourth day I expect to be a day of still less suffering, and to-morrow is to be a day of joy. Christian perseverance!—did you ever read the Pilgrim's Progress?—it is mine! No! I can bear anything but such a mob as there is at Leicester. How I hate it! Is not this human

breath, in great quantities, an odious thing; and has not the eloquent mad misanthrope reason, when he says, as I think he does in his Emile,—*L'haleine de l'homme est mortelle à ses semblables: cela n'est pas moins vrai au propre qu'au figuré?* And, if one were out of reach of their breath, to see their country squires, God help them! with their triple bands and triple buckles, to keep in their no-brain (I was sorry to observe my friend, Colonel Guise's * hat had this post-boy ornament), and the clod-pated yeoman's son in his Sunday clothes; his drab coat and red waistcoat, tight leather breeches, and light grey worsted stockings, with one strap of his shoe coming out from under the buckle upon his foot; his lank hair, and silk handkerchief, new for *Reace*-time, about his neck; affecting, with all manner of profligacy, a vitiated palate, in calling for porter in preference to ale, because it has the air of a London blade; and depriving of all grace, and rendering odious a well-fancied oath from the mint of the metropolis, by his vile provincial pronunciation,—oh! better is the corner of an house-top, than an habitation amongst such tents of Kedar.

But this is not the worst, as it is only John Bull, though in a bad point of view. The wenches were all

* John Guise, Esq., of Highnam, in the county of Gloucester, and Lieutenant Colonel of the Gloucestershire Militia. He was created a Baronet on the 10th of December, 1783, and died in 1794.

dressed like so many *filles de la rue St. Honoré;* the yeoman's son must soon have his hair *en queue;* and besides the Assembly (to which, by the custom of the manor from time immemorial, John Bull has been wont to bring his cows and heifers, in somewhat, indeed, of a more natural form), there is now a Vauxhall, a *Comedie,* and a *Feu d'Artifice,* and a Savoyard with a show-box, who says, or ought to say, "Dere you see de conquête, vich de French dog could not make vid his arm." And yet there is nothing of races; only two or three horses belonging to obscure people, and, as I can learn, not one man of fashion in the town. But it is *Reace*-time, and that is sufficient to make all the country mad and detestable; at least to me, for whom they have left no room to be amongst them.

I suppose you know that there is abundance of gentry in and about Warwick, and that the Earl, who has his title from it, lives in the town; that it is a pretty town, and that the road from thence to Coventry is as fine as any about London. You did not say anything about Coventry blue thread, and therefore I do not enclose you a skein, as I hope you never have the cramp, for which, you know, it is an infallible remedy, if it be nine times dipped.

## ISABELLA, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CARLISLE, TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Montpelier, January 8.

SIR,

I HAVE received the favour of your letter, and, however unable to make you a return for the amusement it afforded me, I cannot help thanking you for it in the best manner I am able. Since my settling here, I have been in hopes of receiving my letters with less interruption, since they travel directly, which they never did at Beaucaire.

We have had very severe winds, which have kept me much at home, as it is only by dint of care that I keep well. However, I am so well and cheerfully lodged, that my confinement does not affect my spirits; for I have the finest view imaginable from my windows, over a very cultivated plain, terminated by the sea, on which I can often discern the ships that are passing to and fro. Indeed, I have only to pass across the garden to be on the finest walk imaginable. I also like my society extremely, and especially the *Intendant's* house, which is open on the most agreeable footing three times a-week. I am sure you would be charmed with *Madame l'Intendante;* she is so sensible and well-bred, and lives on such terms of harmony with her numerous family. She has four daughters, three of whom are well, and richly established in this town. The eldest, la Comtesse d'Entregue, is a widow, who, with her

son, usually lives at Paris. He is about eighteen, and has a very great genius, with an uncommon turn to learning and application; so much so, as to render him the wonder of this place. He is an officer of Carabiniers, and is so good as to lend me all the new books that come from Paris. I never see him but I think of Lord Carlisle. The only danger of so singular a character is, that it is apt to inspire too high an opinion of what is much more common *chez nous*, and therefore not attended with vanity.

Monsieur and Madame la Comtesse de Perigord, having been detained by business longer than they intended, are now about to depart. He is a very amiable man, and they have both been very civil to me. I fancy you must have seen her often at Paris; though now, from devotion and ill-health, she lives but little in the world. I supped there one night, and being obliged to play after supper, was laid up; but I have profited by that lesson, to get excused from supping out any more; so that the *Intendant* lets me play till that time, and I then depart. There are many fine houses here, though from the narrowness of the streets they make no appearance; and I believe there are more rich people here than in any town in France, Lyons excepted. There is also a great deal of beauty, which is neither spoilt by over-much ornament nor rouge, which is worn very moderately.

Our play here would ruin no one, as no games of

hazard are allowed. We play chiefly at berlan and whist, and I last night won two pieces of *douze sous*. The most expensive article here, I think, is firing, and I own I am extravagant in that. I have had the good luck to meet with a society who like both music and drawing, so that my evenings are divided and varied a little, which is not always apt to be the case in France, where play is often the sole occupation. Remember me kindly, if you please, in St. James's Place. I wrote last post to Lord Carlisle. I am, sir,

Your very sincere and humble Servant,

I. Carlisle.

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MR. VINCENT MATHIAS TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Wednesday night, 19 January, 1780.

Mr. Mathias presents his respects to Mr. Selwyn; has seen Mr. Reeve, the coal-merchant, since the death of poor Alice. Mr. Reeve will take care to order everything proper for the burying of her. He tells Mr. Mathias, whatever little things she has left, Mr. Selwyn's servant, Michelet,* will have taken care to lock up.

* George Selwyn's valet, to whom he subsequently bequeathed his wardrobe, and an annuity of 30*l*.

THE COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Ampthill Park, Sunday.

I HAVE been silent, my dear sir, because I had nothing to say that could in any degree amuse or interest you; but I cannot continue so any longer, when I hear you have been very ill, and are still confined. Pray let us know how you do, and what has been the matter. I congratulate you upon the arrival of the beautiful and amiable Lady Caroline,* and hope you are well enough at least to enjoy the pleasure of her company in Cleveland Court as a convalescent; and that you will very soon be at liberty, if you are not at present, to visit and enliven your other friends.

I have no doubt that Mademoiselle Fagniani was as much a *garde malade* as you permitted her to be, and that her attention made you some amends for your own sufferings. We all join in our best compliments to her, and beg you will accept them. I can write to you about nothing but the first notes of the blackbirds, and the first opening of the buds, which are very interesting to me, but not very amusing at second hand. Any news you send will be welcome, but much more so if ac-

* Probably Lady Caroline Howard, Lord Carlisle's eldest daughter, who may have been on a visit to Mademoiselle Fagniani.

companied by an account of your own health and spirits. I am always, dear Mr. Selwyn,

Much yours, &c. ANNE UPPER OSSORY.

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THE HON. HORACE WALPOLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

I SEND you the key of the square,* which you will keep as long as you please. What do I owe you for the basket of provisions ?

Last night I saw a proof-piece of seven-shilling pieces struck in 1776. I know they were not uttered, but could you get me one from the Mint ? I had much rather be obliged to you than to my dear nephew the master.

To Mr. Selwyn. Yours, &c.

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THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY TO GEORGE SELWYN.

[Tunbridge.]

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I AM much obliged to you for being so very exact in writing. I continue to gain ground. I am, however, in some doubt whether the waters

* Berkeley Square, in which Walpole was now residing when in London, and where he died.

do me good or not, but I shall be satisfied on that point in a very few days, and if I find that they are not doing me any service, I shall certainly not remain here.

I propose, when I return to London, to live at the house I have taken near my own, which I hope will be ready, and that I shall find you in your own house. I am now going to an assembly at Mrs. Macartney's, a sister of Mrs. Greville's, where I shall meet Mrs. Murray and Miss Calender, two sisters that are very pretty and very agreeable. They are Scotch, which makes us quite well acquainted, though we have not known one another very long. Crauford and I dine generally *tête-à-tête.* I do not like the trouble of getting people to dine with us, and being obliged to do the honours of our hotel.

10th.

I am still here, but shall certainly go to Brighthelmstone to-morrow, and as surely be in London either on Friday or Saturday. The weather grows cold, and this place will thin very fast. The Duchess of Hamilton talks of staying till she is obliged to come to attend the Queen. Wedderburne and his sister came yesterday. I dine with them to-day; and little Selwyn, who is the only man here you know except Charles Price and Lord L. He would have been very glad to have seen you. You are quite well in that family, and they are all angry you did not come down.

I should have persuaded you very much to have come, if I had thought of staying till this time. Upon the whole, I like my expedition very much, and should certainly have liked it better if you had been here. Adieu! my dear George. I expect to find something from you at Brighthelmstone, for my letters have been there since Monday. Abergavenny pressed me very much to dine at Kidbroke, in my way to London, but it will make it so late that I believe I shall not. You see how dangerous it is to touch upon a tender point, even in joke. If you had not talked of ——, you would have been sure of him at Matson.

Yours, &c.

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THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO GEORGE SELWYN.

The Oaks, Thursday morning.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I HAD not time to write to you before I left town, and answer your note, which gave me great uneasiness. Whether your anxiety relates to me or not, it must not be kept a secret from me. I insist upon your telling it me. You cannot have any cause for low spirits, that I cannot fully enter into; nor do I think you can have any cause for low spirits, but that I must be already acquainted with that cause, though perhaps I cannot fix upon it, so as to be certain I am right.

I hope Mie Mie is well, and if your uneasiness is about her, I hope it will be nothing but what a little time will set to rights again. Cannot you contrive to send me a line to-morrow? I am very impatient to hear from you, and to hear that you do not continue to vex yourself.

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THE EARL OF CARLISLE TO MR. R. RAIKES, PRINTER, GLOUCESTER.

[The following letter, with the lively copy of verses which accompany it, were copied from the originals in the hand-writing of Lord Carlisle, and are evidently the composition of that nobleman.]

April 21st, 1780.

SIR,

As an impartial printer and publisher, I make you a present of a copy of verses made by Mr. Fitzpatrick, which I request may be printed in your next journal, under the advertisement of Mr. George Selwyn. I should not venture on this request, had not Mr. Selwyn himself read them to a number of people at a public table after supper, at Brookes's in St. James's Street; and he thought them so good and just, that he exerted on the occasion his known humour and talents, which highly entertained the multitude, as well as

Your most obedient, LOVEWIT.

*To the Freemen of Gloucester.*

Since Parliament thinks my Lord North in the wrong;
A rumour prevails that it cannot last long;
So I thank you for favours received heretofore,
And humbly solicit your favours once more;
Not having myself any cause to complain
Of the happy events of this prosperous reign.
Devoted, as I am, to Church and to King,
And conceiving no change a desirable thing;
I grieve that it e'er should be deemed a disgrace
To a dutiful subject, to hold a good place;
And would fain to your minds, as is very well known,
Reconcile it as well as I do to my own;
And fortune and life I would sooner lay down,
Than give up the people's true rights to the Crown.
Let the worthy electors of Luggershall say,
If ever they heard that I *gave* them away.
Now I know of no right so essential to man
As the right of acquiring whatever he can;
And with Ministers driving a bargain that's good,
I conceive to be liberty well understood.
These rights, to the day of my death, I'll maintain,
And still your consistent old servant remain. G. S.

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## ISABELLA, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CARLISLE, TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Montpelier, May 20.

SIR,

I RECEIVED your obliging and entertaining letter about four posts since. One would think that the observation you make, in the first part of it, had occasioned a longer silence on my part than usual; and, indeed, I am very conscious of its truth in regard to my own letters, but not to those of

my friends in England, from whom everything is interesting.

My real hindrance has been my health. It was but indifferent when I received yours, and since then the care of it has occupied me much of a morning, as my principal cure has been air and exercise. As the spring has now begun, these remedies have become very agreeable to me, as I have been out in my post-chaise pretty constantly every morning when the sun has shone, and it has failed me but seldom.

I was much pleased with several circumstances in your letter, and in particular with that which concerns Lord Carlisle's felicity. I believe that the good pictures of all Europe are centering in England, for though I have seen many good and large houses, I have hardly beheld a single portrait in these parts. I cannot imagine what they do with them, for there must at least have been some bad painters; and, as they are so near Spain and Italy, one would have thought some good ones. I have been disappointed of Mrs. Pitt's company, whom I was in hopes of having seen during the course of the month; but her health has prevented her taking so long a journey. As this is the case, I hope she is by this time at Lausanne, under the care of Dr. Tisset, where I shall have the chance of seeing her for a longer time than I could have done here.

The roads are still horrible between this place and Lyons, but I hope a month will do a great

deal towards their amendment. I suppose it has been the wettest season in these provinces that was ever remembered; and as the traffic here is very great, their carts cut the roads to pieces. The road to Toulouse seems a very fine one, and I shall go by part of it very soon. I have seen lately a great many beautifully-situated country-houses, belonging to gentlemen whose winter habitations are in this town. But their gardens are all on one plan, and that plan not such as we should think in England the most elegant. They have all prodigious fine views of the sea, though they sometimes contrive by a high wall to shut it out. In general, however, they have terraces which command a fine view of it. As water here is rather scarce, their whole ambition is in fountains and *jets d'eau*, which, inconsiderable as they appear, are great luxuries during the excessive heat, which they say prevails in this country from the month of May.

I have been employed in taking a house for Lord Warwick at Le Vigan, in the Cevennes, for his summer residence. They say it is a charming situation. I happened to have an acquaintance, whose family resides there, and who has obligingly undertaken the task for me, and succeeded in it, which is always a difficult one where the English are concerned, for they are used, and like to be comfortable, and must therefore pay for it. For myself, I have been in luck at this place, but shall not expect the same good fortune anywhere else. Putting all ex-

penses together, it is infinitely cheaper than in England, with the exception of lodgings, which are on an equal footing. If you have any commands at Lyons, for yourself or for any of your friends, write as soon as you can, as I shall not stop there above a couple of days. However, I shall gladly employ that time in executing any commissions I may be favoured with, and I shall take the same liberty with you before I come back. I am, sir, your faithful, obedient, humble servant, I. CARLISLE.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Tuesday evening, May 25th [1780].

DEAR SIR,

I WENT into Essex on Saturday morning, and though I am obliged to go thither again to dinner to-day, I returned thence last night on purpose to receive your letters, and look to the business of this morning. To-night I shall come back again, because I will not lose the post and appear idle, though I have not been able to do any business.

I received together your letters of Wednesday the 12th, Wednesday the 19th, and of Thursday morning the 20th. As it is almost ten o'clock, I dare not pretend to look at them again now to see what is to be answered, but must try from memory. The first and chief thing is the prisoner, about whom my good friend and brother, as well as you, are interested. The first thing in the morning I went to Lord Charles's :—"Out of town."—I tried directly

at the Secretary's, next door; but, Lord! I went like a thing born out of time, and had the door almost shut in my face:—they did not know when he would be at home, or could be spoken with, not they! I experienced about as much urbanity at the office. I wish that you had written to him at once, and if you did not wish to trouble him with the postage, that you had enclosed it to me. Thence I went to Sir William's:—"Out of town!" Almost *au désespoir*, I went thence to the civilest and politest of men, Mr. Storer. He took down the needful in black and white, and promised to try what he could do; but I shall not content myself with that, and shall beset Lord Charles as soon as he returns, and try the Secretary again; but I could do no more to-day. I endeavoured to see his Grace, but was too late.

Poor Mrs. Webb! I knew what she would feel, and felt for her, at the bad news which I doubted not she would receive too soon, and with which I suppose she has before now acquainted you, that Colepper has been dismissed with ignominy from the Treasurership of the Charter House, after holding it thirty years, for mal-practices. He may, perhaps, have made up his bundle by such practices, and may propose, like another Marius (his securities being dead), *frui diis iratis;* but his wife and her sister are not great enough or little enough to be dead to shame. I think there is but a deficiency of 2,500*l.*; and if so, as there will be nothing to drink down his shame, or to help to digest it, it may burst

him. As the curse of prodigality seems to have beset the whole world, even this pittance, perhaps, may have been spent. God knows it is a miserable affair, and I am sincerely sorry for Mrs. Webb.

I was perfectly charmed with Mie Mie's sensibility at the expressions of her grief, and very heartily give you joy of it, as well as of the trait about her grandmother. I confess that I feared she wanted something,—not in her head, for of that I never had any doubt, but in her heart; and feared, for your sake, lest you might hereafter have had the extreme anguish of feeling "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is, to have a thankless child;"—a child that will owe you such an immense debt of gratitude. I am ashamed to have done her wrong, and rejoice that I was mistaken. The soil was almost choked with weeds, but good at the bottom: it will now, I trust, by your culture be rendered a garden abounding with a variety of delights, with useful fruits as well as lovely flowers.

What! no letters from Milan yet? This suspense is cruel! And yet what can be done or said but patiently to await them? You cannot imagine how much you gratify me by your goodness, in giving me so much detail. I can see you *dans un coin de votre chambre*, looking at Mrs. Webb and Nanny at work in another corner, without at all knowing what they are about. I hope to send the ribbon, books, and picture, next

Friday. I called again to-day on Mr. Woodcock and left a note.

[The next letter from Dr. Warner has reference to one of those frightful scenes which occurred during the famous "Gordon Riots," in the month of June, 1780. Barnard's Inn, Holborn, from which place Dr. Warner dates his letter, adjoined the extensive premises of Mr. Langdale, an eminent distiller, who on two accounts was exposed to the fury of the mob; both as professing the Roman Catholic religion, and from the temptation of an abundance of intoxicating spirits which was certain to be found on his premises. The attack on Langdale's distillery, and its subsequent destruction by fire, which was rendered the more awfully vivid from the quantity of ardent spirits which fed the flames, was not among the least striking of those frightful scenes which occurred in various parts of the metropolis during the eventful night of the 7th of June. Many of the rioters are said to have literally drunk themselves dead; women and children were seen on their knees drinking from the kennels, which flowed with gin and other intoxicating liquors; and many of the rabble who had drunk themselves into a state of insensibility, perished in the flames. Such was the scene of which Dr. Warner was a witness, and to the dangers of which he was immediately exposed! Such was one of the

scenes, which, under the mask of zeal for the interests of the Protestant religion (but to which the allurements of gin and plunder were the real incentives), disgraced, within little more than sixty years since, the character of the English people! Gibbon observes, a few days afterwards, in one of his letters:—"Our danger is at an end, but our disgrace will be lasting; and the month of June, 1780, will ever be marked by a dark and diabolical fanaticism, which I had supposed to be extinct, but which actually subsists in Great Britain, perhaps beyond any other country in Europe."

The following account, from the pen of an eye-witness, of the scenes which occurred on the night on which Dr. Warner's letter was written may not prove uninteresting to the reader. "I was personally present at many of the most tremendous effects of the popular fury, on the memorable 7th of June, the night on which it attained its highest point. About nine o'clock on that evening, accompanied by three other gentlemen, who, as well as myself, were alarmed at the accounts brought in every moment, of the outrages committed; and of the still greater acts of violence meditated, as soon as darkness should favour and facilitate their further progress; we set out from Portland Place, in order to view the scene. Having got into a hackney-coach, we drove first to Bloomsbury Square; attracted to that spot by a rumour generally spread, that Lord Mans-

field's residence, situate at the north-east corner, was either already burnt, or destined for destruction. Hart Street and Great Russell Street presented, each, to the view, as we passed, large fires, composed of furniture taken from the houses of magistrates, or other obnoxious individuals. Quitting the coach, we crossed the Square, and had scarcely got under the wall of Bedford House, when we heard the door of Lord Mansfield's house burst open with violence. In a few minutes, all the contents of the apartments being precipitated from the windows, were piled up, and wrapt in flames. A file of foot soldiers arriving, drew up near the blazing pile; but, without either attempting to quench the fire, or to impede the mob, who were indeed far too numerous to admit of being dispersed, or even intimidated, by a small detachment of infantry. The populace remained masters; while we, after surveying the spectacle for a short time, moved on into Holborn, where Mr. Langdale's dwelling-house and warehouses afforded a more appalling picture of devastation. They were altogether enveloped in smoke and flame. In front had assembled an immense multitude of both sexes, many of whom were females, and not a few held infants in their arms. All appeared to be, like ourselves, attracted as spectators solely by curiosity, without taking any part in the acts of violence. Spirituous liquors in great quantity ran down the kennel of the street, and

numbers of the populace were already intoxicated with this beverage. So little disposition, however, did they manifest to riot or pillage, that it would have been difficult to conceive who were the perpetrators of such enormous mischief, if we had not distinctly seen at the windows of the house, men, who while the floors and rooms were on fire, calmly tore down the furniture, and threw it into the street, or tossed it into the flames. They experienced no kind of opposition, during a considerable time that we remained at this place; but a party of the Horse Guards, arriving, the terrified crowd instantly began to disperse; and we, anxious to gratify our further curiosity, continued our progress on foot, along Holborn, towards Fleet Market.

"I would in vain attempt adequately to describe the spectacle which presented itself, when we reached the declivity of the hill, close to St. Andrew's Church. The other house and magazines of Mr. Langdale (who, as a Catholic, had been selected for the blind vengeance of the mob), situated in the hollow space near the north end of Fleet-Market, threw up into the air a pinnacle of flame resembling a volcano. Such was the beautiful and brilliant effect of the illumination, that St. Andrew's Church appeared to be almost scorched by the heat of so prodigious a body of fire; and the figures designated on the clock were as distinctly perceptible as at noon-day. It resembled, indeed, a tower, rather than a private

building, in a state of conflagration; and would have inspired the beholder with a sentiment of admiration allied to pleasure, if it had been possible to separate the object from its causes and its consequences. The wind, however, did not augment its rage on this occasion; for the night was serene, and the sky uncloudy, except when it came obscured by the volumes of smoke, which, from time to time, produced a temporary darkness. The mob, which completely blocked up the whole street in every part, and in all directions, prevented our approaching within fifty or sixty yards of the building; but the populace, though still principally composed of persons allured by curiosity, yet evidently began here to assume a more disorderly and ferocious character. Of troops either horse or foot we still saw none; nor, in the midst of this combination of tumult, terror, and violence, had the ordinary police ceased to continue its functions. While we stood by the wall of St. Andrew's church-yard, a watchman, with his lantern in his hand, passed us, calling the hour, as if in a time of profound tranquillity.

"Finding it altogether impracticable to force our way any further down Holborn Hill, and hearing that the Fleet Prison had been set on fire, we penetrated through a number of narrow lanes, behind St. Andrew's Church, and presently found ourselves in the middle of Fleet Market. Here the same destruction raged, but in a different stage of

its progress. Mr. Langdale's two houses were already at the height of their demolition: the Fleet Prison, on the contrary, was only beginning to blaze, and the sparks or flaming particles that filled the air, fell so thick upon us on every side, as to render unsafe its immediate vicinity. Meanwhile we began to hear the platoons discharged on the other side of the river, towards St. George's Fields; and were informed, that a considerable number of the rioters had been killed on Blackfriars' Bridge, which was occupied by the troops. On approaching it, we beheld the King's Bench Prison completely enveloped in flames. It exhibited a sublime sight, and we might be said there to stand in a central point, from whence London offered on every side, before as well as behind us, the picture of a city sacked and abandoned to a ferocious enemy. The shouts of the populace, the cries of women, the crackling of the fires, the blaze reflected in the stream of the Thames, and the irregular firing, which was kept up both in St. George's Fields, as well as towards the quarter of the Mansion House, and the Bank; all these sounds or images combined, left scarcely anything for the imagination to supply; presenting to the view every recollection, which the classic descriptions of Troy or of Rome, in the page of Virgil, or of Tacitus, have impressed on the mind of youth, but which I so little expected to see exemplified in the capital of Great Britain.

"Not yet satisfied, and hearing that an obstinate

conflict was going on at the Bank, between the soldiery and the rioters, we determined, if possible, to reach that spot. We accordingly proceeded through St. Paul's Church-yard towards it, and had advanced without impediment to the Poultry, within about sixty paces of the Mansion House, when our progress was stopped by a sentinel, who acquainted us that the mob had been repulsed in their attempt upon the Bank; but that we could penetrate no further in that direction, as his orders were peremptory, not to suffer the passage of any person. Cheapside, silent and empty, unlike the streets that we had visited, presented neither the appearance of tumult, nor of confusion; though to the east, west and south, all was disorder. This contrast formed not the least striking circumstance of the moment. Prevented thus from approaching any nearer to the Bank, finding the day begin to break, satiated in some measure with the scenes which we had witnessed, and wearied by so long a peregrination, which, from our first alighting near Bloomsbury Square, had all been performed on foot; we resolved to return to the west end of the town. On Ludgate Hill, we were fortunate enough to meet with a hackney-coach, which conveyed us safely back, about four o'clock in the morning."* For their share in the Gordon riots, fifty-nine persons were capitally convicted, of whom twenty were executed, and the rest were transported for life.]

* Wraxall's Hist. Memoirs, vol. i. p. 334.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Barnard's Inn—what remains of it—
Thursday morning, 4 o'clock.

DEAR SIR,

I WISH much to know the events of this night to you and your friend: to me it has been a very distressful one indeed. The staircase, in which my chambers are, is not yet burnt down, but it could not be much worse for me if it were. However, I fear there are many scores of poor creatures in this town, who have this night suffered much more than I have, and with less ability to bear it. Will you give me leave to lodge the shattered remains of my little goods in Cleveland Court for a time? There can be no living here, even if the fire stops immediately, for the whole place is a wreck; but there will be time enough to think of this. But there is a circumstance which distresses me more than anything: I have lost my maid, who was a very worthy creature, and I am sure would never have deserted me in such a situation by her own will; and what can have become of her, is horrible to think! I fervently hope that you and yours are free from every distress.

5 o'clock. The fire they say is stopped, but what a rueful scene has it left behind! *Sunt lachrymæ rerum*, indeed; the sentence that struck me upon picking up a page of Lord Mansfield's Virgil yesterday, in Bloomsbury Square. *Sortes Virgilianæ!*

6 o'clock. The fire I believe is really stopped, though only at the next door to me. But no maid appears! When I shall overcome the horror of the night and its consequences, I cannot guess. But I know, if you can send me word that things go well with you, that they will be less bad with me.

To George Selwyn, Esq.,
Chesterfield Street, May Fair.

[By the "*Sortes Virgilianæ*," referred to in this letter, Dr. Warner means the well-known conceit of opening the leaves of a Virgil, and from the lines on which the eye first falls, gleaning a fanciful prognostication of future events. The conceit is probably one of great antiquity, and in the famous instance of Charles the First and Lord Falkland, proved singularly prophetic of future events. Charles and his faithful servant were one day lounging in the Bodleian Library, at Oxford, when a scarce copy of Virgil was brought for the inspection of the unfortunate monarch. Lord Falkland proposed to him to try his fortune by the Sortes Virgilianæ; to which the King assented, and on opening the volume, strangely and ominously enough, his eye fell on the fine imprecation which Dido pours forth against Æneas:—

At bello audacis populi vexatus et armis,
Finibus extorris, complexu avulsus Iuli,
Auxilium imploret, videatque indigna suorum
Funera: nec cum se sub leges pacis iniquæ

Tradiderit, regno aut optatâ luce fruatur;
Sed cadat ante diem, mediâque inhumatus arenâ.

Æneid, lib. 4, v. 615.

Yet let a race untamed, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose;
Oppressed with numbers in the unequal field,
His men discouraged and himself expelled:
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace!
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain;
And when at length the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace;
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command,
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied on the barren strand.

Dryden's Transl.

Lord Falkland, it is said, observing by the expression of the King's countenance, that he was concerned at the circumstance, and imagining that, should he himself open the book, he might fall on some indifferent passage, which would naturally rob the preceding incident of its importance, instantly proposed to try his own fortune. The lines which he chanced to select were still more applicable to his future fate. It was the beautiful lament of Evander at the untimely death of his son Pallas:—

Non hæc, O Palla, dederas promissa parenti:
Cautiùs ut sævo velles te credere Marti.
Haud ignarus eram, quantum nova gloria in armis,
Et prædulce decus primo certamine posset.
Primitiæ juvenis miseræ, bellique propinqui
Dura rudimenta.

Æneid, lib. 11, v. 152.

O Pallas! thou hast failed thy plighted word,
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword:
I warned thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour will pursue;
That boiling blood would carry thee too far;
Young as thou wert to dangers, raw to war!
O curst assay of arms, disastrous doom,
Preludes of bloody fields, and fights to come!
Dryden's Transl.]

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## ISABELLA, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CARLISLE, TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Coligny, 13 July.

SIR,

I BEGGED Lady Julia to tell you that I meant very soon to trouble you with a letter, and was sorry and ashamed to think how much longer than usual I had been in acknowledging yours. For this neglect, having lived very much alone, I cannot allege want of time, but want of power, as well as want of materials. The weather for some time has been hot to such an excess, and of so dispiriting a nature, that I have not been able to write, read, or even think, as I used to do. Finding the heat last year, though very great, yet not disagreeable, I could never have imagined its influence could have been so different in this climate, and I very heartily repent having quitted

Languedoc, where my health was so much better. I have never been able even to go as far as Lausanne, where I had engaged myself to visit Mrs. Grenville; but they flatter me with an abatement in so disagreeable a kind of weather, and then I shall set about various undertakings, of which I will give my friends an account as soon as they are really put in execution.

I hope, by this time, that your own Gloucestershire air, and the journey thither, has entirely recovered you. I was glad in different letters to hear your name mentioned as partaking of the parties then going about, being a proof of the amendment of your health, without which one is, indeed, very unequal to any enterprise whatever. I hope, before it is very long, that I shall by some means or other learn that Lord and Lady Carlisle have got safely to Spa, and that they find it agreeable when there. I make no doubt of the latter. To people of their age, with the power of making almost every place convenient and pleasant, it is impossible to be otherwise without ill health, which I hope is a distant ill, and that for many years it will be no obstacle to their happiness.

I had a letter on the road from the Duchess of Northumberland, who is charmed with her journey from this place, and with the beautiful scenes that presented themselves on the road. Indeed, what I have seen in a small circle in this country, is beyond everything in point of prospect that I

ever before beheld; but, indeed, for these six weeks past, I have only been able to get out either early in the morning, or near seven at night. As I know your great regard for the family, I am sure you will be glad to hear that the third son * of the late Lord Holland is very well. He is now on his road from Strasburg, on a visit to my near neighbour, Mr. Upton. He has done me the honour to call here, and seems a very agreeable man. He is very handsome in his person, and like his aunt, Lady Louisa Conolly, which is being like a very amiable person. He has great cheerfulness, and, if I may judge by so short an acquaintance, a great frankness, which is a very pleasant and rare quality; as, when it does exist, people are so often obliged to conceal and suppress it, from the inconveniences it draws with it, that it is at last quite lost in necessary dissimulation.

There is a gentleman who has been to see me here, Mr. Hawkins Browne,† whom I think a very sensible man. Perhaps you may have heard of

* The Hon. Henry Edward Fox, younger brother of Charles James Fox, and third son of Henry, first Lord Holland. He was a General in the army, Governor of Portsmouth, and Colonel of the 10th regiment of foot. He married, in 1786, Marianne, daughter of William Clayton, Esq., of Harleyford, in Buckinghamshire, and died in 1811.

† Hawkins Browne, Esq., son of the celebrated Isaac Hawkins Browne, the author of the well-known imitative poems entitled "The Pipe of Tobacco." He published an edition of his father's poems in 1768.

him. He seems to be about thirty: his appearance not favourable, but his understanding much improved. He is at present gone to see the glaciers, which visit I envy him very much; but they say no woman can venture there, as there is no means of going by a carriage, and as I have not the strength to take the walks I used, I am afraid I must abandon the project. I shall be very glad to learn what your intentions are with regard to Paris. If you go there, I shall beg a favour of you, which is to bring me over a small parcel, which I am very unlucky to have failed in already, and I must write to inquire after it. It is some flannel for *le Comte de St. Priest*, the Intendant of Montpelier, to whom I was much obliged for many civilities; and he has set his heart on having this flannel, which I know was bought, and sent, as I thought, by Sir John Lambert.

What a cruel break there has been! I hope you had no money in those quarters, and I believe and flatter myself that nobody had with whom I am connected. I am now in daily expectation of hearing from Lady Betty, who seems much incommoded with the unusual warmth of the weather. Be pleased to continue to direct as usual. I have no pretensions to ask that favour soon, though I hope you will have no reason either to plead the want of health or spirits as a hindrance. I am, sir,

Your sincere, and obliged humble servant,

I. Carlisle.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Tuesday night, July 11th [1780].

DEAR SIR,

I AM just come to town, and very much rejoiced at the good tidings from Milan, which you have received this day, and upon which I very heartily congratulate you, as well as my little Queen, Mrs. Webb, and myself. I was very sure that so absurd and nonsensical a thing could have no serious consequences. Minifie really writes like a true friend, and I am convinced is entirely so.

Be pleased to direct, seal, and send the enclosed to the Reverend the Officiating Minister of Blundeston, near Lowestoff, Suffolk. I sincerely hope that our little Queen finds relief from the change of air, and that her cough, and yours too, which ought not to be of longer continuance, is gone, and that you all find yourselves comfortable in your new habitation.

I do not know yet if I shall be able to do anything about this Buckinghamshire affair; the man asks too much money. Lord Ossory has enclosed me a letter from one of the Chancellor's subordinates, to inform him that the thing he requests shall be done. The Duke is gone to Newmarket, and does not return till the latter end of the week.

I know no news, being just arrived, but I shall be

very happy to receive your *nouvelles*, being very truly interested in them.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

July 15 [1780].

DEAR SIR,

I RETURN you many thanks for your kind and long letter written in such a state of health, but am much disappointed and grieved at finding what that state is, as I had flattered myself that your and the little Queen's cough, instead of growing worse, would, upon your leaving town, and getting into a change of air and exercise, have taken leave of you, and have left you to the pure enjoyment of the good news from Milan. I am glad to hear you speak of a little horse, whatever his colour be, as I believe he will be the best doctor for you both that you can have. And poor Nanny is drawn into the scrape! It is well that Mrs. Webb holds up (as I hope she will continue to do), that you may not be all invalids together, without any one of you being able to comfort the others.

I have not been able to go to the Duke to-day, and therefore cannot tell if he has returned: he was not yesterday. I want very much to see him, in quality of my landlord, as well as your friend. It will really be very distressing to me if he wants to hurry me out, at a time when there need be no additions to my distress, to keep me from being "proud of

heart, and riding a bay trotting horse over four-inch bridges," as Mad Tom has it in Shakspeare. As to coming to Tunbridge, dear sir, if by my presence I could prevent one fit of your coughing, or render you a service half as essential, I would immediately fly to you: but to do it on the score of pleasure and amusement is at present quite beside the mark, as they are things which of late I have been forced, very much against the grain, to break off all kind of acquaintance with, though I hope only *au revoir*, and to be renewed by and by.

I am still very rich, and shall be richer if I get the place in Buckinghamshire for the money I have offered, as I shall be a gainer of 45*l.* a year, besides what I shall earn by serving it myself. This will enable me, with all my outgoings, if not to live very much like a lord, yet to be a tight Trulliber, to feed pigs, and grow fat with them. There is nothing, it must be confessed, very alluring about the place. The house is but one degree better than my wretched one in Bedfordshire; no water near it but the green mantle of the standing pool, and the soil a stiff clay, which induces some doubt of its healthiness. But still—

> Est aliquid quocunque loco, quocunque recessu,
> Unius dominum sese fecisse lacertæ; *

* Juvenal, Sat. 3, v. 230.

> 'Tis pleasant to possess, whate'er the zone,
> One single acre we have made our own.

Boswell was one day in Dr. Johnson's society, when, he says

and to say, *ici je regne*, without fearing to be turned out by any Duke in the land. But enough of this. I would now proceed to talk of other matters, but that I just find I am too late, like a blockhead, for the post. I am much mortified at it, as it must now be Tuesday morning before you can receive my acknowledgments for your kind letter, and Wednesday before I can hear, as I hope I shall, that you are all better.

Monday evening.

The Duke came to town on Saturday evening, and I was with him Sunday morning. He means to go to Tunbridge, Brighthelmstone, and Amesbury, and wanted me to go with him, which is impossible. To Tunbridge he would certainly go, if he

—"One of the company asked him the meaning in Juvenal, *unius lacertæ?* (a single lizard.) JOHNSON.—I think it clear enough; as much ground as one may have a chance to find a lizard upon." "Commentators," says Boswell, "have differed as to the exact meaning of the expression by which the poet intended to enforce the sentiment contained in the passage in which these words occur. It is enough that they mean to denote even a very small possession, provided it be a man's own." Mr. Gifford observes, in reference to these remarks of Boswell:—"Poor Boswell was a man of infinite curiosity. It is a pity that he never heard of the ingenious conjecture of a Dutch critic, who would exchange *lacertæ* for *lacerti* (shoulder), which he accurately translates *een handool landts*, and still more accurately interprets, 'a piece of ground equal in extent to the space between the shoulder and the elbow;'—of a middle-sized man, I presume; though the critic has inadvertently forgotten to mention it."—Gifford, Juvenal, vol. i. p. 124.

did not go to Brighthelmstone, and would certainly see you, who know better than I how certainly he will keep to his resolution. He seemed to listen to my plea about the house, so as to give me room to hope that I shall not be distressed and turned out.

The news is, if it be any to you, that we have taken twenty of the Martinico men, and that the Grand Jury have as yet found no bill against Lord George [Gordon], for the good reason because it has never yet been presented to them: why I know not. A ministerial man of my acquaintance says he has reason to think the Parliament will speedily be dissolved, in consequence of some overtures from America; but this must suppose a dissolution of Ministry too, of which there is no appearance. The papers say that Lord Carlisle is going Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland, but perhaps you know that this is nonsense too. I wish I could hear that you had got rid of your cough, which would be very good sense.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Monday night.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT conveniently wait on you to-morrow morning, but will if it be a *dignus nodus*. At all adventures, I will on Wednesday morning, and perhaps be able to get back to dine with you to-morrow, but I must ride the Lord knows how far first, and perhaps be raw and roasted; and one

ought to be made of iron and steel. I rejoice to find that our little Queen is so much better.

Poor Jack Ketch!* He who has swung so many must at last swing himself. *Nec lex est justior ulla; quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.*

Now that you are at Brookes's, pray don't forget the two dozen packs of cards, for which the money is ready; for I will receive no favour from Mr. Brookes. I am below drinking porter with the chairman, having walked with a variety of mental burdens, heavier than the chairs, till I am ready to drop; but, should not seven be the main, if you will come face to face with me, I will endeavour as well as I can to avoid being disagreeable.

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MISS MARY TOWNSHEND TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Monday evening, July 15th [1780].

DEAR SIR,

It was with great concern, from the uneasiness which I imagine it must have occasioned you, that I heard yesterday of Mie Mie's illness. I was

* Edward Dennis, the hangman, had been sentenced to death on the 1st of July, for his share in the destruction of property during the Gordon riots. The indictment charged him with feloniously assembling, with a great number of other persons, to the disturbance of the public peace, and assisting in demolishing the house of Edward Boggis, in New Turnstile, Holborn. He appears to have escaped suffering the last penalty of the law.

told at the same time of her recovery, but I should be glad to hear that you are recovered of your fears on her account.

Your last letter had given me reason to think that you were soon to leave Brighthelmstone, therefore I did not answer it, believing that it would not be long before we had the pleasure of seeing you here. My sister has scolded me for not having returned you her thanks for your kind remembrance of her. Having no youthful intentions, I never found her offended at the mention of her age.

Harry Selwyn has been with us. He had left *Madame* at Southampton with a relation of hers, and left us in a hurry to go to Blockley, having received a letter from his father to tell him that his brother was dying and wished to see him. The letter was kind, with a mixture of reproaches. He has been presented to the King, as one of the defenders of Quebec: I wish it may be of use to him.

Believe me to be, dear sir, ever yours, &c.

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THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Friday.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I DESIRED Lauragais to send you word of my success yesterday. I lost 400*l.* by a horse of the Duke of Grafton's breaking his leg; otherwise I

should have made a very great day of it; however, I have done pretty well.

The French are very well pleased with Newmarket. I wish you had been here, as you would have liked it better than the last meeting. I think I shall be in town on Sunday or Monday morning.

Yours, &c.

THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Thursday evening.

DEAR SIR,

I REJOICE in the account you were so good as to give me yesterday of our little Queen's perfect recovery, and that you are well enough yourself to meditate a journey and visit of amusement. That freshness of complexion I should have great pleasure in beholding. It must add to her charms, and cannot diminish the character, sense, and shrewdness, which distinguishes her physiognomy, and which she possesses, in a great degree, with a happy engrafting of a high-bred foreign air upon an English stock. It must please every beholder, if he be not one "*cui nulla di peregrino o di gentile piacque mai.*"

But how very pleasant to me was your honest and *naïve* confession of the joy your heart felt at hearing her admired! It is, indeed, most extraordinary that a certain person who has great taste,

—would he had as much nature!—should not see her with very different eyes from what he does. I can never forget that *naïve* expression of Madame de Sévigné:—"*Je ne sais comment l'on fait de ne pas aimer sa fille.*" I know nothing of his Grace's motions at present; but he has *planted* me in some degree, by asking me, if I was not going out of town, if I would come and breakfast or dine with him, if he sent for me. But I have heard nothing of him since. Perhaps he is with you.

My neighbour, your nephew Charles, is very civil to me. I dined with him on Tuesday, and drank your health. We have no news; but an account came to-day of a most gallant action of Captain Waldegrave in the "Prudente" against a French ship of superior force, which he sunk, after an engagement of four hours. Yes! they say that one of the rioters, who was to have been hanged to-day or to-morrow, has been respited, as he has impeached a Frenchman for giving him money for his zeal and exertions, and that the Frenchman is apprehended. I am afraid that you will lose the sight of the Museum Camp, as they talk of its being broken up next week. The Duke and Duchess of Cumberland were there this evening.

I am very glad that you will not let the Gloucester people make a handle of you. I beg my respects to Mrs. Webb. My little Queen! I kiss your garnet hand: congratulating you on your

riding-habit, your hat, and above all, your feather: and wishing you much health and pleasure with them.

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Saturday.

MY DEAR GEORGE,

I HAVE had your letter, and am much obliged to you. We shall set out on Monday, and will dine with you if you like to give us a dinner at your house; if not, order some at Almack's, that we may dine together.

I lost a great deal in the beginning of the week, but I won yesterday, and if I have the same good fortune to-day, I shall be at home with a duck. Yours, &c.

THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Saturday evening.

DEAR SIR,

I AM very sorry that I too favourably interpreted your words, in supposing that our little Queen was perfectly recovered. The "greater freshness of complexion than she ever had before," was the circumstance which I imagined to be incompatible with any remains of her disorder, and

lament that I was mistaken. I give you much joy, sir, of your agreeable letter from the arbitress of your happiness,—as she has been for some time,—but to continue so, I hope, no longer. She will give you, I suppose a laying of fat and a laying of lean, and the next moment be in her airs again.

Yes! the Duke is gone to Amesbury. I dined again yesterday with my good neighbour, and afterwards went to look for his Grace. Did not I qualify "plauted" by "some degree"? All I meant to say was, that, perhaps, I might be improperly officious in going to him again so soon, when I had been given to understand that he would send for me, if he wanted me.

Charles is gone to-day to Eton, to fetch his nephews from school. What a glorious rain we have had last night and to-day! I have not yet heard the Frenchman's name mentioned; when I do, you shall have it.

I do not wonder that the pantiles should have charms for my little friend. There are people of quality, and fine clothes, and music, to be added to the amount of things which have their charms for her; and not less powerful, especially the two former, than the raffling and the Tunbridge-ware. But after all, how much more cheering is Matson! the sweet scene, the quiet, the stillness, and the rural felicity of a visit at neighbour Goscomb's,—"to smile with the simple and feed with the poor!"*—if

* This line occurs in a song by Garrick, and there is an

Mrs. Webb has rhetoric to persuade her so, and, if she has not, I do not know any body else that has.

I think it as well, sir, that you did not go to Gloucester sooner, but have given the rascals time and rope enough (if it would but hang them) to show themselves plainly and take a decided part; especially as you will have much less difficulty with the few who have maintained their integrity, in declaring the decision which you at once so philosophically and happily made.

There is a clever place, sir, according to the advertisement, to be let at Hitcham, in Bucks, twenty-four miles from London, and near Windsor and Maidenhead. That is about your spot, I think;

amusing literary anecdote connected with it. Boswell, speaking of an evening which he passed with Dr. Johnson, at Mr. Thrale's villa at Streatham, observes,—"Mrs. Thrale praised Garrick's talents for light gay poetry; and as a specimen, repeated his song in 'Florizel and Perdita,' and dwelt with peculiar pleasure on this line—

'I'd smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.'

JOHNSON.—'Nay, my dear lady, this will never do. Poor David! Smile with the simple!—what folly is that? And who would feed with the poor that can help it? No, no; let me smile with the wise, and feed with the rich!' I repeated this sally to Garrick, and wondered to find his sensibility as a writer not a little irritated by it. To soothe him, I observed, that Johnson spared none of us; and I quoted the passage in Horace, in which he compares one who attacks his friends for the sake of a laugh, to a pushing ox, that is marked by a bunch of hay put upon his horns; *fœnum habet in cornu.* 'Ay,' said Garrick, vehemently, 'he has a whole *mow* of it.'"

and might it not be worth your while to look at it as you go to Gloucestershire?

Neither Charles nor I could get any news yesterday; and I have not seen a creature that could tell me any to-day.

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MISS MARY TOWNSHEND TO GEORGE SELWYN.

19 July, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

It never occurred to me that you were in danger of catching the hooping-cough, any more than the other distempers you mention. Growing interested in enumerating the ills we escape by advancing in life, I have reckoned proneness to take infection one, and that the hooping-cough, once over, never returned; but I find I am out in this calculation, as I have been in many others. We wish much to hear again how you do, and what advice you have taken about yourself. Dr. Wright (who I take to be the physician at Tunbridge) Charles is acquainted with, and has told me is in good repute with the faculty. If Mademoiselle has already passed the worst of the disorder, she has had it slightly.

What has prevented Miss Fox coming to Tunbridge? I always imagined that her being ordered to go there, was the reason which had determined you to make choice of a lodging at that place, wish-

ing to be of some use to her. She does not appear to be in danger of being spoilt by the notice taken of her by her relations.

My brother, Mrs. Townshend, and their two daughters are arrived in good health, and yesterday our party was increased by Lord Grantham and Mr. Robinson. The former is examining the house and furniture, to find hints for his family arrangements. As yet there is nothing magnificent here except pictures; nor do I believe there ever will be anything of that sort; but what is finished is comfortable, and in good taste.

The affair of the mortgage I trust entirely to Charles. I still should like a bit of land, to be secure of my potatoes, but I have not thought so much about the French as I did last year. That is easier for you to account for, than for me to explain.

I shall be in town for a few days the end of October or beginning of November. When I have a little settled my own *ménage*, I shall visit my brother's, in Kent, but I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you during my short stay. I wish your Doctor well and *permanently* lodged, but I do not want him at our house. All here desire to be remembered to you. Believe me to be, dear sir, most affectionately yours,

MARY TOWNSHEND.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Tuesday evening.

DEAR SIR,

I AM afraid you are *à reculons,* by Pierre's letter, as it seems to intimate that you have abandoned the thought of your Sussex journey, and that you intend to be in town on this day se'night. I am just come from a late dinner in the city, where I am told, that instead of the brig or frigate, as the papers have it, which Sir James Wallace has taken with its attendants, it is a sixty-four gun ship. I think that things go better for us, but who, in the name of wonder, could put such a thing in the *Courier?*

I shall certainly attend you on your arrival, unless the Bucks matter should take me up, of which I have heard nothing yet, and am uneasy about. I have much to say to Pierre,* if I had time. He tells me that he does not remember any thing at all of the thirteen guineas; so I must have cheated you, then! But how does he keep his accounts? Perhaps he had not them with him. I remember it very well. We were going out of town together that morning—I believe to Harry Hoare's—and he put the money into one of the china cups or jars on the mantel-piece in the one-

* Pierre Michalin, George Selwyn's servant.

pair-of-stairs forwards, where you dressed. I must beg he will be pleased to rub up his memory, or he will make me rub and fret like a gummed taffety.

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JOSEPH PICKERING, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Great Queen Street, July 25, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I AM favoured with yours. I wish I was sufficiently versed in politics to give you a decisive opinion on the junction of the Spanish and French fleets in the West Indies, but not being so, I can only inform you that the report of this day is, that the Spaniards have only stopped at Dominique for water and other refreshments, and are gone towards their own settlements. If so, I think, under the protection of Sir George Rodney, our islands have little to fear from the French, in which case, I hope your mind will be easy, and your pleasure remain undisturbed. I am, with great esteem,

Your most obedient servant,

JOS. PICKERING.

[The French fleet in the West Indies, under Admiral de Guichen (already much superior to that of Sir George Rodney), had recently been joined by a Spanish fleet, consisting of twelve sail of the line, several frigates, and a number of transports,

containing ten or twelve thousand troops and a large train of artillery. Even the genius of Rodney could have effected nothing against so overwhelming a force; and it was considered, and not without reason, that Jamaica, and our other West India islands, must fall, one by one, into the hands of our enemies. Fortunately, however, for England, the Spaniards had so overcrowded their transports, that a frightful sickness broke out among them, which in time partially extended itself over the French fleet. Moreover, the French and Spanish admirals chose to quarrel among themselves. These circumstances led to the disunion and separation of a great armament; the destruction of which even the vast naval resources of England would otherwise have found it difficult to accomplish. In the month of July, De Guichen returned to Europe with the homeward-bound convoy from the French sugar islands; while the Spanish admiral proceeded to the Havannah, to assist in the military operations which Spain was at this period carrying on in Florida. Owing to these circumstances, Rodney, instead of being a fugitive on the ocean, found himself the undisputed master of the Western Atlantic; and, indeed, was enabled to sail with a large force to New York, where he suddenly and effectually confounded the plans of Washington in that quarter.]

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Saturday evening.

DEAR SIR,

I was very glad to see your hand again last night, as I was afraid, from not seeing it on Thursday, that matters were worse than they are. I congratulate the little Queen upon being *hors d'affaire*, and hope that you will not be long after her. You have nothing to fear from the smoke here, as there is not a fire, I believe, in all the region of this town, for Charles [Townshend] and I always dine upon cold meat, and the change of air, I would flatter myself, may be beneficial to you.

We think it good news here that Clinton is safely arrived at New York;* and as Washington has joined Rodney, we flatter ourselves that Barbadoes, and all our other possessions in the West Indies, will be safe. You have heard, I suppose, from the old tabbies at Tunbridge, more authentically than I can give them to you, the rights of the story, as they call it, of the breaking off in the middle between Lord Egremont and Lady Waldegrave;* but

* Sir Henry Clinton (after his successful expedition to Charlestown, and the surrender of that important city, for which service he was honoured with the thanks of Parliament) had sailed for New York, in consequence of information which he had received that a French armament had arrived on that part of the coast, for the purpose of co-operating with Washington.

† See ante, after 27th April, 1779.

I have heard that it was owing to his attachment to Lady M., who absolutely would not suffer him to marry, though this Lady M., they say, is now become a fright, or, in the language of a lady of quality, "a cursed ugly creature;" that being the precise phrase made use of the other day to my friend Mrs. Crespigny by Lady Ligonier.* Bad crow; bad egg! Phil. Crespigny and Harry Hoare desire their best respects to you. Charles [Townshend] is gone out of town somewhere to-day, and Miss Townshend and Lady Midleton† are gone to Brighthelmstone, as I suppose you know.

Do you know, my little Queen, that I am dying to see you in your habit and your hat and feathers, when I fancy you to myself a little Donna Maria, the Infanta of Spain. I hope to dine with you on Tuesday, and hear your account of Tunbridge. You will be at home by five o'clock very easily, even if you do not set out till eleven, or after. Shall I order dinner then? Pray give my best respects to Mrs. Webb, and suppose that I kiss your garnet hand, and hope your Nanny is *hors d'affaire* as well as yourself. I think it will be well when you are *hors de la tracasserie et de l'ennui de Tunbridge;* don't you? Is not it true?

* Mary, daughter of Robert Hanley, first Earl of Northington, and wife of Edward, Baron Ligonier in Ireland.

† See ante, 4th August, 1763.

JOHN ROBINSON, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Lyon Hill, August 8 [1780].

DEAR SIR,

I AM quite ashamed to have detained your servant so long, but from the moment of his arrival I have been so situated and engaged with gentlemen, and with Lord North, that I could not possibly write to you.

Last night a card of appointment was wrote to you, fixing Lord North's seeing you on Thursday morning, and I hoped you would receive it this morning, soon after you had written your letter to me. I have this morning laid your letter of to-day before Lord North, and talked to him further on the subject on which I had before conversed with him, and he directs me to say, that he shall be very glad to discuss the whole with you, and that if Thursday morning is too late for you, he will see you sooner, but that he could not with any degree of certainty fix a precise time for seeing you sooner than Thursday. His Lordship, however, returns to town to-morrow noon. I shall be in town by nine o'clock, and if it is material that you should see Lord North before Thursday morning, on a line to me, I will endeavour to get some hour fixed for your meeting in the course of to-morrow. I am ever, with great truth and respect, your most faithful, and most obedient, humble servant,

JOHN ROBINSON.

Near 4, P.M.

P.S. I have opened the letter again to mention a discovery I have this minute made, which is, that the note of last night to you was wrote as for an appointment to me, by the mistake of the clerk who wrote it, instead of an appointment for your seeing Lord North.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

August 19 [1780].

DEAR SIR,

WHAT in the name of wonder can be the meaning that I do not hear from you to let me know how you and the little Queen do, who went away such invalids; how you got down; what was the event of Monday; what new prospects open; and a hundred other things that you must be sure I am anxious to know?

You will have seen by the papers that we have a Russian fleet in the Downs; a circumstance which engrosses all conversation, and seems a crust for the politicians. But here is a fine fellow to-day, who says, in a newspaper which I enclose, that it is all pure love and kindness. If he be right, *erit mihi magnus Apollo.* You will have seen that there has been a very gallant action performed by Captain Williams, of the "Flora," in taking "la Nymphe."

I hope that he is a relation of your friend Mr. Williams.

Do, pray, sir, write to me, and let me know the needful, or desire Brother Barry to give it me. If that old French dictionary in the closet in the breakfast-room be Lacombe's dictionary, I wish, sir, you would lend it to me, as I have some old French to read, and my brother Barry will send it me up, directing it to be left till called for, at the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly. I cannot find one in town.

Dear little white thing, and little lapwing! I think I see you (and I hope my eyes do not deceive me), scudding every morning with your Nanny through the garden to your neighbour Goscombe. Pray, in one of your draughts of whey, remember your poor Snail, who will now drink a good health and a good night to you and all your friends in a draught of British burgundy. Good night! I will look for you in the moon when it is full.

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### GEORGE SELWYN TO LORD NORTH.

Matson, August 22 [1780].

MY LORD,

I SAID, when I had the honour of waiting on your lordship, that as soon as I came to this place I would acquaint you with my situation, that is, of my interest respective to the next general election.

It is my intention, then, to resign all thoughts of being a candidate at the next election for the City of Gloucester. I have given directions for the election at Luggershall to be of Lord Melbourne * and myself; but I do not propose to leave this place till I see if the chapter of accidents produces no event of which I can avail myself, and which may be advantageous to the cause which your Lordship would espouse.

I am at present in a weaker state of health from a present disorder than I ever was; and if a canvass were necessary, such as I have gone through in former contests, it would be beyond my force. The difficulties are greater, and the probability of success less, than it ever was on other occasions of a similar nature. If a considerable sum of money would ensure success, I would not be sparing of it. I have a zeal for His Majesty's interest, and for the ease of his government, and I have attached myself to your Lordship's administration, so much in earnest and from principle, that I hope you will not doubt but that now I would do everything which could with reason be expected from me. But, at the same time, I have a desire that what private fortune I have, may not, in the decline of my life, be so impaired, that I could not end my days with some degree of ease and satisfaction.

* Peniston, first Viscount Melbourne, a Groom of the Bedchamber to George IV. when Prince of Wales. He was advanced to the English peerage in 1781, and died July 22, 1828.

I have been five times chosen for this city, which I must now relinquish, and been a member there for six and twenty years, which is longer than any one of my family ever represented it. I have supported two Oppositions, with no inconsiderable expense, and have subjected myself to the humours of these people, till I am quite tired of them. The best and most useful friends to me and my family, have been dead some time, and their sons and descendants have not only forgotten the obligations which their relations had to mine, but those favours which I have recently obtained in their behalf from your Lordship. However, it is right to acquaint you that there still remains in this place a number of friends to the present government, upon whose services I could safely rely if there was occasion for them. This number, upon encouragement, would be increased; and as I shall not cease to come into this part of the world where my estate is, so I shall take every opportunity of encouraging these dispositions, and, in every sphere in which I happen to move, shall exert my utmost endeavours to promote what I think the real benefit of this country, which is a support of His Majesty's government. I shall make good all the professions which I have ever made of attachment to your Lordship's administration, and shall remain, with the utmost respect,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

GEORGE SELWYN.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Thursday evening, August 24 [1780].

Just returned, with my neighbour Charles, from dining at Camberwell with Claude Crespigny,* Phil.'s elder brother, Phil. and many others. An immense dinner, and an ocean of claret!

Notwithstanding the capture of our fleets,† how are we ruined when I find a letter from you in better spirits? I rejoice to hear that the little Queen is as well and as good as I wish her. I was going to say a *thousand* happy years, but as I wish her every thing that is most perfect, I will wish her but the multiplication of the first period towards perfection at which she will arrive to-morrow; being informed by a learned ancient that nine times nine is the most perfect of all numbers, and that when Plato died at Athens on his birth-day, in his eighty-first year, certain magi were for rendering him divine honours.

* Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny, Bart., died January 29, 1818, at the age of eighty-three.

† This evidently refers to the junction of the French and Spanish fleets in the West Indies, which naturally caused a temporary panic in England. (See ante, p. 358.) The pleasing tidings of the departure of the French fleet for Europe, and of the Spanish fleet for the Havannah, had not yet arrived in England.

Verses! Yes, *inter fumum et opes, strepitumque Romæ,—I nunc et versus meditare canoros.** But indeed, at present it is nothing but *fumum et strepitum*, for Don Gaston, as they call him, has carried off our *opes*, and of his threaden sails has made wings to our riches wherewith to fly away. It is all over, and we are a poor undone people, and what signifies who comes into Parliament! But in our company to-day there was a certain Harry Parker, son of Admiral Parker, who has a place in the Admiralty, who assured us, that our West India islands would be still safe. It is charming, but who will believe it? Charles says, that the King has turned out Lord Pomfret,† because he had turned out an under ranger, which the King thought a hard case. He gave him three days to consider of it, in which, as his Lordship did not relent, he *resigned*. If it be true, it is fine poetical justice. I cannot hear a word from my cousin of Buckingham, though I have been induced to bid an hundred more. *Pour le Duc*, his house is shut up, and I know not where he is gone.

Dear Brother Barry, you are very good for your

* Horace, Carm. 19, lib. 3, and Epist. 2, lib. 2, v. 76.

> Midst Rome's thick smoke, her wealth, and busy throng,
> 'Twere vain to meditate the tuneful song.

† George, second Earl of Pomfret, a Lord of the Bedchamber, a Privy Counsellor, and Ranger of the little Park at Windsor. He died June 9, 1785.

kind letter, and very good for supporting our friend in his philosophy. Pray tell me how your little round-faced girl does, and kiss her chubby cheek for me. Look for the old tattered French dictionary, and if it be Lacombe's, send it me with our good friend's leave, it being too trifling a circumstance for him to advert to. Pray remember me kindly to the Alderman and all friends, and to Mr. Campbell who asked after me.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

August 26 [1780].

DEAR SIR,

The Duke of Queensberry sent for me this morning to pay my rent, and to bid me tell you that he had received both your letters; that he rejoices that you are better; that he has been at Lord Barrington's,* and that he goes to-morrow morning to Amesbury to stay,—he does not know how long,—in which I dare say he is very right.

His Grace, I believe, measuring other people's corn by his own bushel, takes me to be as much

* William, second Viscount Barrington. He served, during a period extending over thirty-four years, some of the highest offices of the State, and died February 1, 1793, in his seventy-seventh year.

a victim of *ennui* as himself, and as little skilful in employing my time to my satisfaction. Perhaps, therefore, he thought he did me a favour in keeping me waiting two hours (which I call paying my rent), before he vouchsafed to see me; considering, I apprehend, that his room was very clean, and that the room which I inhabit is very dirty; but not considering at the same time that I have convened in that dirty room a most illustrious and instructive company, with which his Grace, unhappily for himself, is so utterly unacquainted, that he cannot be entertained with them, but by which, if I do not profit, I can be very much amused.

Then he scarcely ever fails to offend my feelings. There was a tenderness in your letter about Mie Mie, and the little flannel petticoat which had covered her elegant proportions, and had done you good, with which he ought to have been pleased, but which he treated with a pish or a damn. I do not know what he may do from whim, or from not knowing what else to do, but I cannot conceive he will do much from sentiment or rectitude. Surely, sir, when you conceived so much friendship for him, which continues now from habitude, the man (if I ought to call him so, first on account of his great nobility, and secondly on account of his no less frivolity) must have been very different from what I have ever seen him. But, however, be he as

he may, I am sure he loves you as much or more than he does anybody, and therefore you ought to continue to love him, and I hope will forgive me when I blurt out, in my blunt way, anything which I think I see improper in him, and which at present may arise as much from a pride in myself which may not become me, as from zeal to you.

But, having entered into a nonsensical detail that had better been left alone, I must say in my justification, that had he had any person of consequence with him (wanting as he did to speak with me, and going out of town to-morrow morning), I should have thought nothing of it, and not have called it paying my rent. I would then have waited twice two hours willingly, but for whom in the world do you think that I was kept so long kicking my heels? Why, sir, for no less than a couple of right rascally upholsterers, with whom he was chaffering about a paper at a groat a yard! And now have I cause or not? You are a righteous judge; and I, to be righteous, must not omit, that he expressed his pleasure at your being better with a very laudable emphasis. I was glad, too, to find that he applauded, as he did very warmly, your philosophic determination with regard to the devoted city, and bid me tell you so. So much for the most noble and puissant prince my landlord.

We had firing of guns this morning, which

made us all alert, and arrested our ears to receive some notable piece of news; but behold, it was only either for a review, or for the Queen's having given us an addition to the royal nursery,—I have not thought it of significance enough to inquire which. I cannot very clearly recollect what I said to you on Thursday night, being rather obfuscated, but I believe it was something discrediting a report that we should be safe in the West Indies, in which I was wrong. I am now very circumstantially informed, that we shall certainly be safe there, at least for this year, for that both the French and Spaniards are leaving them. The French have a valuable fleet, which is to be conveyed home by twenty sail of the line. Stocks yesterday were not fallen above three quarters per cent., notwithstanding our late loss.

Neighbour Charles did not (as he said he would when I left him on Thursday night) eat a bit of tart and go to bed. He must walk out forsooth, and so fell down in Bond Street, but did not hurt himself. But these tales out of school are only to you.

I beg to be kindly remembered to the little Queen, Mrs. Webb, and Brother Barry.

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

28th August [1780].

DEAR SIR,

I AM just coming from dining in Fleet Street with little Harry Hoare (our fat friend is in Wiltshire), and when the broker clerk came in, he told us that the news in the Alley was, that we had lost twelve sail of the Quebec fleet. There is a report, too, of our having lost three armed ships; but I hope it is all Alley news only. However, though little Harry's claret is very good (as he deals with Brown and Whiteford), yet it made me low, and I came home in the dumps. But when I had groped out my tinder-box and struck a light, and found what a lumping pennyworth I had from you, in a letter of three sheets, I was so highly pleased and flattered, that I would not believe a word of the bad news.

I wish I had any good news to give you. You give me good tidings in saying that your pains abate, and gratify me much by the domestic detail; but I could almost wish, though your garden is in such good order, that you had gone anywhere this summer rather than to Matson, that you might not have been harassed, baited, and tormented to give in to the views of private pique and resentment, coloured

over with a plausible appearance of friendship to you, and perhaps believed to be really so. It is impossible that your not being elected can make any difference in your wisest and best views: but if once *vous donnez dedans*, it will immediately make a great difference in your peace, and eventually, whether you are elected or not (as I should suppose Government had not, at present, money to make experiments with), a great difference in your purse. Purse and peace are two things you should cherish. To a third postulate we say nothing, as at a certain age it is not worth talking about; and so my brother Barry will find out one of these days, though he is just going to be married.

Neighbour Charles went to Frognal on Saturday, and was to come home to-night; we are to dine with him on Friday with the Crespignys, &c. I did not forget to make your compliments to Phil. It is whimsical enough, they have always been a good Whig family, but Phil, being King's Proctor, has, from thinking it decent I suppose, so talked himself into Toryism, that I tell him if he goes on much longer, I fear he will come to believe it. I'll tell you what, sir; as to that canting, pot-bellied Justice, I despise his canting as much as any body; but if to be pot-bellied be a sin, God help the wicked, say I. I know there are people who think it would not have signified much if he had been carried off by the press-gang which once

laid hold of him; but I know, too, if there be truth in prophecy, that, in the next world, Jefferies, Mansfield, and Loughborough will be his shoe-blacks.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN

August 29 [1780].

DEAR SIR,

In a few hours after you have read this the Parliament will be dissolved. I have heard it to-day from various quarters, and the reason upon which it is built is said to be that, by the late despatches from Clinton, Government is informed by him that he will not be able to do anything effectual. This information, I hope, is not quite idle, and I shall be glad if it be true, as you will be the sooner out of your torment. Wise men have in all ages made use of fools, and I do not see why fools should not make use of wise men. No, no, sir; be steady in maintaining your tranquillity, or you will not arrive at the most perfect of all numbers,* but if you are steady in maintaining it, I think no man of your age in the world bids fairer to arrive at that perfection than yourself; and I hope I shall live to see it, when I shall be a fine grey-headed old Jollocks of sixty-five. To be

* See ante, 24th August.

sure you will have no pleasure in dandling the little Mie Mies upon your knee. N.B. I am a candidate for performing the marriage ceremony.

Geary* and Darby† have resigned, but it is said to be purely on account of age and infirmity, and not party matter. Palliser owes his place at Greenwich to royal indignation. There was a proposal for a coalition; the first *postulatum* of opposition being, that Sandwich should go, and Keppel take his place:—"I'll hear no more; I give Palliser Greenwich." My authority is Sir William Dolben‡, in Mr. Hoare's shop. We have taken one of the Russian transports, whether by blunder or command is not known; but it is a ticklish business. The ships which Captain Cook went out with upon his discoveries, are safe arrived in the Downs.§

* Francis Geary, Admiral of the White. He was one of the members of the court-martial which tried the unfortunate Admiral Byng, and, on the death of Sir Charles Hardy in 1780, was appointed to the command of the Channel fleet. He was created a Baronet 17th August, 1782, and died on the 7th of February, 1796, in his eighty-seventh year. The present (third) Baronet is his grandson.

† George Darby, Vice-Admiral of the Red, died in February, 1790.

‡ Sir William Dolben, Bart., of Finedon, distinguished by his benevolence and private virtues. He represented the University of Oxford in Parliament during several years, and died March 20, 1814, at the age of eighty-eight.

§ The 'Resolution' and 'Discovery.' Captain Cook had been killed by the natives of Owyhee on the 14th of February, 1779.

## THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Becket, 31 August, 1780.

I HAVE had both your letters. I saw Warner last Saturday, when I was in London; he was to write to you that night. I desired him to tell you I was glad to find you had made up your mind about Gloucester: the less trouble, I think, about all things, the better, as so few seem to me worth any.

I left London on Sunday. Charles Fox dined with me at Amesbury on Tuesday, on his way to Bridgewater. He thinks himself the better for Bath, but he has not recovered his voice. Lady Har,*

* Lady Harrington, and her youngest daughter, Lady Anna Maria Stanhope, born March 31, 1760. The latter married first, in 1782, Thomas, third Duke of Newcastle (by whom she was the mother of the present Duke), and secondly, in 1800, Lieutenant General Sir Charles Cregan Crawford, G.C.B. The Duke of Queensberry had been supposed to be on the point of marriage with Lady Henrietta, an elder sister of Lady Anna Maria Stanhope, which gave rise at the period to the following lampoon:—

Say, Jockey Lord, adventurous Macaroni,
So spruce, so old, so dapper, stiff, and starch,
Why quit the amble of thy pacing pony?
Why on a filly risk the name of March?

Consult the equestrian bard, wise Chiron Beever,
Or Dr. Heber's learned Sybil leaves,
And they, true members of the *Scavoir Vivre*,
Will tell the wondrous things that love receives.

Lady Anna Maria, Lady Archer,* the Crawfords, and all that are here, go to-morrow to

Why, in the spavin of your days, sweet sir,
Attempt to draw on Cupid's little boot?
Let Jockey Grosvenor's fate, alas! deter;
Ah! think, Newmarket Lord, what things may sprout!

Few tits, perhaps, were ever higher bred;
What shoulders, limbs!—you know, my Lord,
she staunch is;
She's fresh from pasture, never back'd or fed,
For you she should be thrown upon her haunches.

Ah! think, squire Groom, in spite of Pembroke's tits,
An abler rider oft has lost his seat;
Young should the jockey be who mounts such bits,
Or he'll be run away with every heat.

Stick to the Jockey club, attend your bard,
Nor ever think of dancing love's cotillon;
For Ligonier, who galloped quite as hard,
Was doubly distanced by his own postilion.

Lady Henrietta Stanhope subsequently married Thomas, fourth Lord Foley. She died in childbed of Thomas, the fifth Lord Foley in 1781.

* Sarah, eldest daughter of James West, Esq., M.P. for Alscot, in Warwickshire, and widow of Andrew, second Baron Archer. Tickell thus introduces Lady Archer in his "Wreath of Fashion:"—

Blest wreath! whose flowerets dread no vulgar doom,
Of fading hues, or transitory bloom;
Above the fleeting pride of Flora's day,
Thy vivid foliage never can decay!
There violets, pinks, and lilies of the vale,
Despise the sultry beam, or chilly gale;
There fixed as Archer's rouge the mimic rose,
With persevering blush, for ever grows.

Amesbury. I am glad to hear that you are so much better, and that Mie Mie is well. I saw Carlisle in town, where he stays, I suppose, preparing for Ireland. When do you go to Luggershall? I am afraid that I shall be gone from Amesbury before that time. Yours, &c.

QUEENSBERRY.

George Selwyn, Esq.,
Matson, near Gloucester.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Thursday evening, August 31st, very late.
Yesterday, I suppose, I had lost a day, as
I think I dated the 29th.

DEAR SIR,

THE report of the dissolution of Parliament, to-morrow, continues very strong. They even say that the proclamation is in the press. But to be sure you know all about these things better than I can tell you; especially as you have expresses from Ministers.

I have just read your letter touching Lord Fairford. I don't know what to think of it, but I wish they would let you be quiet, and *cultiver votre jardin*, and not take your attention from your most favourite and lovely plant, flower, blossom, *élève*. I will write to-morrow.

I shall be happy to see Brother Barry in town. Foreseeing, as I suppose he did, this journey,—a

second Daniel!—he has not sent me the dictionary; but means to bring it with him for greater security, being a precious *meuble*.

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ANNE COUNTESS OF UPPER OSSORY TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Monday [1780]. Too late for the post.

It requires little good-breeding (if one has a grain of sensibility, which is enough *pour ce bas monde*), to enter into the distresses of one's friends heartily; to listen to them with interest; and wish to relieve them; but without that sort of attention, commonly called good-breeding, no intercourse can be comfortable. I did not mean this treatise, but plainly to show my attention, by telling you, as soon as I could, that I really felt for you extremely, although I hope Mad^lle^ Fagniani is convalescent, which Madame de Sévigné describes as such a *doux état*. Asses' milk, of course, will be prescribed, but do not let her drink the Tunbridge waters too soon after, nor with any cough: they are apt to heat the lungs. Asses' milk and Seltzer water I know by experience are excellent.

As to Lord George Gordon, it is undoubtedly shocking to his family, but really I can feel no compassion towards the root of all evil. I am sick of his name; it is dreadful. In the country they will neither talk of their harvest, nor any of the usual topics, but must discuss state affairs; some

swearing that it is treason; others that it is a slight offence. Luckily a receipt for an ague was introduced by one of our neighbours yesterday, and every other person had one to offer, or there would not have been a wig left in the company. Lord Ossory is returned very *black*. I am happy to give up my opinions to him on all other subjects, but confess on this I had rather differ. I am delighted with all your wit, and sorry to hear you confess you have no taste for it, as you have a great deal. I believe Mr. Burke makes himself very unhappy with his political principles and wishes for reformation; but he is one of the *very few* to whom I must give entire credit for acting entirely on principle, and denying himself so long the good things of this world on that alone, &c.

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### THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

[Charles Wolfran Cornwall, Esq., whose appointment to the Speakership of the House of Commons is mentioned by Dr. Warner in this letter as likely to take place, was elected to that post on the 31st of October following. He was distinguished by a fine voice and a commanding figure, but his habit, during the hours he occupied the Speaker's chair, of having a pewter pot constantly at hand, from which he imbibed large quantities of his favourite liquor, considerably de-

tracted from the dignity of his office and personal demeanour. The "Rolliad," alluding to the Speaker's chair, observes,—

> There Cornwall sits, and ah! compell'd by fate,
> Must sit for ever through the long debate;
> Save when compell'd by Nature's sovereign will,
> Sometimes to empty, and sometimes to fill.
> Like sad Prometheus fasten'd to the rock,
> In vain he looks for pity to the clock;
> In vain the powers of strengthening porter tries,
> And nods to Bellamy for fresh supplies.

The quantity of porter which he drank was in the habit of producing somnolency, which, on more than one occasion, is said to have caused considerable inconvenience to the House. He died on the 2nd of January, 1789.]

September 4 [1780].

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT understand all this, nor why you are to be teazed and baited so.

To-morrow evening your agents, whoever they are, are to have the honour of entertaining the worthy freemen of Gloucester resident in London. There is a report of Cornwall being Speaker, but we know not on what foundation. Charles Fox does not expect to be chosen for Westminster, but is to come in for Bridgewater. I hope you will soon get yourself chosen for Luggershall.

Sir James Marriot,* I see, has started with

* Sir James Marriot, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty.

*Ursa minima* against Phil. but I hope the Proctor will be too hard for the judge. Yes, sir, I admire your shrewd argument upon political principles, but *nego consequentiam.* However, I will not answer it by words, but a fact which will speak stronger the prevalence of Tory principles in the present reign; *the Blues and the Jacks are the firmest friends to it.* Oh! Whig as I am, how I hate the mob! Yes, give me government at any rate, and if I cannot make it snow white, let it snow brown or red.

I think with you, Sir, that *Ædes* is too magnificent for a stable, as it often denoted a temple. *Ædificium* there would be no such objection to, and I think it would be better without *hoc. Vetustate,* too, might, I believe, be as well put for *tempore.*

Ædificium vetustate collapsum
Restituit G. A. Selwyn,
1780.

I will see about a master for my little Queen, whose garnet-hand I kiss devoutly.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

September 5 [1780].

DEAR SIR,

Neighbour Charles, who is exceedingly taken up to-day with a variety of business and engage-

ments, has desired me to inform you, that he means to be at the meeting in Bishopsgate Street if possible, and that Blake, or somebody from him, will be with you on Friday to consult about, and settle matters with you in regard to Luggershall; also, that he has forwarded your letter to Lord Melbourne.

He has desired me to write a line to Lady Midleton to acquaint her that the election at Whitchurch will be on Saturday next, which I have just done. And now, if I could have picked up any news to-day, you should have had it, but that I could not do. I want news from you, not having heard from you since Saturday night, and it seems an age:—yes, rather later, by the express to Charles. After all, it will be whimsical enough if that city should have its old members.* But if Government is so powerful, as Charles seems to think, when set seriously to work, why will they not exert every nerve and throw Barrow out? How very much should I rejoice to see in this affair, what is sometimes seen in others, the cunning man too cunning for himself! But I suppose it is not possible to throw Barrow out.

Pray, sir, write to me. I seem to want your letter as much as a night's rest.

* The city of Gloucester. The old members were George Selwyn and Charles Barrow, Esq., LL.D., and Recorder of Tewkesbury.

[In the hand-writing of Charles Townshend is added:—]

Past ten o'clock.

I am just returned from your friend's, at the White Hart. Mr. Mathews, in an eloquent speech, proposed a thorough resolution, on behalf of himself and friends, to stand by you; and then I in return, declared on your behalf, that you looked upon your cause and that of Sir A. Hammond as one. I suspect the opinion of the most intelligent part of the company to be the same as yours, that the old members will be returned.

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CHARLES TOWNSHEND, ESQ., TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Old Burlington Street,
Wednesday, 6 September, 1780.

DEAR SIR,

I SUPPED last night with the Gloucester freemen. Mr. Mathews, the great man, made a speech, which, from my ignorance of Gloucester politics, I did not perfectly understand; but I thought that the point which he chiefly laboured to carry, was to persuade his friends, as he called them, to consider your interest so entirely joined with Sir A. Hammond's, that they should look upon it as a

common cause. There was one flower in his speech, which was often repeated and much admired: that he came from an egg which never deceived, and that it was a blue egg. He abused Barrow and Webb much. I was called upon by Mr. Lloyd, the agent, to answer for you that you joined heartily with Sir A. Hammond. This I did, without following Mr. Mathews in his abuse of Barrow, who might have deserved it, because I understood that many of Barrow's friends were in the room who had no objection to voting for you. I told them that you had served them twenty-eight years; that you had determined, for the rest of your life, to spend the greater part of your time at Matson: that you thought it hard to be driven out after so long a service, and after having upon so many occasions shown your attachment to the interests of Gloucester; and that you looked upon your interests and that of Sir A. Hammond as one cause.

I was very well received, and I asked those who seemed the most considerable personages, whether I had said too much or too little; but they were very well satisfied, and Mr. Mathews assured me that he had done more for you than any of your own friends, and that he would serve you to the utmost of his power.

The best-dressed man of the company seemed to suspect that you and Barrow would be returned, as two or three of them told me; but the great

leaders are confident that you and Hammond will carry it. I write to you about your own business; but having many other letters to write, I must conclude with assuring you that I am,

Yours most affectionately,

C. TOWNSHEND.

To George Selwyn, Esq.,
at Matson, near Gloucester.

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## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Thursday, Sept. 7 [1780], at dinner at neighbour Charles's, a *tête-à-tête*,—so we say in the plural.

DEAR SIR,

WE rejoice at the success, so much beyond our fondest hopes, of your first day's canvass, and are now *en attendant* the account of the second; drinking your health, and wishing the canvassing may go on as it begun; if so, the cunning man will be, as I prayed, too cunning for himself.

I sent the papers you enclosed to his Grace, by this post, to Amesbury (for there he is, and with him Lady Harrington and Lady Anna Maria, Lady Archer, General Craig, and Lord Barrington*), and gave him an account of your glorious first day's canvass. Charles Fox is going on at a great rate, we hear, in Covent Garden, and many people really

* See ante, 26 August.

think he will carry his election. The new peers that are to be, are Sir William Bagot,* Lord Chief Justice de Grey,† General Fitzroy,‡ and Lord Gage.§ Lord Beaulieu lately, on the Terrace at Windsor, bowed to the Duke of Montagu, then attending upon the King and Princes, and too much occupied with that duty to return his lordship's salute; upon which he stepped up to him, took his hat (the Duke's) from his head, and threw it over the terrace-wall, down, down, down, into the meadows. The King sent General Carpenter and Colonel Conway to them to prevent any rising of the lights.

Neighbour Charles has this morning voted for Lord Lincoln and Charles Fox, not to do any harm; which rule, I believe, he is determined to observe throughout the present combustion, and proceed in his calm and quiet way, by one and one of a side. Lord Carlisle, Lord Edward Bentinck, and Fawkener, expressed to him to-day great pleasure at

* Sir William Bagot, sixth baronet, created, this year, Baron Bagot. He died October 22, 1798.

† William de Grey, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, which office he resigned in 1780, and was advanced to the Peerage by the title of Baron Walsingham. He died about six months afterwards, May 9, 1781.

‡ General Charles Fitzroy, created, this year Baron Southampton. He died March 21, 1797. See ante, after 11 December, 1777.

§ William Hall, second Viscount Gage in Ireland, created, this year, an English Peer. He died October 11, 1791.

your prospect of success at Gloucester. He was informed to-day that a hundred voters are coming to you from the Custom House.

[In the hand-writing of Charles Townshend is added,]

*Witness,* C. TOWNSHEND.

Poll to-day:

| | |
|---|---|
| Fox . . . | 296 |
| Lincoln . . . | 265 |
| Rodney . . . | 243 |

[EDWARD HUSSEY, EARL OF BEAULIEU, whose *fracas* with the Duke of Montagu at Windsor is recorded in the foregoing letter, was an Irishman of good family, but of slender means. Apparently possessed of no accomplishment beyond a powerful frame, he could little have dreamed, on his first entry into life, of achieving that high position in society to which he afterwards attained. In 1743, Mr. Hussey attracted the attention, and subsequently obtained the hand, of Isabella, Duchess of Manchester, eldest daughter of John, Duke of Montagu, and grand-daughter of the great Duke of Marlborough. The duchess was celebrated as the most beautiful woman, and one of the greatest fortunes of her day, and it therefore may be readily imagined that her preference of the stalwart and almost obscure Irishman, drew down upon him the secret malice of the envious, and the ridicule of the wits. It was on this occasion that

Sir Charles Hanbury Williams composed his witty "Ode to the Honourable Henry Fox:"—*

Clio, behold this glorious day!
The zephyrs blow, the sun looks gay,
The sky one perfect blue;
Can you refuse at such a time,
When Fox and I both beg for rhyme,
To sing us something new?

The goddess smiled, and thus begun:
"I've got a favourite theme, my son,
I'll sing the conquered Duchess;
I'll sing of that disdainful fair,
Who, 'scaped from Scotch and English snare,
Is fast in Irish clutches.

"Fall'n is her power, her sway is o'er,
She'll be no more adored! no more
Shine forth the public care:
Oh! what a falling off is here!
From her whose frowns made wisdom fear,
Whose scorn begot despair!

"Wide was the extent of her commands;
O'er fertile fields, o'er barren sands
She stretched her haughty reign;
The coxcomb, fool, and man of sense,
Youth, manhood, age, and impudence,
With pride received her chain.

"Here Leicester offered brutal love,
Here gentle Carberry gently strove
With sighs to fan desire;
Here Churchill snored his hours away,
Here, too, Charles Stanhope, every day
Sat out her Grace's fire.

* Afterwards the first Lord Holland.

"Here constant Dicky,* too, we saw
Kneeling with reverential awe,
To adore his high-flown choice;
Where you, my Fox, have passed whole days,
Forgetting king's and people's praise,
Deaf to ambition's voice.

"What clothes you'd made! how fine you drest!
What Dresden china for your feast!
But I'll no longer teaze you;
Yet 'tis a truth you can't deny,
Though Lady Caroline is nigh,
And does not look quite easy.

"But careful Heaven reserved her Grace
For one of the Milesian race,
On stronger parts depending;
Nature, indeed, denies them sense,
But gives them legs and impudence,
That beats all understanding.

"Which to accomplish, Hussey came,
Opening before the noble dame
His honourable trenches.
Nor of rebukes or frowns afraid,
He pushed his way (he knew his trade),
And won the place by inches.

"Look down, St. Patrick! with success
Like Hussey's all the Irish bless,
May they do all as he does;
And still preserve their breed the same,
Cast in his mould, made in his frame,
To comfort English widows."

These verses gave great offence to Mr. Hussey and the Irish, and, indeed, many of the latter are

* Richard Bateman, Esq.

said to have "burst into a flame of anger, and to have pledged themselves to each other individually to provoke the offender to the field by repeated affronts." It has been asserted that Sir Charles wanted the resolution to defend himself, and that he retired to his seat in Wales, in order to avoid the danger which threatened him. With the exception, however, of an assertion of Horace Walpole, that Sir Charles supported the quarrel "with too little spirit," there is a want of reasonable evidence to prove that he was guilty of the pusillanimity with which he has been charged. There is, in fact, no proof that he was either challenged or insulted, and though it would appear that he paid a visit to his seat in Wales shortly after the publication of the offensive ode, yet he was there quite as accessible to any hostile challenge as he would have been had he remained in London. From a letter, indeed, addressed to him by his friend Mr. Fox, it would almost seem that he treated the threats of his enemies with contempt. The latter writes, on the 6th of September, 1746,—"You may laugh at all this, but I do assure you, at the same time, that every body ridicules and condemns it: your serious friends, and I, in the first place, think it puts you in a disagreeable situation, and I am heartily and exceedingly concerned about it." Sir Charles also, in a subsequent ode addressed to Mr. Hussey himself, amusingly ridicules the charge of fear which had been brought against him :—

Ah! since my fear has forced me hither,
I feel no more that sweet blue weather,
The Muses most delight in:
Dark, and more dark, each cloud impends,
And every message from my friends
Conveys sad hints of fighting.

To harmless themes I'll tune my reed,
Listen, ye lambkins, while ye feed,
Ye shepherds, nymphs, and fountains:
Ye bees, with soporiferous hums,
Ye pendent goats, if Hussey comes,
Convey me to your mountains.

There may I sing secure; nor fear
Shall pull the songster by the ear,
To advise me whilst I'm writing;
Or if my satire will burst forth,
I'll lampoon parsons in my wrath;
Their cloth forbids their fighting.

That Mr. Hussey, on his part, was not a person likely to submit quietly to an insult, is sufficiently proved by the summary manner in which he retorted on the Duke of Montagu's slight, the facts connected with which are thus related in one of the public journals of the day:—"A curious circumstance happened a few days since at Windsor. His Grace the Duke of Montagu was attending the Prince of Wales and Prince Frederick* on the Royal Terrace, when Lord Beaulieu passed by, and saluted the Duke by pulling off his hat, which perhaps his Grace did not observe, but at any rate did

* The late Duke of York.

not return it; whereupon Lord Beaulieu went up to the Duke, and seizing his hat, threw it over the terrace-wall. A great personage was at some little distance, and observing the above transaction, sent General Carpenter and Colonel Conway, whom he was conversing with, to interpose, and who delivered the royal commands, which has happily prevented any disagreeable consequences taking place."

In 1753, Mr. Hussey was created a peer, by the title of Lord Beaulieu, of Beaulieu in Hampshire, and in 1784 was advanced to the title of Earl Beaulieu. By the Duchess of Manchester he had one son, Lord Montagu, who died in 1787, and an only daughter, Isabella, who was born in 1750, and died in 1752. Lord Beaulieu died on the 25th of November, 1802, when his titles became extinct.]

## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Friday evening, September 8 [1780].

DEAR SIR,

As I have no letter to-night, I suppose the canvass was not finished till last night. I long to hear that it ended as gloriously as it began, which I hope I shall to-morrow night. Neighbour Charles set off this morning for Whitchurch. Charles Fox keeps us all alive here, with letters and paragraphs, and a thousand clever things. I

saw him to-day upon the hustings, bowing and sweltering, and scratching his black ——. And a great day he has made of it. Fox, 1168. Rodney, 994.* Lincoln, 573.† I thought you might like to know how he went on, and I have not time to say any more.

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## ISABELLA, DOWAGER COUNTESS OF CARLISLE, TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Lausanne, Sept. 8.

SIR,

A SEVERE illness, and a journey since, have prevented my thanking you for a very obliging letter I received from you about a fortnight since, and which I now answer on the road, that I may not appear ungrateful.

If I had not wanted strength, and in consequence been frequently checked in seeing many things worth notice, I should have had a most agreeable journey. Just before I set out, and when everything was ready for my going the next day, I was seized with a violent cramp in my stomach, as

* Sir George Brydges Rodney, the celebrated Admiral; created, in 1782, Baron Rodney, for his great victory over De Grasse, in April that year. He died May 21, 1792.

† Thomas Earl of Lincoln, afterwards third Duke of Newcastle. He died May 17, 1795.

it was thought, which continued for four hours, and from which I have not yet recovered. They put me into a hot bath, which was the first relief I received. For the little time I remained, I continued to pursue that remedy, and I now mention it to you, in the chance of your again having the same rheumatic complaint from which you suffered so much.

I arrived at Lausanne on the 28th; dined on that day with Mr. and Mrs. Grenville at their house, which is beautifully situated near the Lake; and on the 29th went with them to dine at Vevay, where one has a view of all those places which have been rendered so famous by Monsieur Rousseau: indeed, the whole Pays de Vaud. The 30th and 31st, I passed on the road to Bern. One cannot conceive anything more charming than the whole road. At Moray I saw the bones of the Burgundians who were defeated by the Swiss; there are still a great quantity piled up in the chapel, but either the devotion or the disgust of the Burgundians lessens them every day.* At Bern, having some acquaintance there which I had made at Paris, I passed my time very pleasantly. They conducted me to see every thing worthy of observation,

* In 1476, the town of Moray sustained a siege against the Duke of Burgundy, during which his army, amounting to 30,000 men, was nearly entirely destroyed. Their bones are still preserved in a charnel-house in the town.

but I think nothing more so than the situation of the Cathedral, which is the finest I ever saw. There is also a noble street, which, though it is not quite straight, is from one end to the other nearly a mile long. The walks about Bern are more numerous, and better kept than any I have met with. The people are very civil. I dined one day at Soleure, which is the small capital of a small Canton, in a very beautiful valley under Mount Jura.

I must say that the heat was very troublesome, and confined me much in the middle of the day. There are no post-horses in Switzerland, so that one is obliged to hire horses for a period, and go as slow as the drivers please, which is very slow indeed. However, I must add that the journey from my house at Geneva, quite to Lausanne, carries one the whole way to Lausanne by the side of the Lake, which is very agreeable, and interspersed continually with country houses. Nothing can be more obliging and friendly than Mr. and Mrs. Grenville have been to me. They are going to pass the winter in France, and have used every argument to induce me to do the same, but I fear the climate will not suit my health. I wait the final orders of my physician, who thinks either Italy or France the best suited for me; and as there is so much more to be seen in the one than in the other, though less of society, I am exceedingly inclined

to pay a visit to the former, provided my strength and my means will permit.

My fixed purpose is to return to England in May, so that I hope to see you and the rest of my friends at that time, when all your winter amusements will be over, which indeed are too numerous, and are at too late hours, for me to partake of. I ought to make a thousand excuses for sending you such a letter, which has been written at different places on the road, and which, if I were to read it over again, I should perhaps be too much ashamed of to send it you, and by that means remain longer in your debt than I wish. I propose writing again just before I set out, but my precarious health does not always suffer me to execute my intentions. As this journey, however, has done me good, I am in hopes of greater benefit from a cooler season. I am, sir,

Your very faithful, humble servant,

I. CARLISLE.

To George Selwyn, Esq., at his house,
in Chesterfield-street, London.

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## THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Saturday evening, September 9 [1780].

DEAR SIR,

I AM cruelly disappointed in not having a line from you to-night. If you were too much engaged

yourself, why did you not desire Brother Barry to give me some idea of the posture of affairs now the canvass is over, as, to be sure, it must have been over on Thursday evening, or the deuce is in it. I waited patiently yesterday and the day before, thinking you were waiting till the canvass was over before you wrote.

State of the Poll here,—

| | |
|---|---|
| Fox . . | 1663 |
| Rodney . . | 1469 |
| Lincoln . . | 862 |

We begin to think it a hollow thing.*

There is a report in town this afternoon, I know not how true, that Keppel has lost his election at Windsor. I am very anxious to know what Phil. Crespigny has done at Sudbury. The election was yesterday, but I can get no tidings yet. Jack Townshend's fate is to be decided yet. I think that is the boldest boy I ever saw.† He seems as if he would take you by a *coup de front* and jump down your throat. He would be a good popular canvasser, but I have no idea of his captivating our old fellows of colleges. He was pleased

* On the day of nomination (the 7th), in Covent Garden Market, the show of hands had been declared in favour of Lord Lincoln and Sir George Rodney, on which a poll was demanded by the friends of Mr. Fox. On the 23rd, Lincoln gave up the contest as a hopeless one, and Sir George Rodney and Fox were declared duly elected.

† See ante, June 1, 1779.

to apply to me for my influence, by way, I suppose, of a joke.

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### THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

Monday evening, Sept. 11th [1780].

DEAR SIR,

It is very hard upon me that I cannot get a scrap of paper of any sort or kind, nor from any hand, at Matson, nor even any message or information how the canvass went on after the first day, and what promise of success there appeared to be at its termination. I have not deserved this neglect by inattention to you; nay, I shall begin to fear that I am troublesome.

In the Westminster struggle, Rodney is to-day got uppermost, which we do not think likely to be Lincoln's lot on any day, as we are informed that on this day his grand push was to be made, as Lady Glyn called it.

| | |
|---|---|
| Rodney . . . | 2769 |
| Fox . . . | 2638 |
| Lincoln . . . | 1783 |

Phil. has been unlucky at Sudbury, as he was one short of Marriot; Blake seventy above them, and Henniker nowhere; but Phil. has demanded a scrutiny, upon which it is supposed he will succeed.

Whether he does or not, he will certainly elect himself with his cousin Martin, at Aldborough. Too true, that the pony with the powerful rider has carried away the plate from Keppel * at Windsor; and too true that the profligate boy [John Townshend] has been received into the bosom of the Alma Mater. *Egregiam vero laudem, magnum et memorabile nomen, tuque puerque tuus.* A great number of profligate young fellows had kept their names in on purpose, I am told; and that the grave old dons are fearfully expecting fire from Heaven in consequence to desolate the cells, and walks, and groves, in which they so sedulously seek for truth.† Bristol, too, is entitled to the *memorabile nomen*, for rejecting Burke, who, popularly speaking, deserved surely a more cordial re-

* Such was the unpopularity of Lord North's administration, that, on Admiral Keppel losing his election at Windsor (which is said to have been owing to the influence exercised in that borough by George the Third, who personally canvassed the tradesmen of Windsor), he was forthwith returned for Surrey, though he possessed neither property nor influence in that county. The person who turned out Keppel was a Mr. Powney, a landed proprietor in the neighbourhood of Windsor, who, though of rough manners, was a personal favourite of the King, who appointed him some years afterwards Ranger of Windsor Little Park. Powney was again returned for Windsor, in 1788, on which occasion the late Lord Wellesley, then Earl of Mornington, was his colleague.

† Curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter sylvas Academi quærere verum.
Horace, lib. ii. epist. 2.

ception than when they first invited him.* Sir George Saville's address I think a good one, but I doubt you will not read it, &c.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

September 12 [1780].

DEAR SIR,

I was very anxious just now, I must confess, for your *nouvelles*. Neighbour Charles had encouraged me to hope great things from the interference of Administration, and your letter, though you will not speak sanguinely, seems to confirm it, and make me believe firmly that you will now be chosen. And a very sincere pleasure it will give me to see you chosen; for though I did not think it an object to risk much money for, or to take great trouble about, yet there will be a secret satisfaction, which you will feel most intimately, in the not having been turned out, though by a set of ragamuffins, whose good opinion is equally despicable with their censure.

But, oh! turn out Barrow. I would rather see Webb chosen or Lord Lincoln. Yes! we still

* Burke, at this period, had rendered himself so unpopular by supporting the Irish Trade Acts, and the claims of the Roman Catholics for emancipation from their grievances, that he found himself compelled to decline a contest for the representation of Bristol. He was subsequently returned to Parliament for Malton.

think the sable son of sedition* must carry it, as he is to-day, after the grand push, 769 ahead of his lordship. And I did not care a farthing if he had the locked-jaw as soon as it was over, as I have no opinion of his heart; but I have of Burke's, in which perhaps I may be wrong, as well as in my notions of Whiggism. But I cannot help them, and I believe they must be innate for all Mr. Locke; neither can I admit of any alteration from ancient to modern Whiggism. There can be no modification in the principles *dans le fond:* there may be discolorations, indeed, as we see every day in the axiom, that there is nothing more like a Tory than a Whig in power. But a Tory can never be like a Whig *dans le fond.* A Frenchman, who I suppose understands Arabic, for I do not, tells me that Aboulala, *le plus fameux des poetes Arabes,* says in one of his stanzas—"*Le monde se partage en deux classes d'hommes: les uns ont de l'esprit et point de religion; les autres de la religion, et point d'esprit.* But yet a sensible man may, for reasons of state, or from weakness of age, show some religion; but when do you see a religious man show any sense? May not this be applied to Whig and Tory? Our poor, dear alderman is a very religious man, and I wish Brother Barry may be Archbishop of Canterbury, and as much a high churchman as he will, so that he does not make me hold up his train.

I will speak to the right man about the oysters,

* Charles Fox.

who will either send you none but what are excellent, if any such are to be had, or none. I believe I have already provided a very good writing-master for my little Queen. To be sure, sir, you must be very serious in what you say about a speech. Do but pull out the spigot and let it run, and nobody can sport a clearer or a sweeter stream; for the time a persuasive one, as I have experienced in politics, but always a splendid one. No, sir, you are no Tory, but a discoloured Whig. The difference will for ever remain. For ever separate, and unlike reason and instinct, very near, I say again, *dans le fond.*

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## ADMIRAL LORD RODNEY.

In the letter which follows there is an evident and interesting allusion to the well-known pecuniary difficulties of the celebrated Lord Rodney, occasioned principally by his losses at the gaming-table, which, some time previously, had compelled him to seek refuge in France. During the period of his residence in the French capital, he is known to have been occasionally in want even of the smallest sums to supply the necessities of his family; and, indeed, it is a singular fact, that he was indebted to the generosity of a French nobleman for the funds which had enabled him to re-visit his native country in 1778, and conse-

quently to achieve his great victory over the French fleet under De Grasse in 1782.

George Brydges, Lord Rodney, was the son of Henry Rodney, Esq., of Walton-upon-Thames. He was born in 1718; obtained the rank of captain in 1742, and from this period to his advancement to be a Rear-Admiral in 1758, distinguished himself in various engagements with the enemy. In the autumn of the year 1761, he was selected by the great Lord Chatham to command a squadron intended to reduce the French West India island of Martinique. This service he not only accomplished in a manner highly creditable to him, but the islands of Granada, St. Lucia, and St. Vincent also surrendered to him, which compelled the enemy to submit to humiliating terms of peace. For these services he was advanced, on his return to England, to the rank of Vice-Admiral, and had also the dignity of a Baronet conferred on him. At the general election in 1768, he was returned to Parliament, after a violent contest, for the town of Northampton, but in consequence of the expense of the election, and the fatal effects of his addiction to the gaming-table, he was compelled shortly afterwards, in order to avoid the importunities of his creditors, to seek refuge in France. The French Government appears to have formed a high opinion of his professional talents, and from the conviction apparently that the pecuniary difficulties with which he had to contend rendered him

peculiarly open to temptation, went so far as to offer him, through the Duc de Biron, a post of high rank in the French navy. His reply was such as might have been expected from our knowledge of his character: "Monsieur le Duc," he replied, "it is true that my distresses have driven me from my country, but no temptation can estrange me from her service: had this offer been voluntary on your part, I should have considered it an insult; but I am glad that it proceeds from a source that can do no wrong." About the same period, when the Duc de Chartres informed him that he was likely to be appointed to the command of the French fleet which was to be opposed to the squadron under Admiral Keppel, and inquired of Rodney his opinion as to the probable result of an engagement between the two fleets,—"My opinion," he said, "is, that Keppel will carry your Highness home with him to teach you English."

In January, 1778, Rodney was advanced to the rank of Admiral, and the same year, through the generous kindness of the Duc de Biron, was enabled to return to his native country. He immediately applied for active employment, and in 1779 was appointed to the command of the Leeward Islands station, shortly after which he proceeded with a convoy to Gibraltar. Within a few days after sailing from Spithead, he had the good fortune to capture, off Cape Finisterre, a

valuable fleet of Spanish merchantmen, and six days afterwards obtained a decisive victory over the Spanish fleet, under Don Juan de Langara off St. Vincent.

For these services he was rewarded by the thanks of the House of Commons, and other grateful testimonials from his countrymen, and also obtained his return to Parliament for the city of Westminster. From Gibraltar he proceeded to the West Indies, where he performed the important service of capturing the Dutch island of St. Eustace, and on the 12th of April, 1782, obtained his great and decisive victory over De Grasse, for which he obtained the thanks of Parliament; was voted a pension of 2000*l.* a-year, and was created, on the 19th of June, 1782, a Peer of Great Britain, by the title of Baron Rodney, of Rodney Stoke, in the county of Somerset.

Wraxall, who appears to have been intimately associated with Rodney in private life, draws the following interesting portrait of his illustrious friend: "His person was more elegant than seemed to become his rough profession. There was even something that approached to delicacy and effeminacy in his figure: but no man manifested a more temperate and steady courage in action. I had the honour to live in great personal intimacy with him, and have often heard him declare, that superiority to fear was not in him the physical effect of constitution; on the contrary, no man

being more sensible by nature to that passion than himself; but that he surmounted it from the considerations of honour and public duty. Like the famous Marshal Villars, he justly incurred the reputation of being '*glorieux et bavard;*' making himself frequently the theme of his own discourse. He talked much and freely upon every subject; concealed nothing in the course of conversation, regardless who were present; and dealt his censures, as well as his praises, with imprudent liberality: qualities which necessarily procured him many enemies, particularly in his own profession. Throughout his whole life, two passions, both highly injurious to his repose, women and play, carried him into many excesses. It was universally believed, that he had been distinguished in his youth by the personal attachment of the Princess Amelia, daughter of George the Second, who displayed the same partiality for Rodney, which her cousin, the Princess Amelia of Prussia, manifested for Trenck. A living evidence of the former connexion existed, unless fame had recourse to fiction for support. But detraction, in every age, from Elizabeth down to the present times, has not spared the most illustrious females. The love of play had proved more ruinous in its effects to Rodney, and that indulgence compelled him, after quitting England, to take refuge at Paris. So great was his pecuniary distress while he resided in the French capital, as to induce him to send over his second

wife to London, early in 1777, with the view of procuring a subscription to be opened among the members of the Club at White's, for his relief. Lady Rodney finding it, however, impracticable to raise any supplies from that source, after much ineffectual solicitation among Sir George's former friends, finally renounced the attempt. The old Marshal de Biron, having soon afterwards, by an act of liberality, enabled Rodney to revisit his country, he made the strongest applications to the Admiralty for employment. His private circumstances, indeed, imperiously demanded every exertion, when he was named, towards the autumn of 1779, to command the expedition then fitting out at Portsmouth, for the West Indies. I passed much time with him at his residence in Cleveland Row, St. James's, down to the very moment of his departure. Naturally sanguine and confident, he anticipated in his daily conversation, with a sort of certainty, the future success which he should obtain over the enemy; and he had not only already conceived, but he had delineated on paper the naval manœuvre of breaking or intersecting the line, to which he was afterwards indebted in an eminent degree, for his brilliant victory over De Grasse: a manœuvre then new in maritime tactics, though now become familiar to us; and which Nelson practised with so much effect in the Battle of the Nile, as well as on other occasions. Rodney possessed no superior

parts; but, unlike Keppel, his enterprising spirit always impelled him rather to risk, than to act with caution, when in presence of the enemy. The ardour of his character supplied, in some degree, the physical defects of his health and constitution, already impaired by various causes: while his happy audacity, directed by the nautical skill of others, contracted by science, and propelled by favourable circumstances, at length enabled him to dissipate the gloom that had so long overhung our naval annals, at the same time that he covered himself with great personal glory."

On his return to England after his great victory, Rodney took up his abode in a hired house at Knightsbridge, where, encumbered by a large family, neglected by the Administration, and contending against a host of pecuniary difficulties in which his early extravagance and follies had involved him, his situation at the close of life appears to have been very far from enviable. His personal habits, indeed, were temperate and inexpensive, but his whole income appears to have been derived from his pension and half-pay, and with funds so limited, he found it a fruitless endeavour to attempt to extricate himself from his early difficulties, as well as to maintain his numerous family, and to support in a creditable manner the high position to which he had raised himself. His embarrassments, indeed, appear to have thoroughly disgusted him with life, for in a

letter to a friend he expresses a serious and melancholy regret, that, in his great action with De Grasse in the West Indies, a cannon ball had not struck off his head.

The death of Lord Rodney took place in Hanover Square, on the 24th of May, 1792. He had retired to rest, apparently in his usual health, but about two or three o'clock in the morning he rang his bell. A faithful black servant, who had attended him for many years, immediately repaired to his bed-side, but found him almost senseless. He ran to procure medical assistance, but the hero had expired before it arrived. A monument has been erected to Rodney's memory in St. Paul's cathedral, at the public expense.

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THE REV. DR. WARNER TO GEORGE SELWYN.

September 13 [1780].

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE so strong a presentiment of your success, that I am almost tempted to give you joy of the event to-morrow.

Neighbour Charles is just now returned, and found everything quiet at Whitchurch and Luggershall, as you will have heard. His man William has had a tumble from his horse and hurt

his collar-bone, and his groom is laid up somewhere upon the road with the gripes from the Hampshire small-beer. There is just now a dangerous influenza about town and its environs, which has carried off several people. I hope to give it the slip by going into Surrey to-morrow for three days, and that it will be gone at my return.

The black animal [Charles Fox] still maintains his superiority over the chameleon [Lord Lincoln], nay, improves it, as he was yesterday 769 ahead, and is to-day 780; the numbers being, for Rodney 3923; Fox 3567; Lincoln 2787. But, Sir, is it not whimsical enough to see the poor wretch we dined with at Lambert's * become such a great man? *Quoties voluit Fortuna jocari!* † You will have seen by the Gazette of last night, that Walsingham has joined him, which must be a pleasing confirmation to you of the good news that our West India possessions will be safe. Neighbour Charles has not picked up any news in the country, and when I asked him what I should say to you, he desired me to remember him kindly to you, and to tell you that the pretty boy Jack had carried his election at Cambridge, and that it

* Sir John Lambert, the English banker at Paris.

† If Dr. Warner could have foreseen the glorious victory which was subsequently obtained by Lord Rodney over the French fleet under De Grasse, in 1782, he might well have exclaimed,—"*Quoties voluit Fortuna jocari!*"

was supposed his tutor would carry his for Westminster.

I forgot to tell you, that when I wrote to the Duke [of Queensberry] according to your direction, after giving him the information you desired, I ended with,—"I should be glad to give your Grace any piece of news I might now and then pick up, if I thought it would be agreeable to you; but I am rather short of paper, and when your Grace gives up your claim upon Mr. Selwyn's stationer, he says it shall be transferred to me." I hope you will think that the hint was a very gentle and a very distant one, and by no means improper; as it cannot be supposed, with his princely fortune, that he would hold this claim but from mere inattention. But I have not heard from his Grace, which you will say I had no need to tell you.

THE END.

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